



**A**FTER ♦ **W**ORK.

TALES, ANECDOTES, STORIES,  
ENTERTAINING, SCIENTIFIC, AND  
USEFUL PAPERS.

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# ❧ AFTER WORK. ❧

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“ AH ! how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love’s command !  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain ;  
And he who followeth Love’s behest  
Far exceedeth all the rest.”

LONGFELLOW.

## FRANK HARFORD; OR, "LIFE IN A GREAT CITY."

BY WILLIAM R. WAY.

## CHAPTER I.—LONDON.



HAVE you ever tried to conceive the vast amount of want and misery that is experienced in this great metropolis, or imagined half the sin and wickedness carried on in its numerous bye streets and allies? Look for a moment at the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, or Seven Dials. Beer taverns, gin palaces, low places of amusement, and dens of infamy, may here be found in every direction, and numberless lodging and boarding houses, whose occupants range from the once clergyman, lawyer, or tradesman, down to the confirmed drunkard, felon, and thief. Men and women from all grades of society, sunk to the lowest depths of vice and wickedness. B—— Court may be taken as a fair specimen of the many places of abode around, and in one of its houses will be found our hero and his relations. Entering then, and groping our way along a narrow, dark, and dirty passage, we ascend a flight of stairs, the dilapidated condition of which makes us tremble lest our weight be too much for them, and we be precipitated into unknown depths below; past two or three rooms, and up two more flights into the third floor, our nasal organs being, on the journey, assailed by the mixed perfume of tobacco, rum, fish, and a dozen other disagreeable things, which, with the closeness of the air, gives one a suffocating, oppressive sort of feeling not easily forgotten. Add to this the continuous babel of children quarrelling and screaming, mothers scolding, women snagging, and men swearing, you then get a faint, but only a faint, idea of a London court-dwelling. No one can realise, unless he has seen, the squalor and misery too often experienced by its many occupants.

In the front room of this house, is a family of four, seated at their evening meal, which was a more bountiful repast than one would expect, judging from the surroundings. The only furniture in the room is a couple of old chairs, a stool, box and table, the bedroom portion consisting of two old mattresses, a ragged blanket, and two counterpanes. These things, with a few old valueless relics in the shape of ornaments, comprised the sole possessions of its occupants. The father, mother, and eldest son are seated at the small table, while Frank, the youngest, is located on the old box in a corner of the room. Dividing the meat between the three of them, Robert Harford cut from the loaf a slice of bread, and tossed it to Frank, his son.

"Here, you lazy rascal," he said, "take that, its plenty good enough for you; and if you come home again without anything, you shall get a good thrashing instead."

"Don't be so overbearing, Robert," said his wife, "I suppose the lad wants something to eat as well as us."

"Let him earn it then," replied he.

"Yes, Robert, by all means, if he can do so by honest labour; but



not by stealing. Here, Frank, have some of mine," and she gave him the greater portion of her own.

"Oh, yes, you are always encouraging the boys to rebel against their father."

"You know that's an untruth, Bob; I only wish them to live honestly, and get money by fair means: it seems you never intend working for us."

Not many years back, Robert Harford and his wife, with his two sons, Henry and Frank, had been in very comfortable circumstances, having a fine business in a northern suburb of London. But mixing with bad associates, and lured by the numerous temptations this great city affords, Robert had neglected his trade, and as a consequence everything soon went to rack and ruin, and, but six years after their wedding day, they found themselves out of house and home. Robert tried his hand at various things, but succeeded in none, for this reason—he never did that which he had to do thoroughly, neither did he forsake his old habits and associates. Thus slowly, yet surely, losing all principle and stability of character, he went from bad to worse, until they were eventually obliged to shift into the locality just described. Their mode of living now was of the lowest, and Robert Harford, the once respectable tradesman, now kept up this shadow of a home by sending his sons out to beg or steal whatever they had a chance to. It was part of the proceeds of the day's thefts which had provided the meal of which they now partook.

Mrs. Harford had from the first done her utmost to bring her sons up in the way they should go, and up to a certain period her husband had seconded her efforts, but now, too lazy to work, his time was spent in the public-house, while his wife, weakly as she was, endeavoured to earn a few shillings to supplement that brought by her boys, at whom let us take a glance.

Henry, the eldest, now nearly thirteen, seemed to be following in his father's footsteps, if it be possible to do so at so early an age. He was a careless, idle fellow, yet, with a daring, dauntless spirit in him, which, if but exercised in the right direction, would have enabled him to make his mark anywhere. Frank, however, was quite the reverse, quiet and unassuming in his manner, he tried his utmost to keep in the right path, and resist the temptations so often put before him. Many a time after a fruitless day's endeavour to get a few odd jobs, he would be tempted to commit a theft in order to satisfy his father's demands, and escape the thrashing he knew would fall to his lot. But a sentence of his Sunday-school teacher's, or a text taught him by his mother, turned him from his purpose, and by the grace of God he still stood firm.

On the following evening Robert Harford came home for his usual evening meal. Giving the door a kick open, he slouched into the room, took off his hat, throwing it across the apartment, and turning to his wife demanded when supper would be ready.

"I haven't anything to get ready, Bill, I haven't been able to earn a sixpence all day, and the boys have both come home empty handed."

"They have, have they? Now, my boys, off you go, and if you're



not back within an hour with some money or food, you shall find out what this is made of; as the father said this he held up a thick leather belt to their gaze." His sons knew only too well what this threat meant, so each hurried off to obtain, if possible, the required funds.

Frank sought out a companion of his whom he often met selling matches, from him he obtained the loan of a few coppers, on the promise to refund them again as soon as possible. Henry, driven to desperation, walked up and down the streets, wondering which would be the quickest way to obtain what he wanted. At length espying an article lying temptingly near the edge of a counter in a draper's shop, with a hasty glance round he walked coolly in, snatched it up, and made off before anyone could detect the theft. Then calling at a pawnbroker's, he exchanged it for the money he so much needed.

Meanwhile the mother was patiently yet anxiously awaiting their return, trembling lest they might be caught in some rash act, or theft, in their endeavour to satisfy their cruel father's demand.

"Where on earth have they got to?" Robert at length exclaimed. "I'll warm them up a bit if they are not back soon."

"Don't talk so, Bob," exclaimed Mrs. Harford, "its not often you're kept waiting for your meals; besides, why should we depend on our boys for our living? would it hurt you to work yourself? it's long enough since you brought us in anything, goodness knows."

"That's my business, Sall; the little I earn won't keep me in drink, or no more."

"More to your shame, then; what is a father's duty if not to support his wife and family? but no, you get with a lot of lazy fellows and spend not only the little you choose to earn yourself, but as much as you can of what the boys and I manage to obtain."

"Look here, missus, don't you attempt to lecture me, or there'll be a row in the house, I tell you; so you had best keep your tongue to yourself."

"Oh, Robert," replied she, "you never used to talk like this until you took the cursed drink. Oh, would to God that you gave it up; it may not even now be too late to reform. Robert, my husband, listen, and stop in your downward course," and the wife fell on her knees before him with an imploring look. Just for a moment he wavered, but the old Satan was too strong in him even for this loving appeal, and, rising, he shook her from him and turned toward the door. The boys just then entering changed the scene, and prevented the wife's further endeavour to press home her appeal, and she never after had an opportunity of so doing.

*(To be continued.)*





"TOILING, REJOICING, SORROWING."

BY THOMAS PHILPOT.



ONGFELLOW struck a vital chord when he made the above trio of words embody the alpha and the omega of the "blacksmith's" existence. But he might have gone further, and included every artisan and labourer whose hardened hands wield a tool, grasp a pick-axe or handle a jack-plane. Hence we purpose glancing at the daily life of the average working-man in order to gather up the lessons which lie upon the surface.

THE MORNING CALL.

"Don't forget, policeman; five o'clock, sharp."

Having left these instructions over-night with the public "call-man," whose monotonous life finds a little variation in the dexterous tugging of a first-floor bell, the wearied mechanic seeks peaceful slumbers. This is *one* of the modern methods of introducing day-break to the working-man. More popular still is the alarum, set for 4.45 a.m., allowing ample time to "shake off dull sloth." The "morning call" is the key-note to the whole of the day's varied music. How important, therefore, that the hour following should be spent aright! Fellow son of toil, would you start off to meet the world without your basket of tools? Would a soldier hurry into the heat of the battle without his bayonet? Just as unreasonable is it for you to rush into the fray of life without first calling upon God for strength and guidance to resist temptation. *You* are glad to receive a morning call—yea, you expect it, and are greatly annoyed when you are disappointed. Think you not that God is grieved when He waits in vain for your morning call? Don't plead, "No time to pray." You do not begrudge the time spent in "sharpening up." That is essential to your pocket. Therefore spare five minutes to-morrow morning to adjust your spiritual armour. It is essential to the welfare of your never-dying soul.

THE FACTORY BELL.

Six o'clock. Bells, horns, and whistles are filling the air with their familiar music. The time-keeper stands at his post; outside waits a group of men renowned for their punctuality. Look down the street, now up: breathless, almost, the usual late-comers are arriving from all quarters. One has been the victim of a lingering train; another "mistook the hour," and so on.

"Just in time!" exclaims the gate-keeper as the bolts are fastened; but others are hastening up the street.

"Too late! too late!" is the mutual greeting as they arrive with disconsolate looks at the closed gate; "another quarter gone."

How necessary it is to be ready waiting for the signal! An empty cupboard may result from the neglect of it.

"The GOSPEL bells are ringing," ringing for YOU. *Every* morning signal you hear does not concern *you* personally. That blast of the horn interests your neighbour only. That shrill note of the whistle only concerns your lodger. No such limit is placed upon the "GOSPEL bells." Like a royal proclamation, they are intended



for you, I, and all who feel themselves guilty and helpless in the sight of God. They are calling you to repentance.

Immediately the factory bell is obeyed you commence to work. So will it be when you have hearkened to the voice of God; you will hear the Master say, "Go, work in My vineyard." Sometimes trade is bad and work is slack in the factory or workshop. It is never "quiet" in God's vineyard. "The harvest truly is great." You can serve your present employer better by entering the employment of the carpenter's Son.

#### HARD AT IT.

One glance at the busy turmoil of the interior is sufficient to convince the most sceptical that everybody, from the sovereign to the meanest pauper, is dependent upon the "honest sweat" of the British workman. The brawny arm is indeed the nation's prop. What is the spiritual condition of these "sons of toil"? Diversities of gifts are plainly observable; but to ascertain their spiritual state we must linger amid the din of ceaseless activity until the arrival of

#### THE DINNER HOUR.

Ding-dong! Tools are laid aside. Coats are hurried on. The "tickets" are distributed, and a strange stillness prevails where, but a moment or two before, all was bustle and commotion.

The brief cessation of labour introduces us to a new episode in the daily routine. Forty-five minutes have elapsed. Small "knots" have already congregated near the gates. Passing by the frivolous, we draw up to group No. 1. "Politics" are here being warmly discussed; so we pass on to the next group, and find a battle of words proceeding upon the relative merits of Christianity and infidelity. The difference of their views are as striking as the difference between the ages of the two belligerents. One is an aged man; his antagonist a young mechanic. The youthful sceptic hurls biting sarcasm at the religion of the old "Puritan;" whilst the man of God strives with emotional pity to extract the poison from his mind by the exercise of common sense and sound experimental reasoning. A matured experience gives solemnity to the old patriarch's appeals. His fellow workmen know his history; his bereavements; his family trials and sorrows. They remember his calm resignation to the will of God; his positive assurance that "behind a *frowning* providence God hides a smiling face." Hence they believe him when he asserts, "That which *I have seen* declare I unto you." His words fall as nuggets of gold, and are greatly blest.

Working-men! Golden opportunities for doing good are yours. Opportunities to which ministers are positive strangers; privileges which angels might covet. Take up the cross, brother! Answer your mother's prayers. Consecrate yourself to God's service. Strike against Satan; he is a bad paymaster. Strike for God and the cause of truth. Scepticism and infidelity will defeat themselves in the presence of a consistent life. A consecrated life will do more good than a thousand arguments and fierce discussions.

The world sadly needs an army of solid working-men to engage in a hand-to-hand fight against sin and error. Come, join the ranks.



Stand up for Jesus; never mind the odds. "If God be for us who can be against us?"

AFTER WORK.

"What part of the business do you like best?" asked a gentleman of a sharp lad.

"Shutting up, sir!" was the prompt reply.

Without harmonising with such a sentiment we must admit that "after work" is the working-man's luxury. The events of the day are recapitulated by both husband and wife; the children (who only see father at night) cluster round him; the situation of some piece of furniture is changed; two pictures perhaps exchange positions; the contents of the evening's "Special" are discussed; supper is prepared, and sleep places the extinguisher upon another day. Weeks roll into months, and months into years. Seasons come and go, and the same order of life is maintained from day to day and year to year.

Have you no higher hope than this, fellow workmen? Have you not been the subject of mercies to-day? Have you nothing to thank God for ere you retire to rest? Have you not been surrounded by dangers to-day? Be not so ungrateful as to fail to acknowledge God's goodness to you another hour. Whatever your craft or trade may be, something might have happened this very day which would have launched you into eternity. Would you have been prepared for the great change? No? Then it is purely of mercy that you are permitted to read this. Thank God for it ere you close your eyes in sleep.

Did you read a portion of the Bible last night? Last week? Last month? Last year? Do I hear you answer, "No!" Then let me beseech you, by the memories of your parents and Sunday-school, begin to read it now. You could not find time out of four hours' leisure last evening to shake the dust off the good old Book, the "working-man's friend." Oh, begin to-night.

SUNDAY.

What a contrast! Instead of the shrill whistle and hollow-toned horn a solemn quiet prevails. The factory-bell gives place to the Sabbath-bells, calling to worship. Think me not an intruder if I draw the veil and peep into your dwelling. Surely this is not the same man who is startled into desperate haste at the first dong of the week-day bell? Alas! how many working-men listen dreamily to the Sabbath morning call (actually lulling themselves into a second slumber by its regular music), whose coats are off the first—although five hours earlier—on the morrow.

Rising at length, the day is spent (or rather mis-spent) by loafing about the house, reading a newspaper, and grumbling. The afternoon is slept away, whilst the evening is "sacrificed" (as a sort of penance) by going to hear the evening sermon.

Brothers, awake! Will a man rob God? Such monotonous soul-slumbering will hurl you down to destruction. "Arise! He calleth thee. Answer, Lord, here am I. Save me; that I may labour for Thee." Then, though your toils be hard indeed, the rattling of

clashing machinery during the week will but inspire you to nobler works on the Sabbath.

Never was a louder cry raised for Sunday-school teachers, tract distributors, visitors, &c., than in the present day. Put your hand to the Gospel plough. Then your TOILING will be sweet, your REJOICING real, and your sorrowing blessed.

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### MEMORY!

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O GENTLE Memory!  
Come be a guest with me,  
I'll keep a place for thee  
    Deep in my heart.  
No world talk shall be there,  
No tread of busy care,  
None, save we two to share,  
    From all apart.

Bring what was mine before ;  
Unlock thy treasure-store,  
Let me be rich once more ;  
    I wait for thee.  
Thou art no faithless guard ;  
Thou hast my life's long hoard,  
And it shall be restored,  
    Mine still to be.

Words, all my soul to fill,  
Tones, every pulse to thrill,  
Looks, troubled thoughts to still,  
    For these I call.  
Glad times, by love made bright,  
Dark times, which love did light,  
Deeds, wrought by love's own  
    might,  
    Thou hast them all.

Come, then, sweet Memory !  
Let me commune with thee,  
Oh ! render up to me  
    Joys that have fled.  
Come to this heart of mine,  
Henceforth for thee a shrine,  
Come, messenger divine,  
    Bring back my dead.

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### AFRICAN LOVERS.

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**A**MONG the unfortunate victims of the frightful traffic in slaves, brought to Tripoli, in 1788, were a beautiful black female, about sixteen years of age, and a young man of good appearance. They had been purchased by a Moorish family of distinction. They were obliged to be watched night and day, and all instruments kept out of their reach, as they were continually endeavouring to destroy themselves, and sometimes each other. Their story will prove that friendship and fidelity are not strangers to the negro race. This female, who had been the admiration of her own country, had bestowed her heart and her hand on the man who was then with her. Their nuptials were going to be celebrated, when her friends one morning missing her, traced her steps to the corner of an adjacent wood, immediately apprehending that she had been pursued, and that she had flown to the thicket for shelter, which is the common and best resource of escape from those who scour the country for slaves.

The parents went directly to her lover, and told him of their distress. He, without losing time to search for her in the thicket, hastened to the sea side, where his foreboding heart told him he should find her in some vessel anchored there for carrying off slaves. He was just easy enough in his circumstances not to be afraid of



being bought or stolen himself, as it is in general only the unprotected that are carried off by these hunters of the human race. His conjectures were just—he saw his betrothed wife in the hands of those who had stolen her. He knelt to the robbers who had now the disposal of her, to know the price they demanded for her. A hundred mahboobs (nearly a hundred pounds) was fixed; but, alas! all that he was worth did not make him rich enough for the purchase. He did not hesitate a moment to sell his little flock of sheep, and the small piece of ground he possessed; and lastly, he disposed of himself to those who had taken his companion. Happy that they would do him this last favour, he cheerfully accompanied her, and threw himself into slavery for her sake. This faithful pair, on their arrival at Tripoli, were sold to a merchant, who determined on sending off the female with the rest of the slaves, to be sold again, she having, from her beauty, cost too much money to be kept as a servant. The merchant intended to keep the man as a domestic in his own family.

The distressed pair, on hearing they were to be separated, became frantic. They threw themselves on the ground before some of the ladies of the family, whom they saw passing by; and finding that one of them was the daughter of their master, they clung around her, and implored her assistance; nor could their grief be moderated, until the humane lady assured them that she would intercede with her father not to part them.

The black fell at the merchant's feet, and entreated him not to separate them, declaring that if he did, he would lose all the money he had paid for them both; for that although knives and poison were kept out of their way, no one could force them to eat; and that no human means could make them break the oath they had already taken in the presence of the god they worshipped, never to live asunder.

Tears and entreaties prevailed so far with the merchant, as to suffer them to remain together, and they were sold to the owner of a merchant vessel, who took them, with several others, to Constantinople.

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GOOD HABITS.—Good habits are like good trees well planted. There may be pains and effort needed in the planting and training, but when this has been done well, they go on from year to year bearing precious fruit, without giving almost any trouble. They are like the iron rails which are laid for railway trains to run on. There may be much labour and expense required to lay them, but once laid, little is needed to keep them up, and trains may run on them for a whole generation without almost any difficulty. Prayer is the best of all habits to practise, because by asking God to help you in everything you will get wisdom to choose what is good, and you will get strength to do it. Other good habits will be easy if you practice this. They are like the branches, this is like the stem out of which the branches grow.

WILL, WON'T, CAN'T.—There are three kinds of people in this world—the wills, the won'ts, and can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything.





WILLIAM TYNDALL MEMORIAL STATUE.



WILLIAM TYNDALL was born during the latter part of the fifteenth century. He was early and well initiated in learning, and entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford. He acquired a good knowledge of Latin and Greek—the latter language at that time but little understood in England. He read the Greek Testament to the students of Magdalen College, as well as Magdalen Hall. In March, 1502, deacon's orders were conferred upon him by a suffragan of Warham, Bishop of London, in the church belonging to the priory of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and was afterwards priest to the Nunnery of Lambley, and friar of a monastery of the Minorites at Greenwich. At this early period of his life he was impressed with the importance of giving to the people the Sacred Scriptures in their mother tongue, and commenced his version of the New Testament in the year 1502. The careful and anxious study





WELCOME HOME.



of the New Testament prepared Tyndall to receive the doctrines of the Reformation. Finding it unsafe to prosecute his labours in his own country, he sailed for Hamburg in 1523, and from that port proceeded to Wittenberg—at that time the residence of Luther—where he completed his version of the New Testament. One edition, probably 3,000, says Mr. Offer, was prepared for general circulation. This was quickly followed by a more elegant quarto, with glosses, commenced at Cologne in 1526, and finished at Worms. He began his translation of the Old Testament, and published his first books, in 1529, in separate tract form. These were accompanied by notes and comments, which gave great offence to the bigoted clergy. Having completed the last book of the Pentateuch, he sailed for Hamburg, with view of printing it, but was wrecked on the coast of Holland, losing his manuscript, books, and money. He, however, continued his journey, and was joined by Coverdale, and they jointly translated the book of Deuteronomy, and, with the assistance of a pious lady, printed the same in 1530.

In the preface to the Revised Version we read:—"The Authorised Version was the work of many generations. The foundation was laid by William Tyndall, whose translation was the true primary version." Well, then, may England honour the memory of William Tyndall by erecting the statue of which we give an illustration. Not only for his blessed work, but for all he suffered in the work, we owe gratitude and honour, and we trust this public memorial will stir many to read, or read again, of the life which, to its tragic close, was one brave, patient martyrdom in the cause of God's truth and his countrymen's salvation. The hairbreadth escapes, both of the workman and his precious work; his flight to Hamburg, where, in a wretched lodging, in cold and hunger, he laboured on; his transport of joy when the printing of his work was begun at Cologne, arrested at the tenth sheet by order of the German Government; to be resumed at Worms; the frustration of his enemies' efforts to stay the importation into England of "this most baneful merchandise;" the base treachery by which at length this truest patriot and greatest philanthropist of his day was cast into prison and put to death by strangling and burning at Vilvorde, near Brussels, in 1536; form some of the most interesting pages in the Church's history. The statue representing Tyndall in his doctor's robes, and with his right hand resting on a printing press, is to stand in the West garden of the Thames Embankment, and is to be in bronze, ten feet high, on a granite pedestal, and to cost £3,400. Its model, by Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., is universally approved.

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WORK, REWARD OF.—A few years since, Motley shot up to the first position as a historian. Many wondered; but it was no wonder. He had wrought patiently for years in the libraries of the Old and New Worlds, unseen of men. The success of the great artist Doré was years of study in the hospitals, and practice in the studio, behind it. This path to success is open to all.



## WORK VERSUS SLOTH.

ASA and Ira were two brothers, whose farms lay side by side in a fertile intervale. When the young corn, the oats, and the barley were springing up, the weeds took advantage of the rich soil, and came up with them. "Do you see," said Asa, "what a hold the weeds are taking? There is danger of their choking out the crops entirely." "Well, well, we must be resigned," said Ira. "Weeds as well as grain were a part of the Creator's plan." And he lay down for his usual afternoon doze. "I can only be resigned to what I cannot help," said Asa. So he went to work, and ploughed and hoed until the fields were clear of weeds.

"The army-worm is in the neighbourhood," said Asa to Ira, one day. "It has eaten its way through the neighbouring meadows, and is fast moving towards us. Ah!" exclaimed Ira, "it will surely destroy what the weeds have not choked out. I will immediately retire to pray that its course may be stopped, or turned aside." But Asa replied, "I pray betimes every morning for strength to do the work of the day." And he hastened to dig a trench around his land, which the army-worm could not pass; while Ira returned from his prayers only in season to save a portion of his crops from its ravages.

"Do you see, Ira?" said Asa, another morning, "the river is rising, and there is but small chance of preventing our farms from being overflowed." "Alas! it is a judgment upon us for our sins: and what can we do?" said Ira, throwing himself in despair upon the ground. "There are no judgments so severe as those which our own sloth brings upon us," said Asa. And he went quickly, and hired workmen, with whose help he raised an embankment which withstood the flood; while Ira witnessed with blank looks the destruction of all his wealth. "There is one consolation," said he: "my children, at least, are left me." But, while Asa's sons grew up strong and virtuous men, among Ira's there was a drunkard, a gambler, and a suicide. "The ways of the Lord are not equal," said Ira to his brother. "Why are you always prospered, while I am afflicted, and my old age is disgraced?"—"I only know this," replied Asa, "that Heaven always helped me to meet my children's faults as I met the weeds, the caterpillars, and the flood; and that I never presumed to send a petition upward, without making toil, my right hand servant, the messenger of my prayer. WORK AND PRAY."

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WORK, PROMPTNESS IN.—We should aim to be too active to stagnate, too busy to freeze. We should endeavour to be like Cromwell, who not only struck while the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking:—like the missionary, who said, "If there be happiness on earth, it is in labouring in the service of Christ,"—like the blessed Redeemer, "whose meat and drink it was to do the will of God." The vineyard must be cultivated; and the command is that we enter it and work.—*Christian Treasury*.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

### THE THREE PEARLS.

**L**ITTLE Barley Rye had often heard that three pearls of priceless value were to be found in a cave, near the valley in which she lived, and she was *resolved* to get them, come what would.

So accordingly one bright summer's evening, when tea was over, she stole out into the garden, down the rustic steps, into the valley. She ran along as fast as she could; on, on, till at last the cave was in sight; but what was her dismay on discovering a great rock rolled in the entrance. She stood there some minutes very much disappointed, thinking, "Why this rock is not generally here, I wonder who can have put it here?" and she cast her eyes up, and saw a stag's foot attached to a golden chain, which she concluded was a bell; but how to reach it? it was so high above her head. At last she thought of a plan. She went and fetched as large a stone as she could manage to carry, and stood upon it, and was then just able to reach the tip of the foot, so rang it. Instead of hearing a bell, she heard the sweetest voice imaginable say—

"Welcome, welcome, little maid,  
Indeed you must not be afraid;  
Clap your hands and shut your eyes,  
And you will find a great surprise."

Barley did as she was told, and on opening her eyes she, to her surprise, saw a most beautiful apartment! The walls were lined with enormous mirrors, the carpet was composed of rosebuds, the ceiling was made of oyster shells. In the room there were two little sprites, one was dressed in a suit of light blue with silver stars spangled on it; the other had a yellow and red suit, with black bows. They both came and bowed to Barley. The one in blue spoke first, saying, with a sweet smile—

"Sweet child, I pray thee, follow me,  
My mistress longs thy face to see;  
This is the gate that leadeth straight  
To where our Queen thee doth await."

Barley did not answer; but she perceived the mirror at the farther end of the apartment separate at each corner; in the right-hand corner there was a green grass arch and passage, the walls of which were lined with grass; in the other corner was an arch composed of rosebuds—pink, white, and yellow. Then the other sprite addressed her, saying—

"Dear maiden, I exhort thee, follow me,  
I promise I will let thee see  
The three fair pearls thou seekest."

Barley thought a moment, then said, "I will follow you." The rosebud arch belonged to the red and yellow sprite; that was why Barley chose to go with him. The sprite in light blue turned sorrowfully away, while the other led Barley through the arch and



then through beautiful halls, till at last they came to a very dark passage. On they went down hill, down hill; Barley wondered when she should see the pearls. The sprite, however, to her astonishment, suddenly disappeared, leaving her to find her own way. What was she to do? She wandered about the dark passage, and could find no way out. She then heartily wished herself safe at home. After having wandered about for perhaps half an hour, she saw a faint glimmer a long way off, so resolved to try and reach it. She drew nearer and nearer, till at last she was very near the halls they had passed through before they got to the dark passage. "So now I shall be able to find my way," mused she; (then, beginning to cry), "Oh, how I wish I had followed the other little man." "Fear not," said a voice; "turn and follow me now." It gave Barley hope, and she jumped up and ran on to the first apartment. There was the blue sprite, who said, "I am glad to see you back; now follow me." So she followed him; and we shall see where they went.

## II.

THE blue sprite led Barley through the green grass passage; it seemed to her to be very long, and she half thought of turning back, but the sweet voice she heard when she rang the bell whispered to her, "Do not be afraid, but continue your walk," and she did so.

As they drew nearer the end of the passage, she observed a few rose-buds dotted here and there amongst the grass; they increased in number till she found that each side of the passage had become a hedge composed of lovely flowers. As they went on she heard sweet strains of music, and sweet voices singing and laughing. At last they reached a kind of room where the walls seemed to be all composed of flowers and insects; the ceiling was branches of trees intermingling, the floor was strewn with rose petals, whose scent was something delightful. The sprite halted, and said—

"Soon you'll see our Fairy Queen,  
She will ask you where you've been;  
*Answer truly*, and you'll see,  
She'll give to you a golden key."

At this the sprite disappeared, and Barley felt some invisible hands pushing her onwards; the flowers that composed the wall separated into the shape of an arch. What did Barley then see? Why, the most beautiful bower imaginable. What struck her most was the fairies, especially Queen Minetta, whose dress was made of pure white rose petals fastened with pearls; her diadem was also of splendid pearls. In her hand she held a wand of gold with a diamond at the top. Barley felt ashamed of her plain holland frock. By the side of the Queen stood a funny little elf, named Tricksey. The fairies were all dancing and singing when Barley went in, and a most peculiar song it was. They sang it in fairy language, for of course fairies were not to be expected to know our language.

## TRANSLATION OF SONG.

<p>"When the moon doth shine so brightly, When all mortals dreaming are, Then we fairies troop out nightly, Free from every thought or care.</p>	<p>Queen Minetta, in her ball-room, Bids her subjects welcome be; Will you come this evening, stranger, And our revels you will see."</p>
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Directly they perceived Barley they stopped; and Tricksey darted to her, and ushered her to the Queen. She felt terribly shy knowing her boots were half undone, her frock crumpled, and her hair not in the most tidy state; so when she got to the Queen, instead of curtsying, she hung her head, blushed and twiddled her fingers. The Queen, however, appeared not to notice it; and addressed her thus, in the most affable tone of voice.

"Dear little mortal, knowing you do not understand fairy language, I will address you in your own language. Where have you been this fine evening?"

"I have been with a little man dressed in red and yellow."

"Oh," said the Queen; "and where do you want to go?"

"I have come to seek the three pearls that I have often heard talked about."

"Then I will tell you where to find them. Take this gold key and open a little door, which you will find after having passed through the labyrinth. There you will either find the pearls, or hear where to find them."

Barley thanked the Queen and withdrew.

### III.

WHEN Barley received the key, she made a curtsy, and started. At first she could not find the labyrinth, although she walked round the bower several times, Tricksey at last came to her help, saying, "The labyrinth is some way from here, but I will guide you on condition that I leave you when we come in sight of it."

"Very well," said Barley, "it is very kind of you to offer to take me."

Tricksey first went to Queen Minetta, and whispered in her ear. She answered by giving him a little gold wand and a little gold whistle. Tricksey then beckoned to Barley to follow him. He led her to the farthest end of the bower, where a cool fountain of water was playing. Barley begged to be allowed to drink some; her request was complied with. Then he asked her if she was hungry; she replied, "Yes, very." So he pulled out of his pocket some Fairyland bread and jam. Then Tricksey tapped the ground three times with the wand, and whistled once. The hedge of flowers separated, and a pretty sylvan wood appeared; the leaves of the trees were tinted with gold and silver, and there were some birds of lovely plumage, who sang very pretty songs.

Tricksey and Barley had walked some way when the former turned to Barley and said, "Yonder gate is the entrance to the labyrinth, when you get there tap three times with this wand, and whistle once with this whistle, when you walk through the labyrinth always take the right hand turning, be sure you never turn to the left; when you reach the door open it with the golden key our good Queen gave you." So saying he disappeared. Barley did exactly as she was told; when she got to the gate it flew open, she then always turned to the right, until she came to a little wooden door with honey-suckle twining round it. She unlocked the door and entered; sitting in one corner was an old man in a grey cloak and hood, in his withered hand he held a stick; he greeted her kindly, saying,



"Welcome, my dear, I suppose you have come in search of the pearls?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

She began to search the room; it was an ordinary room with furniture. After having searched in every corner she gave up in despair.

The old man said, "So you cannot find the pearls, my dear?"

"No, sir."

"Then I will tell you that they are not to be found here. In the wood, near the Fairy Queen's bower, there are three fountains, the first is *Faith*, the second is *Hope*, and the third is *Charity*. If you drink of those three fountains you will possess the three pearls."

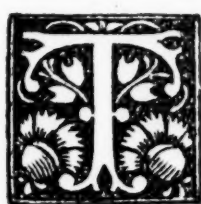
"Thank you, sir," said Barley, in rather a disappointed tone of voice. She then started for the wood. After wandering about the wood a short time she spied the fountains and went to them. "They look very good," thought she. Then she picked a pretty stone off the ground and went to each fountain and drank. When she had drunk she found her way back to the Queen, who said, "Well, my dear, have you found what the three pearls are?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I possess them."

"That is right, my dear, but I fear you are disappointed, so I will give you these three pearls as a remembrance of your visit to Fairy-land."

The Queen then ordered a dance, and the musicians played so loud that Barley thought it seemed to be turning into a bell—louder and louder, it really was the supper at Barley's home, and she found herself waking up on one of the well known garden seats. C. P.

## HOW FAST THE MONEY GOES.



TAKE care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves.

People that have but little money, know to their cost how soon it dwindles away; one shilling here, and sixpence there, a few pence elsewhere. How difficult it is to earn, how difficult to keep, how hard it is to make every penny yield the best amount of good to the family.

There is a great art required to make a little go a long way, to exercise true economy in all the spending, to buy only that which is needed, and only that class of food or clothing that is most serviceable, to make the shilling produce a good twelve-pennyworth of result without waste or extravagance. It requires wisdom, judgment, discernment and knowledge, to select and decide for the best.

Hard-earned money needs to be spent with caution and consideration of little items, for it is in the multitude of small amounts, not perhaps noticed at the time, that wise saving is accomplished.

"When life is full of health and glee,  
Work thou as busy as a bee;  
And take a gentle hint from me,  
Be careful of your money."





## WINTER

WINTER reigns supreme around,  
Murmuring brooks have ceased to flow ;  
Snow lies thick upon the ground,  
And the wind is wailing low.  
Up and down with weary feet,  
Seeking food, God's creatures go;

Cold and hungry in the sleet,  
Birds fly, restless, to and fro.  
Let us, in our homes so bright,  
Thank Him who supplies our need,  
And with grateful hearts and light,  
We the hungry, too, shall feed.



## MANLY MEN AND WOMANLY WOMEN.



ONE of the most important things that a parent can do for a child, is to give it a healthy, strong, vigorous body, with a mind and spirit that shall be manly or womanly. This cannot be done by shielding the child from every blow, and guarding it from every breath of air. The young plant grows strong and hardy by exposure to the wind and rain, all summer sun and gentle breezes would not bring forth flowers and fruit. So with the young—if we would have hardy, healthy characters, they must be made strong by exercise, and the putting forth of the powers that God has given.

We have need to bear in mind in these days, that strength of body and gentleness of soul should go together. We want more boldness, fearlessness, apart from bombast and braggadocio; stern, unflinching, standing up for the truth, self being in the back ground; brain, muscle, vital powers, energetic and vigorous, not for the promotion of self, but for the destruction of the untrue. Teach children truth, honesty, firmness, straightforwardness, as being far above bluster, impudence, and self assurance; not to fear responsibility, nor shun the path of duty, nor dread the side of rectitude, even though it be opposed to the majority in the wrong. We need to keep them from a sickly condition of body and soul, that has neither a mind nor will of its own, nor power to decide on the right course when determined action is called for.

Oh! for a race of manly men and womanly women, who will do and dare for the right and true.

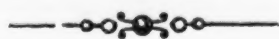
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THE ORANGE-TREE.—The orange is the longest-lived fruit-tree known. It is reputed to have attained the age of 300 years, and been known to flourish and bear fruit for more than a hundred years. No fruit-tree will sustain itself and produce fruit so well under neglect and rough treatment. It begins to bear about the third year after budding, and by the fifth year produces an abundant crop, though the yield is gradually increased by age and favourable circumstances. The early growth of the orange is rapid, and by its tenth year it has grown more than it will in the next fifty, so far as its breadth and height are concerned; but its age multiplies its fruit-stems.

THE READING OF CHILDREN.—Young people ought to be taught to read with emphasis, and to talk with something like freedom and grace. Both these accomplishments are best acquired from parents and older friends—that is, if the said parents are really on true parental terms with their children, which is not always the case. There are parents who neither converse with their own children nor allow them to talk in their presence. They leave their children to the school teachers, or to teach one another, and so acquire a community of family failings; or they think they have done their best when they set a child down to pore for days together over some foolish tale. Bad tricks of reading and talking are thus easily learned, and scarcely ever got rid of.



## CLEANINGS.



A PAIR OF THEM.—A doctor, who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well as his condition would permit. He counted: "One, two, three;" then he got confused, and began again: "One, two, three, four." Still confused, he began again: "One, two." No, he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering: "Topsy, I declare—tipsy!" Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed and take some hot lemonade, to throw her into a perspiration, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked "Private": "*Dear Doctor*—You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful in the future. Please accept the inclosed fee for your visit" (a ten-pound note), "and do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word about the state in which you found me." The lady, in fact, had herself been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what was the matter with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition.

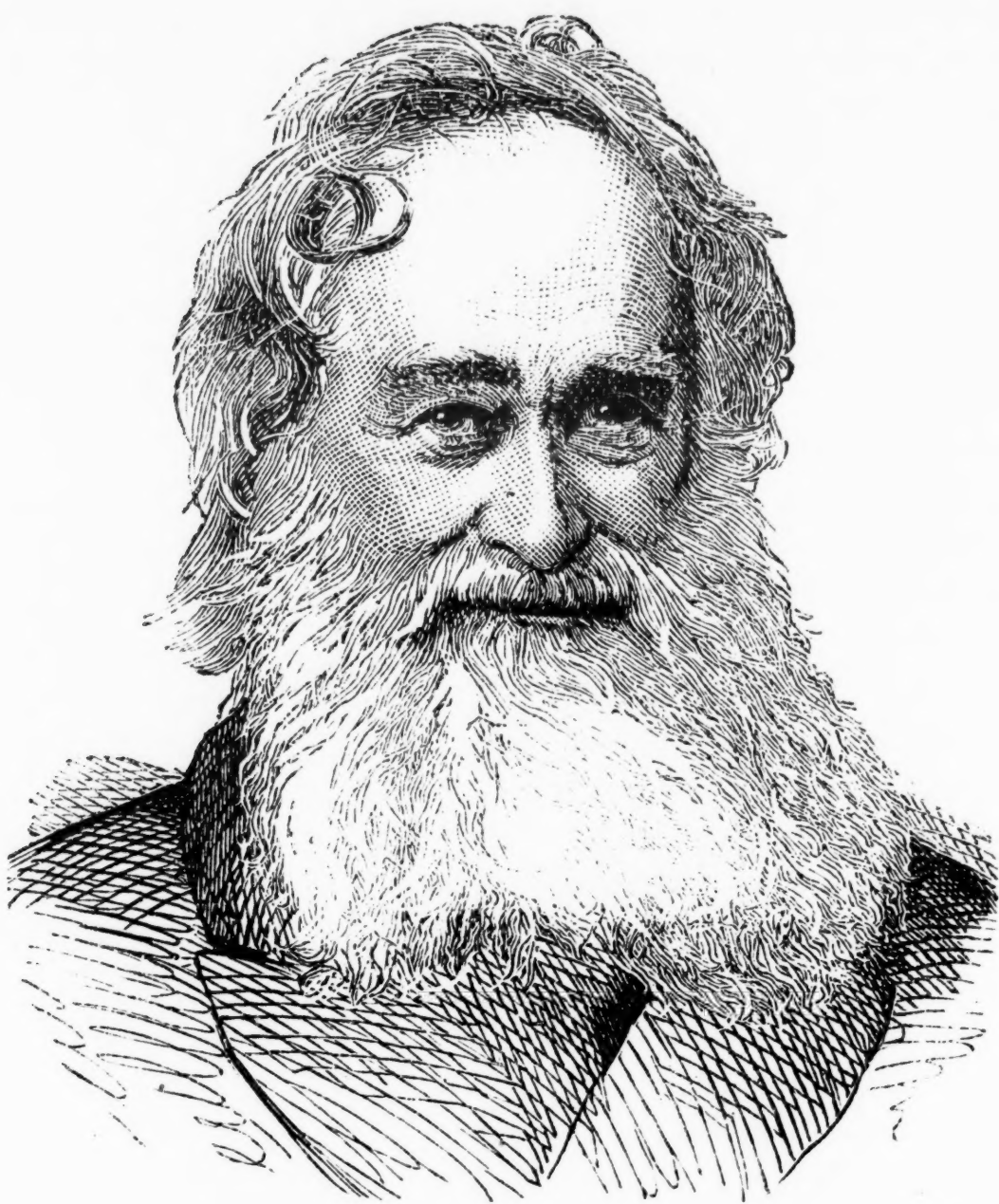
CULTIVATE SINGING. — "Cultivate singing in the family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your mother sang, bring them all back to your memory and teach them to your little ones; mix them all together to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in the very whirl of business, in the sunshine and gaiety of fashionable life, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth—the old mill, the cool spring, the shady tree by the little school-house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces, and the merry eyes of schoolmates, some greyheaded now, most 'mouldering in the grave.' And anon 'the song my mother sang' springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories. At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time pops up its little head, breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, throws the mind into another channel; light

breaks in from behind the cloud in the sky, and a new courage is given to us. The man goes singing to his work, and when the day's labour is done, his tools laid aside, and he is on his way home, where wife and child and tidy table and cheery fireside await him, he cannot help but whistle or sing."

KEEP YOUR CHILDREN FROM THE STREETS.—Fathers, mothers, do you know that your children are in danger by being allowed on the street evenings? No parent should allow a child to be in the habit of going out alone evenings; the temptations which assail young people are so numerous, that unless parents are watchful ruin will be the result. Boys and girls make appointments on the street corners, and if nothing worse is done, the conversation is far from being pure. Girls going out alone evenings make acquaintances that they would make nowhere else; and there is a class of men on the watch for every new face. The streets of a great city tempt our boys and girls away from the path of virtue. Parents, know when and where your children spend their leisure time, either day or evening—even in the day-time Satan has his agents at work. It is high time that the Christian people of the day should think of this matter. It cannot be winked out of sight; it exists, and many parents can trace back the beginning of the ruin of their child to an evening spent on the street. Parents, know where your children are; don't always take their word for it. Deception is often used; be sure your children begin right. Know just where they are. When our young people are being ruined by scores, it is time parents awoke to the responsibility of the hour.

THE BEST VEHICLE.—An anecdote is told of a physician who was called to a foreign family to prescribe for a case of incipient consumption. He gave them a prescription for pills, and wrote the direction: "One pill to be taken three times a day, in any convenient vehicle." The family looked in the dictionary to get at the meaning of the prescription. They got on well until they got to the word *vehicle*. After grave consideration, they came to the conclusion that the doctor meant the patient should ride out, and while in the vehicle he should take the pill. He followed the advice to the letter, and in a few weeks the fresh air and exercise secured the advantage which otherwise might not have come.





*Yours very truly,  
Robert Moffat*

### THE PIONEER OF AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

**R**OBERT MOFFAT is a name that will ever be revered by all interested in missionary work; the father-in-law of the noble Livingstone, the pioneer of the opening up of Africa, makes him honoured by every Church and every creed. Had he lived to-day he would have witnessed the burning missionary zeal of many noble men and women who, inspired by his example, are starting for foreign shores with the message of salvation.

Robert Moffat was born at Ormiston on the 21st of December, 1795, three months after the formation of the London Missionary Society, the noble institution of which he afterwards became so prominent and successful a worker. Moffat's parents were humble but godly people. In his early years he worked as a gardener, first



in Scotland, and afterwards in Warrington. It was on entering this town, in the year 1814, that he saw a bill announcing a meeting in connection with the London Missionary Society. From his mother's lips he had frequently heard related the work of the Moravian missionaries. He attended the meeting, and himself resolved to become a missionary. He was ordained in September, 1816, and left London the following month for South Africa. He commenced his labours among a tribe known as the Namaquas, a people inhabiting a country North of the Orange River. Africa was then in a much more unsettled state than at the present time. War succeeded war; villages were destroyed; entire districts were depopulated, and tribes dispersed, so that Moffat found great difficulty in establishing himself among this people. It was in 1821 that he settled, with his newly-married wife, among the Bechuana tribe, and with this people commenced a work which, for true Christian self-sacrifice, noble contention with difficulties and evils, forms one of the brightest records of missionary labour. The Bechuanas, when Moffat settled among them, were intensely ignorant and depraved. Of reading and writing they were ignorant, not possessing a written language. They were ferocious, deceitful, and would with impunity rob, murder, lie, and exchange wives. In fact, there was not a disgraceful action of which they were not capable. However, nothing daunted Moffat. He had set himself to give the Gospel of Christ to these benighted people, and, if possible, to raise them to a state of civilisation that should be a lasting evidence to the influence and power of the Gospel to elevate and build up even the poor and unlearned savages. The conversion of the chief Africaner was of the greatest assistance and gain to Moffat. This chief was a man of no ordinary character, and his mind once aroused by the quickenings of a higher life, knew no rest till it found it in Him who can alone give rest unto the soul.

Moffat, though mild in disposition, was possessed of a nerve and courage that was a match for the sternest and bravest of the Bechuana chiefs. Many stories are related of his courage. On one occasion the missionaries were informed that they must leave the country, and that measures of a violent nature would be resorted to if they disobeyed. The chief who conveyed the message stood at their cottage door, spear in hand, in the presence of Mrs. Moffat, who was watching the crisis, for such it was. Before the deputed chief and his attendants he presented himself as fearlessly as David before Goliath and the Philistines. There stood his distressed wife, an infant in her arms. With a steadfast gaze the tall missionary looked the spear-bearing chief straight in the eyes, and calmly and slowly replied: "We were unwilling to leave you. We are now resolved to stay at our post. As to your threats, we pity you; for you know not what you do. We have suffered, it is true; and the Master whom we serve has said, in His Word, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another.' But though we have suffered, we do not consider what has been done to us amounts to persecution. It is no more than we are prepared to expect from those who know no better. If resolved to get rid of us, you must take stronger measures to succeed, for our hearts are with you. You may shed my blood, or you may burn our dwelling; but I know that you will not touch my



wife and children; and you will surely reverence the grey head of my venerable friend (pointing to Mr. Hamilton). As for me, my decision is made. I do not leave your country." Then, throwing open his waistcoat, he stood erect and fearless. "Now then," he proceeded, "if you will, drive your spears to my heart; and, when you have slain me, my companions will know that the hour is come for them to depart." "These men," said the chief, turning to his attendants, "must have ten lives. When they are so fearless of death, there must be something in immortality."

In 1838 Moffat visited Cape Town, hoping to have been able to print his translation of the New Testament in the Bechuana language; but this he found impracticable. He returned to England after twenty-three years of labour far beyond the limits of civilisation in South Africa. The impression produced by his thrilling speeches, by his remarkably erect and active appearance, was such that the observant listener was led to say: "This is just the kind and kingly man to impress and influence rude and barbarous races." These qualities he retained to an unusual degree almost to the last. In addition to these fine physical characteristics he had intellectual and moral ones which gave him wonderful power over untutored men, and which won the respect of the most refined and spiritual. He was neither learned, nor gifted with power of abstract thought, but he had tender penetration, gentle tact, a kindly sense of humour, courage, inexhaustible patience, cheerfulness, benevolence, unselfishness, and one strong, all-absorbing purpose. These, whilst they made him a splendid missionary, also made him a delightful companion. It was a rare treat to be with him in free, unconstrained intercourse. His great descriptive power, his remarkably retentive memory—I have heard him relate, not only the incidents of an event which happened when he was a boy, some seventy-five years before, but every detail of expression then used—his romantic and varied experiences, and the living interest and sympathy he retained to the last on all questions affecting Africa, made such intercourse ever welcome.

He returned to Africa in 1843, and translated the Old Testament, and printed it at Kuruman in 1857. "The vast importance of having the Scriptures in the language of the natives," as he has himself observed, "will be seen when we look on the scattered towns and hamlets which stud the interior, over which one language, with slight variations, is spoken as far as the Equator. When taught to read, they have in their hands the means, not only of recovering them from their natural darkness, but of keeping the lamp of life burning, even amidst comparatively desert gloom." Up to 1870 he pressed on Christian work at his own station, and made several visits for the same end to distant places, the most important of these being, in 1859, to Inyati, to introduce a party of missionaries to the Matabele.

He was compelled in 1870 to return again to England, chiefly by insomnia. The zeal which took him to Africa, and kept him at his work for fifty-four long years, in spite of remarkable difficulties and dangers, burnt in his breast to the very end. In the pulpit, on the platform, and in the drawing-room, he was ever willing to plead on behalf of Africa. He was received and welcomed everywhere. His noble and venerable appearance at any great gathering, however



familiar his presence was, sent a thrill of pleasure through the assembly if they did not honour him by applause. The noble testimonial of £5,800 freely subscribed for the honour and comfort of one who cared not for money, and was too simple and frugal to need it; the position he was invited to fill in Westminster Abbey in 1875; the banquet given to his honour at the London Mansion House in 1881; and the great number of representative men who followed to his grave, were fine testimonials to his noble life, and grand, though simple worth; and it leads us to think better of mankind that all this should have been done toward one who was "only a missionary."

Shortly after their return, it pleased God to remove by death his faithful companion and loving wife. After a few days' illness, occasioned by the unusually severe Winter acting upon a constitution already enfeebled by long residence in the burning climate of South Africa, Mrs. Moffat gently breathed her last, and peacefully passed away. From this time he lived among his friends and persons of kindred sympathies, until August 9, 1883, when, somewhat suddenly, he peacefully passed to his rest and reward. He died at his residence at Streatham. His remains were interred at Norwood Cemetery, the funeral service being conducted by ministers of various denominations.

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## THE HEART IN THE FACE.

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**I**T is truly remarkable that so much of the heart may be read in the face, that it is quite easy to tell whether a man is joyous or sad, pleasant or angry. It is not always necessary for him to say exactly how he feels, since his true feelings are expressed in his countenance, which usually tells the truth. His words may be false, and he may say what is untrue; but this index of the heart in the face tells no lies. This was all the evidence that Jacob had of his uncle Laban's ill-will towards him. His uncle had not uttered a word of censure or animosity, but he *looked* as if he felt unkindly. "I see," said Jacob to Rachel and Leah, "your father's countenance, that it is not toward me as before." *Looks*, not words, convinced him that Laban cherished hard feelings towards him. He wanted no better proof than this; it was enough.

It is a fact that we judge more of men's dispositions by their *looks* than we do by their words. If we meet a stranger, we look into his face, and make some inference very soon about his character. It is said that "actions speak louder than words;" and it is just as true that *looks* speak louder than words. The language of *looks* is so explicit, that even the little child can read it. The babe in his mother's arms knows the difference between a smile and a frown. The former awakens a smile.





## FRANK HARFORD; OR, "LIFE IN A GREAT CITY."

BY WILLIAM R. WAY.

## CHAPTER II.

**F**OLLOW me, reader, for a moment, to one of the numerous lodging-house kitchens to be found in the locality mentioned in our opening chapter. A card in the front window announces—"Good Lodgings, 3d. a night." I trust it may never be your lot to have to verify this statement. In each dwelling there are two large kitchens, capable of holding some forty or fifty persons, who, having paid for their night's lodging, congregate here during the evening. And, oh! what a mixed congregation of human beings here meet the eye of an observer; from the youth of 12 or 13, just entering on his career of crime, to the hoary-headed old sinner of some 70 or 80 summers; and what a diversity of character! Seated in one corner, with a pot of ale and a dry crust before him, is a ruffianly-looking fellow, hardened in his career of crime and guilt of the deepest dye; while opposite may be seen a poor, worn-out old man, bent down with age and sorrow. No guilt may be laid to his door; misfortune, with the inability to rise against it, has brought him in this position, and now, with bowed head and sorrowful countenance, yet withal a peaceful expression, he awaits the welcome time when death shall release him from his misery. Clergymen, who were once members of a Protestant Church; professional men, who once had a good connection; tradesmen, who were once head of their businesses, now mingling with murderers, thieves, and the lowest of the low. But why? How had they thus fallen? Ask drink, strong drink, the foul destroyer of thousands. In nine cases out of every ten, the craving after this poison had lost them their all; position, wealth, family ties, had all succumbed, and here they were with a name feigned to conceal their calling and hide their deep downfall from their fellow man.

In a corner of one of these kitchens was a recess fitted with seats and a table, capable of accommodating some eight or nine persons. This was generally known to the frequenters of the kitchen as the burglars' corner. There are two of these coarse-looking, ruffianly fellows seated there at the present moment, evidently expecting an addition to their company. These men, Jack and Harry, as they were called, meeting Robert Harford, had recognised in him a likely recruit, and to obtain this, they had invited him to call and have a little "social" with them for an hour or so.

Robert, nothing loath, had consented, and he presently enters.

"Good evening, Bob, and how's the world using you now?"

"Very bad, my hearties; haven't had a dollar in my pocket this fortnight past."

"Not above making a little then, if you had the chance, eh? What do you say?" asked Harry.

"Say, why, that I'm your man. What is it? anything to get a few shillings."

"It may amount to a few pounds if you like to fall in with our plans," remarked Jack.



"What are the particulars?" asked Robert, never thinking for a moment what they were contemplating.

"First of all, you must pledge yourself to secrecy. Now, then, next Monday we intend visiting a house in Bayswater; or, rather, I intend doing so," continued Harry; "and we want you to go with me. Jack here has another job on the same night. There is every chance of success if we only go to work properly. I've got to know all particulars as to time, circumstances, &c., and a good booty is ours if we use a little caution. Here is your reward should we prove successful"—holding up a £5 note. "Now, then, what do you say—Yes, or No?"

"Yes or No!" The proposition had come upon Robert so suddenly that he hardly realised the consequence of what either answer might be. The men saw him hesitate.

"That would buy a few pots of ale, wouldn't it, Jack?" said Harry.

"Aye, and a few bottles of brandy into the bargain," replied he. "Why, Bob, you won't be such a fool as to refuse such an offer."

Ah! they knew their victim's weak point. Beer and brandy Robert must have, at whatever cost, and here was within his grasp the means of plenty; so at last the fatal consent was given. Having thus obtained one advantage, these wily agents of the devil prepared for another assault.

"I tell you what would make it more successful, Harry," said Jack.

"What?"

"Why, have a youngster to get in at the window instead of forcing the door."

"True," replied Harry. "Now, Bob, here's another chance for you to bring your two boys; they can hide where us big fellows could not."

"I have promised to come myself, but I shall not let the boys. The missus would not agree to that."

"Missus, eh? How long has she been master, Bob?"

"What do you mean? Of course I can do as I like, but I'd rather the boys did not come."

"Can you, though," said Harry, in a tantalising tone; "well, just show us you can by bringing them with you. Look here, I'll make it another sovereign for them. Shall it be Yes or No?"

Again a wavering, and again came the answer, "Yes." Ah! the temptation was strong, and the tempted was weak. Robert had fallen low, very low, and perchance he might not have gone farther had it not been for these men. They knew his weak points, and knowing, pressed them hard till Robert fell, and with him his two sons as well.

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The W—— road, situate in the West-end of London, consisted principally of semi-detached villa residences, occupied by retired families or city merchants. In one of these houses, noticeable for its neat, trim appearance, and well-stocked fruit and flower gardens, lived Mr. Wetherby. Plants of every description were planted back and front, and the windows were filled with choicest flowers, the general appearance of the place giving one an idea of comfort, and plainly showing that the owner took a great pride in his belongings.



Mr. Wetherby was one of the first, if not the first, warehousemen in the City of London. At the time at which our tale opened he was about 50 years of age, having a family of four—two sons and two daughters. He had, from his youth upwards, been steady and persevering, doing his best to live for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-man, and how richly had he been rewarded! A loving wife, dutiful children, a flourishing business, and a home which any man might be proud of, were some fruits of his Christian life and character. And, again, he was a firm abstainer from all intoxicating drink, thus removing that which is oftentimes a great drawback to a man's prosperity.

It was Autumn. Mr. Wetherby's eldest son, Walter, had just returned from College, and was about to celebrate his 21st birthday. A gathering of all his friends was to take place on the following Monday, not only to celebrate his birthday, but to wish him God-speed before going abroad to take an appointment.

"Well, wife," said Mr. Wetherby, "have you completed all arrangements for the party? How many do you expect?"

"About thirty, I should think, dear, with ourselves."

"Ah, that will do nicely. I will order up some fresh drink this morning."

"Don't you think, John, dear, that just for once we may have in a little wine for those who take it?"

"No, dear; all our friends know what our principles are. We have never done so as yet, and it will not be well to begin now. Walter, I am sure, would not wish it; besides, there are many of them abstainers, like ourselves."

"Very well, as you like, love; I only thought, as this was a special occasion, we might do so just for the appearance of the thing."

"Principles before appearances, dear," replied Mr. Wetherby.

Do not think, reader, our friend, Mr. Wetherby, was too strict on this point of total abstinence. His idea was that everyone had a right to their own opinions on the matter. If a person thought strong drink good for him, then let him take it. He (Mr. W.) had his opinions on the subject, and in his own home he strictly adhered to those opinions. Could anything be wanting to confirm his views, a glance at the happy, joyous party gathered in that home on the Monday evening, and the quiet, orderly way in which they all retired to their several homes at midnight, would soon convince one of the benefit of total abstinence principles. We have not space to describe this happy gathering in full. Walter, of course, made a speech, and the usual compliments were passed, everyone being entirely satisfied with everybody else.

"A most agreeable evening, don't you think so, dear," said Mr. Wetherby, as she prepared to retire.

"Yes, my dear; and my wish is that every birthday our boy lives to enjoy may be spent as enjoyably, and under as favourable circumstances as the present one."

"And why not, mother mine," replied Walter; "I have a good chance of so doing if I follow my father's footsteps."

"God bless you, my boy;" and they parted for the night.

*(To be continued.)*



## SOCIAL REFORMERS.



WE, too, are social reformers. We see many things which grieve us. We see much extravagance among the rich, and much improvidence among the poor. We see a great deal of pride and bitterness. We see the pride of rank, which believes that itself is porcelain, and the common men are clay. We see the bitterness of penury, which resents the wealth of others as a crime, and which deems it a proof of spirit to insult a man of higher station. We see a fearful tyranny of squires and capitalists, refusing to their tenants and their servants the enjoyment of the Sabbath, and freedom to worship God; and we see the tyranny of working-men, compelling their fellows to connive at crime, and enforcing compliance with unreasonable rules, often by means of the greatest cruelty.

These things we know, and we mourn over them. We long to see them all redressed. We long to see the rich less stiff, and reserved, and haughty. We long to secure for cottages and cabins, not only the Christmas dole, but the kindly words, the friendly recognition, and the occasional call. We long to see toleration and fair play. We long to see industry and a competency convertible terms; and we long to see the laborious class kindly affectioned one to another, and respectful of the rights and feelings of their hard-working brethren; and on every side we long to see more magnanimity, more confidence, and more mutual forbearance.

But we have no faith in any social reform which overlooks the fact that man is a fallen being. Though we have never read it in the Bible, we think we can read it in the world, that man is no longer what a Holy Creator made him. His heart is not right with God, nor is it right with his fellows; and every ameliorating scheme which overlooks this twofold depravity is sure to end in frustration. It is not a new construction which society needs, so much as new material. Nor can we promise ourselves a political millennium. Doubtless it is the duty of every citizen to give efficiency to such good government as he enjoys; and it is the duty of every State to aim at constitutional optimism; to seek such a code of laws, and such a distribution of power, as will make it easiest for the citizens to do what is right, and most difficult to do what is wrong. But there is no magic in political change. No form of government—republican, representative, or despotic—can cure the real complaint of our species. No law can change vice into virtue, or give to guilt the joys of innocence. No ruler can make the atheist happy, or kindle a blessed hope in that mephitic mind which has quenched its own lamp of immortality.

When Hercules put on the poisoned robe, it did not matter where he went. No change of climate, no breezy height, no balmy sky, could lull the venom in his fiery veins. Restless and roaming, he wandered to and fro, and raged at everything; but the real quarrel



was with his tainted self, and the change which would have relieved his misery would have been a migration from his own writhing nerves and aching bones. And let a man of idle or immoral habits, or let an ill-assorted family, try all the constitutions in the world, and let a new constitution come to their country once a year, they will soon discover that to a guilty conscience, or a dissolute character, political day-springs bring no hearing. Legislation contains no charm, no spell for converting personal or domestic wretchedness into virtue or tranquillity; and so long as a man is entangled in his own corruption, so long as he wears the poisoned vest of inherent depravity, "he may change the place, but he cannot cheat the pain."

Is there, then, you will ask, no hope for society? Is the present routine of selfishness, oppression, and suffering to go on for ever? Assuredly not. But it will come to an end in no other way except that which God has designed and foretold. It will end when He Himself interposes. Till then, visionaries, amiable or atheistic, may each propound their panacea; but, alas! the plague of society is too virulent for any medicine native to our earth. No doubt elaborate attempts will be made, and associations will be formed, with a view to counteract the dispersive elements in human nature. Influential leaders, poetical statesmen, and discarded projectors will say, "Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth;" but the feuds and jargon which confounded the plain of Shinar will prove fatal to Babel the Second.

And it is not till the Prince of Peace shall commence His reign of righteousness, and, simultaneous with His enthronement, the Spirit of God shall mollify the minds of men, that "violence" shall vanish from our earth, and "wasting and destruction" from within its borders. And when that day comes—when, by the direct interference of the Holy Spirit, man's enmity to God is converted into allegiance and love, and man's selfishness is drowned in kindness and goodwill—many of the results for which men at present sigh, will no longer need perilous experiments, but will develop of their own accord. When the years are all one Pentecost, and the world one Christian family, none will lack, and, if they please, people may then have "all things in common." "For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

And, in the meanwhile, the reader may secure his own happiness without overturning an empire or new moulding society. Like Caspar Ranchbilder, you run the risk of losing some solid and immediate advantages whilst musing on remote and wholesale reformations. The present state of society may be vicious; but, in most essential matters, your Creator has rendered you independent of society. By making you the custodian of your own soul, He has made you the keeper of your own comfort. And, if you be wise, you will go so far on the individual plan as to study the Gospel, and seek the one thing needful for yourself. So far as you are concerned, that Gospel is a personal message. To you and me, my brother,



God offers a personal salvation ; and if we believe that Gospel, and live godly, righteous, and sober in the world, whatever be the state of society, we shall secure our personal happiness here and hereafter. Perhaps, too, we shall then be able to do something in order to mitigate the misery, and increase the happiness of those around us.

H. H.

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## KEEP THE HOME LIGHT BURNING.

BY G. S.

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**T**HE light that has beamed from many a noble lighthouse on a dangerous coast has been the means of saving many a noble vessel from being dashed upon the rocks. "A traveller once visiting the lighthouse at Calais, said to the keeper, 'But what if one of your lights should go out at night?' 'Never,—impossible!' he cried. 'Sir, yonder are ships sailing to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, in six months I should hear from America or India, saying, that on such a night the light of Calais lighthouse gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked. Oh, sir, sometimes I feel, when I look upon my light, as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed upon me. Go out? Burn dim? Never! Impossible!'"

Every parent is a spiritual lighthouse. Sons and daughters to be kept from being wrecked as they are tossed about upon the sea of life, must be kept by the light of sanctified home influence burning brightly. Never should it grow dim! Never should it go out!

Whatever others may do for children, parents are chiefly responsible, for evil or for good, their influence will most certainly be the strongest that they will know through life; and were parents really faithful to their children, there would be fewer outside the Church of Christ. Good Haliburton said, when dying, "Oh, blessed be God that ever I was born. I have a mother and a father, and ten sisters and brothers in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. Oh, blessed be the day that ever I was born." The influence of home was blessed in his experience. "Every home should be a nursery of happiness and usefulness on earth, and for rest and glory in the great family in heaven."

The light of home influence should burn steadily, giving light to all that are in the house; that is, a quiet influence pervading all, and filling the house with light and cheerfulness.

We will mention some of these home lights:—The light of love, of discipline, of devotion, of example, of God's Word.

Are there not many who love their children very truly, and yet do not care for and cherish that love as they ought? They keep the light of love burning very dimly, hence, alas! many a parent at the bedside of a dying child has said, "I never knew I loved my child so much till now." The parent should have known it. That love which only faintly burned, should have burned with a glowing warmth—and perhaps filled the child's heart with a sense of parental love unknown before. There is a mighty power in love—it rules the





WAITING HIS RETURN.



life, it checks the wayward, and stimulates to all that is noble and true. A spirit of love toward children will strengthen them all through after life, stimulating them to what is pure and right; whereas, how often the life is blighted by coldness, impatience, and unkindness! The light of love is too often dimmed by worldly care—pecuniary difficulties make it seem hard to get through life, and children are felt to be a burden instead of a blessing from God, and they suffer accordingly.

If you are a working man, go forth to your labour with a cheerful song and a pleasant smile, be prompted by affection's holy influences, and let the *home light* shine brightly, for "a loving family is the best school for life."

*Discipline* is a light that should not be allowed to burn dimly, for if it does, the whole home will be darkened.

When discipline is observed in a family, there is strict obedience to parents.

Sincere obedience does not pick and choose what commands to obey; it says, "Eyes, ears, hands, heart, lips, legs, body and soul, do seriously and affectionately whatever is commanded you, in as far as the command is in accordance with the teaching of God's truth." One half the sorrow and mischief amongst children is caused by disobedience. Parents have to entreat instead of command, and as they grow up past the age of childhood, they get a proud notion of independence, throw off parental authority, and *often* go on to moral ruin.

Fathers and mothers, if they wish to be obeyed, must be worthy of obedience, must be consistent with themselves, and begin early to enforce the principle of implicit trust and obedience, for "example is better than precept."

*Prayer* is a light that should be always kept bright. The light of religion is the true light of home, and it must be kindled from the altar of communion with God.

If you find the cares and burdens of life too heavy for you, you must live in the constant habit of asking God's help and grace. If you would be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, you must daily seek divine strength and succour. Is your home a home of prayer? Is Jesus welcome to your household? His presence alone can make you cheerful and happy, and sanctify natural ties. He will fill you and yours with holy influences, and you will be led to the sanctuary to join in the praise and worship of Jehovah. How much happier would your week of trial be, if the house of prayer was revered and loved!

The *Holy Bible*—The light sent down from heaven, should be the light to your feet, and the lamp to your path—its counsels, its precepts should be your guide and stay; it should be a treasure in your home, and diffuse a blessing on all around.

"A traveller one day called at a cottage to ask for a draught of water. Entering, he found the parents cursing and quarrelling, the children trembling, crouched in a corner, and wherever he looked he saw only marks of degradation and poverty. Greeting the inmates, he asked them, "Dear friends, why do you make your house like hell?"



"Ah, sir," said the man, "you don't know the life and trials of a poor man, when, do what you can, everything goes wrong."

The stranger drank the water, and then said softly (as he noticed in a dark and dusty corner a Bible), "Dear friends, I know what would help you, if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house. Search for it."

And so he left them.

At first the cottagers thought it a jest, but, after a while they began to reflect. When the woman went out, therefore, to gather sticks, the man began to search, and even to dig, that he might find the treasure. When the man was away, the woman did the same. Still they found nothing; increasing poverty brought only more quarrels, discontent, and strife.

One day, as the woman was left alone, she was thinking upon the stranger's word, when her eye fell on the old Bible. It had been a gift from her mother, but since her death had been long unheeded and unused.

A strange forboding seized her mind. Could it be this the stranger meant? She took it from the shelf, opened it, and found the verse inscribed on the title-page in her mother's handwriting, "The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." It cut her to the heart. "Ah!" thought she, "this is the treasure, then, we have been seeking." How her tears fell fast upon the leaves.

From that time she read the Bible every day, and taught the children to pray; but without her husband's knowledge. One day he came home, as usual, quarrelling, and in a rage. Instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, she spoke to him kindly and with gentleness. "Husband," said she, "we have sinned grievously. We have ourselves to blame for all this misery, and we must now lead a different life." He looked amazed, "What dost thou say?" was his exclamation. She brought the old Bible, and, sobbing, cried, "There is the treasure; see, I have found it!"

The husband's heart was moved. She read to him of the Lord Jesus, and of His love. Next day she read, and again and again; she sat with the children round her, thoughtful and attentive.

So time went on.

It was after a year that the stranger returned that way. Seeing the cottage, he remembered the circumstances of his visit and thought he would call and see his old friends again. He did so, but he would scarcely have known the place; it was so clean, so neat, so well ordered. He opened the door, and at first thought he was mistaken, for the inmates came to meet him so kindly, with the peace of God beaming upon their faces. "How are you, my good people?" said he. Then they knew the stranger, and for some time they could not speak. "Thanks, thanks, dear Sir; we have found your treasure. Now dwells the blessing of God in our house—His peace in our hearts!" So said they, and their entire condition, and the happy faces of their children, declared the same more plainly.

In conclusion, my reader, remember that the eyes of many are fixed upon you. Coming generations will be the better or the worse for your example and influence. Immediately you neglect the home light, your children may be dashed upon the rocks of destruction.



## FOR THE YOUNG.



### TELLING MOTHER.

A CLUSTER of young girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon, engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a *secret*, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate, "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother; no one in the world."

"Well, then, I can't hear it; for *what I can't tell my mother, is not fit for me to know.*" After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

As soon as a boy listens to conversation at school, or on the playground, which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation, and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man dying in disgrace, in prison, or on the scaffold, has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when first a sinful companion gained his ear, and came between him and a pious mother. Boys and girls, if you would lead a Christian life, and die a Christian death, make Kate's reply your rule: "*What I cannot tell my mother is not fit for me to know;*" for a pious mother is your *best friend*.

If you have no mother, do as the disciples did—go and tell Jesus. He loves you better than the most tender parent.

### WHAT IS FAITH?

A little girl was trying to find her father, who had gone into the cellar, by a trap-door, with no light. Coming to the door, and looking down, she could see nothing, for it was all dark. She called out, "Are you down in the cellar, father?" "Yes," he answered. "Would you like to come, Mary?" "It is dark, I can't come, papa." "Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me. If you will drop yourself down, I will catch you." She strained her eyes, but could not see him. She hesitated, then advanced a little, and finally threw herself down, and was caught in his arms. This was faith—faith in her father. Though you cannot see Jesus, He is as truly present as this little girl's father was; and you have only to believe on Him, and He will save you. Now, can you not believe Him, and in your mind, cast yourself into His arms? You need not be afraid. Only trust in Him.



## THE TACK HAMMER.

NOTES OF A CHILDREN'S SERMON.

“**H**AVE you ever,” said the preacher, “seen a magnetised tack-hammer”—that is, explaining, “a hammer with one end having the property of a loadstone, which takes up the tacks, whilst with the other end they are hammered in. Have you children ever seen this kind of hammer?” Instantly up flew a number of little hands. “Ah, I see many of you have. Well, the Gospel is something like this hammer: draws the little tacks, whilst the big nails won’t move. Now, suppose,” he continued, “you were to bring near this magnetised end of the hammer a number of fine needles, what would be the effect?” Answer by several voices—“It would draw them.” “Yes, that’s right; it would draw them. They would seem as if they had life. They would spring towards the end of the hammer, and cling to it, just as if they had an affection for it; just as a child springs towards its mother, and clings upon her neck. What makes this? Ah, dear ones, there is some mystery here. We can’t explain it. But you can understand the fact, for you see it with your eyes. But who are these little needles? Can you tell?” Up go the hands. “Well, who are they?” By several voices, “They are the little children.” “Right; they are, and what is it that draws them?” Again the little hands are up—“It is Jesus.” “Yes, how sweetly and strongly He draws them. But they must come, or be brought near to Him; for, don’t you notice, if the little needles are not brought near to the hammer they don’t move towards it? But when you lay them close by, then they move and fasten upon it as if they could not help clinging to it. Oh, beautiful thought! Parents and Sunday-school teachers, think of it. Bring your little ones near. There is a sweet drawing power in Jesus. By teaching and prayer bring them and lay them near, and see if they are not drawn as by cords of love into His arms. But now, dear children, you observe that the big ones are not so easily drawn. While the little ones are clustering, as if all alive, around the centre of attraction, the big ones lie as if dead. They don’t move at all. Even when the hammer is laid upon them, or strikes a hard blow, they scarcely seem to move. And now, children, if whilst you are little, and can come to Jesus so much more easily, so to speak, you keep at a distance—keep too far off from Jesus to feel His drawing power. When you get big, as you soon will, you will be like the big needles, and perhaps you will never be drawn to the bosom of Jesus. How dreadful that will be!

“Don’t you recollect a beautiful passage in the New Testament, which speaks of Jesus drawing hearts to Him? Who can quote it? (Silence.) Can none of you repeat it? (Silence still.) Well, repeat it after me—‘And I, if I be lifted up (in a subdued voice)—and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me—will draw all men unto Me.’ Now, fix that text in your minds, and connect it in your thoughts with the little hammer and the needles. Yes, Jesus was lifted up on the cross by His enemies, in order to render Him ignominious—that is, that all people might scorn one that was



crucified. So *they* meant it for evil; but *God* meant it for good, that He might draw all men unto Him. And He did draw even some of His crucifiers unto Him. The Roman centurion who ordered the soldiers to drive the nails into His flesh, that hard-hearted Roman gazed on the cross until he felt his heart melted and moved, and he cried, 'Truly this was the Son of God.' And the dying thief who was crucified with Jesus, a very wicked man, turned his eyes upon our Lord, and felt his heart drawn towards Him. 'Oh,' said he, 'this Jesus is righteous, but what a sinner *I* am.' And he looked at that blood oozing from His thorn-clad brow, and streaming from His pierced hands, and he said, 'Surely that blood can wash my sins away.' Then he put up a prayer—'Lord, remember me.' See how he was drawn. And Jesus did remember him, and took him with Him up to heaven.

"And now, children, have you been drawn to Jesus? Has His dying love, like a secret cord, drawn you to this precious Saviour? If so, cling to Him now and for ever. And bring other little ones near to Him. Perhaps they will be drawn also. If you have not yet come to Him, oh! come now, while so many are flocking to Him, and clustering along His feet, and nestling, as it were, in His very bosom. 'Come to Jesus, come *now*.'"

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### CHALK YOUR BOBBINS.

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THE first Sir Robert Peel, father of the Prime Minister of that name, made most of his money by cotton-spinning. In the early part of his career his business was far from extensive, but suddenly he made a tremendous stride, and speedily distanced all rivals, soon growing immensely rich. All this arose from a very simple incident. In the early days of the cotton-spinning machinery a great deal of trouble used to be caused by filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins or tapes, which then formed portions of the looms; these filaments accumulating, soon clogged the wheels and other parts of the machinery, and rendered it necessary that they should be cleared, which involved frequent stoppages, and much loss of time. The great thing was to discover some plan by which this clogging could be prevented; and Mr. Peel, as he was then, spent considerable sums in experiments, employing some of the ablest machinists in the kingdom, who suggested various corrections, all of which proved of no avail; the evil still remained.

These delays seriously affected the wages of the operatives, who, at the end of the week, generally came short in proportion to the stoppages during the previous days. It was noticed, however, that one man always drew his full pay; in fact, his loom never had to stop, while every other in the factory was idle. Mr. Peel was informed of this, and at once suspected there was some secret in the matter. It was important that it should be discovered, and the man was watched; then his fellow-workmen tried to "pump" him; but all to no purpose. At last Mr. Peel sent for him into his private office. He was a rough,



Lancashire man, ignorant, unable even to read or write; he entered the office pulling his forelock, and shuffling on the ground with his clumsy wooden shoes. "Dick," said Mr. Peel, "the overlooker tells me that your bobbins are always clean; is that true?" "E's, master, 't be." "Well, Dick, how do you manage it?—have you any objection to let me know?" "Why, Master Pill, 't be a soart o' a secret loike, ye see, and if oi told, 't'others 'a know's moch as oi," was the reply, with a grin. "Of course, Dick, I'll give you something if you'll tell me, and if you can make all the looms in the factory work as smoothly as yours." "Ev'ry one 'n them, Master Pill." "Well, what shall I give you? Name your price, Dick, and let me have your secret." Dick grinned, scratched and shook his head, shuffled for a few minutes, while Mr. Peel anxiously awaited his reply. Presently Dick said, "Well, Master Pill, I'll tell 'ee all about it if you'll give me—a quart o' beer a day as long as I'm in the mills; you'll save that ten." Mr. Peel rather thought he should, and quickly agreed to the terms. "You shall have it, Dick." "Well, then," said Dick, first looking cautiously round to see that no one was near, "this it be;" and putting his lips close to Mr. Peel's ear, he whispered—"Chalk your bobbins."

That, indeed, was the great secret. Dick had been in the habit of furtively chalking his bobbins, which simple contrivance had effectually prevented the adherence of the cotton. As the bobbins were white, the chalking had escaped detection. Mr. Peel was a sagacious man, and saw through the affair at a glance. He at once patented the invention, had "chalking" machinery contrived, and soon took the lead in the cotton-spinning department. This was the foundation of his princely fortune. It is but right to add that he pensioned off Dick handsomely.—C. B.

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## ANECDOTES, TRITE SAYINGS, ETC.

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### WELLINGTON'S DUEL.



WHEN the Duke of Wellington quarrelled with Lord Winchelsea, nothing would do but they must fight; so one night the Duke's second called on his grace to inform him of the fact. He found the Duke in bed, and asleep; after awakening him, he mentioned what must be done. Wellington very coolly said, "*Very well; see that I am called early enough in the morning;*" and, turning round, went off to sleep again.

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### THE EARL AND THE FARMER.

A farmer called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood where his lordship's hounds had during the Winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable



injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you." The farmer replied that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that, as the crop seemed entirely destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached, however, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were the most trampled the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and, being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance. "Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord; but I find that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the horses had most cut up the land the crop is most promising, and therefore I brought the £50 back again." "Ah," exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like! this is as it should be between man and man!" He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him several questions about his family, how many children, and what was the age of each. His lordship then went into another room, and, on returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for £100, saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son shall become of age present it to him, and tell him the occasion which produced it." The conduct of the farmer was most honourable to himself; and the conduct of his lordship was no less becoming, for, in doing such a noble act of generosity to an excellent character, he at the same time adopted a most effectual means of transmitting a lesson of integrity to another age.

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#### HOW TO MAKE A LORD CHANCELLOR.

At the close of the last century, a poor, awkward-looking youth entered London; but he was so long, lank, and ungainly, that he seemed fit only to be the drudge of a printing-office, run on errands, bring water, and sweep the floor, and the like. Already had poverty and hardness of the world made him sour, unhopeful, and independent. Under less discouragements many a young man has abandoned himself to an aimless life; or, having no higher aim than to live but for the day; or, worse still, has plunged headlong into all the extravagances and indulgences connected with thriftlessness and crime. But the youth had vigorous health; this imparted to him a mental vision, a moral power, which soon showed itself to his employer. He was *prompt*, persevering, and painstaking; and with these three qualities, in spite of the fact that he was good at nothing, in everything tolerable only, he made his patient way, step by step, to the Wool-sack of England, and died among the most honoured men of his nation and age—the Lord Chancellor Campbell. In this case vigorous health was a mine of wealth; a better fortune than if he had been the heir of many thousands. And certain is it that the world would be a happier world, and the men in it would be happier, better, and greater, if one tithe of the time, and care, and study, which parents bestow on the accumulation of money to leave their children were devoted to the physical education and training necessary to secure a vigorous



constitution. Of any two young men starting on the race of life, one poor but healthy, the other rich but effeminate, other things being equal, the chances for usefulness, honour, and a well-remembered name, are manifold in favour of the former. Who that reads this article will lay it down and say, "I will do more to leave to my children a vigorous constitution"? Another element in the success of Lord Campbell was that his employer, seeing his dull nature, but noticing at the same time that when he had anything to do he went at it promptly and with great painstaking, kept at it until the work was done, although done painfully slow, he patted him on the shoulder, and always spoke cheerfully to him, and thus stimulated him to greater activities. How many a youth in school, how many an apprentice in the shop, how many a child in the family, has gone out in the night of a blighted life, who, with human encouragements, might have lived usefully and died famous! Let the stern teacher, passionate master, and inconsiderate parent, inquire, and do a little more patting on the shoulder.

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KEEP UP FAMILY ATTACHMENTS.

One of the saddest things about a large family, who have lived happily together for years under the old roof-tree, is the scattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up, one by one, to years of maturity. It is often the case that, in the cares and bustle of business, letters grow more and more infrequent, and finally brothers and sisters will sometimes entirely lose sight of each other.

These kindred ties are too sacred to be thus lightly severed. It takes such a little while to write a letter, and the expense is so trifling, that there can be hardly an excuse for the neglect.

A loving family circle, thus widely severed, adopted a curious but beautiful plan for keeping informed of each others welfare. The two most remote, on the first of each month, write a part of a page on a large sheet containing the principal news of the month, and this is sealed and forwarded to the family next in order. Some member of the household adds a little contribution, and sends it on to the next, and so on, till the circle is complete. Thus the family letter goes its rounds twelve times a year, and each one is kept well informed of the joys, sorrows, plans and pursuits of the others. Family gatherings are frequent in such households, and the old home attachments never grow cold.

Sons in particular, away from home, are apt to grow neglectful of letter writing. Oh, if they only knew how many heart-aches such neglect often causes to the loving breast that pillowed their tired heads in childhood, they would not be so thoughtless. If they knew the joy that the letter brought, and could see how its lightest words were dwelt over, and talked over by the fireside, they would not be so sparing of those messages.

Are not some of us sadly in arrears in this particular?





## GLEANNINGS.

THE SPIRIT AND THE WORD.—“Without the Spirit the world would not possess the inestimable blessing of the sacred Scripture. His pen indited each word of that most precious volume. Charming would be the task to descant upon its beauty and sublimity as a literary work. What melody can rival its poetic charms, its pure and moving diction, the melting tenderness of its calls, the sweetness of its loving invitations, the majesty of its descriptive scenes, the grandeur of its high revelations? These properties indeed place it far above all the works which learning, genius, and skill have ever wrought. But greater far is its intrinsic glory. It is a message from *Jehovah* to a fallen world. It manifests all heavenly truth. It tells what God is, and what He has done to bring salvation to His creatures. Happy the hours which are passed in gazing on the beauties of this sacred paradise, in plucking the lovely flowers, in delighting in the exquisite fragrance, in lying down beside the still waters. It is heaven begun to seek regalement in these pages. This is the blessedness of the treasure given and unlocked by the Spirit's love.”

HE who seeks only his own happiness fails to obtain that which he seeks after.

“IF thou intendest and seekest nothing else but the will of God and the profit of thy neighbour, thou shalt enjoy internal liberty.”—*St. Thomas a Kempis*.

A CHRISTIAN'S experience is like a rainbow, made up of drops of the grief of earth and beams of the bliss of heaven.”—*Thomas*.

WHAT TO TEACH OUR SONS.—Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to weed the garden. Teach them not to wear tight boots. Teach them how to black their boots and take proper care of their clothing. Teach them to eat what is set before them and be thankful. Teach them how to darn stockings, and sew on buttons. Teach them every day dry, hard, practical common sense. Teach them how to say No, and mean it; Yes, and stick to it. Teach them that steady habits are better than riotous living. Teach them not to have anything to do with intemperate and dissolute young men or idle and frivolous young women. Teach them that the further one goes beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor-house. Teach them that a good, steady mechanic is better than a

dozen loafers in broadcloth. Teach them the accomplishments—music, painting, and drawing—if you have time and can afford it. Teach them that God made them in His own image.

ONE PENNY per day will, in most cases, pay for the premium of a life insurance policy for £100 on the life of a young person.

AN excellent drink for the field or the factory is *Cokos*. It is made by putting eight ounces of sugar with six ounces of oatmeal and four ounces of Cocoa into a gallon of boiling water.

RELIABLE PROMISES.—I have somewhere met with an anecdote of Lord Chatham, who had promised that his son should be present at the pulling down of a garden wall. The wall was, however, taken down during his absence, through forgetfulness; but, feeling the importance of his word being held sacred, Lord Chatham ordered the workmen to rebuild it, that the son might witness its demolition, according to his father's promise.—*F. F. Trench*.

HINTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—Very few carpets should be used in bedrooms, and those easily moved out of the way for the rooms to be scrubbed—certainly not under the bed. The three best things for children—warmth, light, cleanliness. Heavy clothes are always a mistake; *weight* is not the same thing as *warmth*. The head of the sleeper should not be higher than the throat of the chimney; this ensures his breathing the purest air. Tight boots cause chilled feet, and chilled feet may cause anything.

TO COOK RICE.—Rice, if put into cold water on a good fire, is cooked by the time the water reaches boiling-point. Not a moment more should water surround it. Rapid draining and the heat of the fire should then rob every grain of particles of moisture. More than one hundred million people in India, China, Egypt, Arabia, and in portions of S. America, derive their main food from rice.

THE less fresh air you give to a baby's lungs, and the less water you give to its skin, the more liable it will be to take colds and chills.

TEN hours for rest, seven for work, seven for meals and recreation, is a fair division of the twenty-four hours for younger boys.





THE REFRESHING STREAM.



## THE REFRESHING STREAM.

BY THOMAS PHILPOT.



RICKLING down the slope of a high hill I saw and tasted some bright, sparkling water, which an old inhabitant assured me was much sought after for its great medicinal properties. There it flows, year after year, rippling and falling, gurgling and dashing, until it becomes the rushing mill-stream of the village. Always giving—yet never shortening the supply. Quenching thirst, inspiring labour, causing pale cheeks to become glowing and ruddy—yet never failing. What a picture it presents of the matchless grace of God!

Grace is free, unmerited favour. The value and importance of a gift so frequently alluded to in the Bible ought to be thoroughly understood by all. "By grace are ye saved," it emphatically declares. "Being justified freely by His grace."

The villagers remain in darkness in regard to the actual source of their refreshing and invigorating stream; but the origin of this unspeakable gift is plainly indicated: "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." He represents the body of that grace which is the very essence of His nature. Like a delicate rose perfuming the air with its delicious odour, yet retaining the body of fragrance, so Christ is able, without impoverishing himself, to give abundantly of His grace from the inexhaustible fulness of His own being.

Yonder is a woman hastening to the well with her empty pitcher, "wearied with His journey" Jesus is seated, awaiting her arrival.

"Give me to drink," He asks.

A catalogue of excuses follow:—"no dealings with the Samaritans," "nothing to draw with," and so on.

"Jesus answered, and said unto her, whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 13, 14).

This fountain of grace has been springing up ever since. It is His delight to bestow it upon sinful man; hence in the closing page of His revealed Word He cries, "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." Trust your frail barque and broken-down vessel of self upon this great ocean of love, and it will pilot you safely into the port of glory. Plead your own worthlessness and Christ's untold worth; your own vileness and Christ's purity; your own sinfulness and Christ's perfect righteousness; your own weakness and Christ's power; and the saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ shall be your eternal portion.

Grace! Grace!! Grace!!! nothing more, nothing less, will avail you one iota. Abandon all attempts to fit yourself for a deathbed. Dress up a corpse in gorgeous apparel, paint the white cheeks red, so that the lifeless appears to live; and you will do an act as reasonable as to try and fit yourself for heaven. Impossible!

"All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of him."



You and I have sinned. The terrible sentence is pronounced against us and our doom is sealed. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." The law cries for justice and judgment, whilst the sword of justice flashes above us, as Abraham's knife above Isaac. "Stay; stay," cry mercy and grace, "stay Thy hand; the Judge who condemned has been moved to pity. He has given His own Son as a substitute for the sinner. Sheath your sword for the transgressor and let it fall with its full weight upon the Sin-bearer, and justice shall be fully satisfied."

READER, THIS IS GRACE; LAY HOLD OF IT.

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## FRANK HARFORD; OR, "LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.

BY WILLIAM R. WAY.

(Continued from page 27.)

### CHAPTER III.

"LICK, click, click!" John the butler awoke with a start, and having stretched himself and rubbed his eyes a few times to make sure he was really awake, he jumped out of bed and struck a light: "What! only half-past two! what on earth could have awoke me up at this time? bless me, I ate too hearty a supper, I am afraid." "Click, click!" John listened. Again it was repeated; this time much louder. Slipping on one of his garments, he crept softly along the landing, and leaning over the balustrade, he awaited any further sound. Presently he heard a footstep and a thud, as if something had dropped. Thieves, was his first thought, and he immediately acted up to the supposition. It was the work of a minute to slip on the rest of his clothes, and having done so he made his way down the stairs and on toward the dining-room, from whence the sound seemed to emanate. Listening for a moment at the key-hole, he heard someone speak and move toward the window. Now John was in a fix, he felt he could do nothing single handed, and yet to go and arouse his master would be to run the risk of disturbing his missus or some of his fellow-servants, and before the state of affairs could be explained the thieves themselves might be alarmed and make off before any effective resistance could be offered. Again, they must be surprised from the front of the house; once in the road, with sufficient help, it would be impossible for the thieves to escape, as the back and side walls were far too high to permit of any exit in that direction. But how to get in the road without attracting their attention was John's difficulty. He felt sure that some one of them would be on guard, and he was not far wrong. Let us take a peep.

At each side of the window in front was a tall tree, surrounded by evergreen bushes. Behind one of these trees was concealed—whom do you think, reader? Robert Harford, receiving the things as they were handed from the window by Harry Bears. Henry and Frank Harford were there, too; the former inside with Harry, and Frank concealed in a thick bush close to the gate, to give warning of



anyone's approach. Thus were they at work when John awoke and discovered them.

"I'll try the side door," said John to himself; "it is in a line with the front gate, and I can make a dash out if I see the chance of help."

Just as he had slid the bolt a low whistle from the front told him that the thieves were on the alert. Had he been seen? were his efforts to trap them to result in failure? He waited in silent suspense; the dim light of early morn showed him that no one had moved or left the grounds. Presently he heard the steady tread of two policemen coming down the road. Now or never, thought John, as they drew near the house; and, suiting the action to the words, with a bound he was down the path, over the gate, alighting within a foot of those functionaries, who for the moment took him for an escaped lunatic, or something of that sort; so with sundry gesticulations he endeavoured to make known to them what had occurred. John cooled down, however, in a moment or two, and having convinced the police that he was not himself of the burglarizing fraternity, they soon set to work to capture the rogues. Mr. Wetherby had just then appeared from an upper room window, and in a few minutes he, too, was upon the scene. The thieves now saw that they were fairly trapped, and without an attempt at resistance, they submitted to be taken off.

"I shall be at the Court in the morning when this case comes up," said Mr. W., "and if possible get the boys off. It seems a sad thing that two so young should be mixed up in a case like this."

"Oh, my dear sir, that's nothing new," replied the policeman; "I've had several cases come under my own notice when younger than these have been brought up with the worst sort of blackguards you could find in a day's march."

A trial for burglary is, alas! so common that we need not enter into details of this one. The case was fully proved, Robert Harford, it being his first offence, was sentenced to twelve months hard labour, the Judge strongly commenting on his conduct in bringing his sons up in such a disgraceful manner. "How are we," he said, "to expect a diminution of crime, if parents are so regardless of the welfare of their children, as to force them into temptation, instead of acting a parent's part, and keeping them from evil influences?" Several cases other than this being proved against Harry Bears he was sentenced to seven years penal servitude. The boys were handed over to the care of Mr. Wetherby, on his promising to be their guardian.

On the same evening, about seven o'clock, Mr. Wetherby drove up to his door in a cab. A bright fire burned in the drawing room, lighting up the comfortably furnished apartment, making a pleasing contrast to the dull, damp weather without: so thought Mr. W. as he entered the room.

"You are late, dear," said his wife, as she rose to greet him. Ah, that loving welcome, that fond adieu, as day by day he went and came, kept that happy couple in full enjoyment of love's June bliss, and made home life a little paradise below.

"And who was that I heard come in with you?"

"Two strangers, Clara, to whom I want you to be kind and good.



Their mother has just died suddenly from a shock caused by the news of her husband's guilt, he having been sentenced to imprisonment for a year, for robbery."

"Oh, John, John, when will you learn to be prudent? Have you forgotten the last boy you took—how he left you in disgrace, and robbed you of pounds' worth of goods?"

"No, love, I have not; but we must not always refrain from doing a kind action for fear of being deceived."

Mrs. Wetherby eyed them keenly for a few moments, and then, as if satisfied, said, "Poor boys, they do look desolate, and no mother to take care of them either. But what do you purpose doing with them, dear?"

"We will discuss that point presently, meanwhile let them have something to eat. Ada, run and tell Mary to fetch these boys and make them as comfortable as possible. Now, dear," turning to his wife, "we will have a cup of tea and discuss my plans. First, I want to bring these lads up, in one sense I shall adopt them. It would be nothing less than a crime to let them go back into such sin and misery, and among such bad companions, with no one to watch over or to protect them. Now what I propose to do is, to put them to school for three or four years, and then take them into the business. Nurse Hinds will take them in her charge and provide for their wants, we can allow her so much for her trouble and expenses. In about four years they will be able to take a position in the warehouse, and if they turn out as I hope they may, by honesty and integrity they will repay the kindness I am doing them."

"But have you thought of the expense, John, dear?"

"I have; it will have, I know, to come out of our reserve funds; surely we can manage that, we have plenty and to spare; but even had we not, look at the case from a higher point of view, even had we to make a sacrifice at home, would it not be doing so as unto the Lord? Nothing done for His sake is a loss."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Wetherby, "I sincerely hope your expectations will be realised; I am quite willing to do my best to carry out anything you may propose; I will see Mrs. Hinds to-morrow. If they go to a weekly boarding school, she will only have them home the day and half each week. I daresay she will have no objection."

"Very well, we will let the matter rest there then."

Accordingly, on the following day Frank and Henry Harford found themselves ensconced in their new abode. Oh, what a contrast to the past was this new life they were about to lead, and what would be the fruits, what the after life of these two brands, as it were, plucked from the burning, time shall prove. A good, kind, motherly soul was nurse Hinds, she had nursed the present Mr. Wetherby in his infancy, and in turn the heir to his estate; she was indeed looked upon as one of the family, and in no better hands could our benefactor have placed his charges. They, too, recognised in her almost a second mother, and well pleased did all parties retire that night. The high and the low praising the Lord for His loving-kindness and tender mercies.

*(To be continued.)*


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## THE STORY OF MY SCHOOLDAYS.

## CHAPTER I.

## FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL.

“ELL, Kate, what shall we do this afternoon? I am tired of the house, and I miss our jolly games at school.” So spoke a boy of about thirteen years. He was a fine specimen of our English public-schoolboy; rather tall, nice figure, an open countenance, bright, laughing eye, and rather dark hair.

“I think,” answered Kate, “it would be very nice if you would tell me some of your fun at school. You see, my being a girl, I am obliged to stay at home; but you have so many nice companions, and so much fun: do tell me some stories.”

“As it is so wet, I will. Let us go and sit in the study window; then I shall feel we are both comfortable, and out of the way of being disturbed. I will tell you about my first day at school. You know how really pleased I was, for some things, to go away to do lessons with other boys; and yet I felt sad, for it was an untried world into which I was going. I think I have told you before, we had two schools in connection—one for the big boys, and one for the younger; of course, you know, I went to the small school first. I do not think I have ever told you about the house; I will explain that first.”

“Do,” answered Kate; “you and I have been so seldom quite alone in holiday times; you generally have one of your companions, and till lately have thought me too small to talk to.”

“Yes, yes; but you are getting jolly now: not half so prim and silly—can keep a good story to yourself; so, you see, I trust you,” answered Hugh (that was the boy’s name). “Now imagine to yourself a large red brick house, with a good garden at the back; in the front a splendid field for cricket and football, a stream of water running about three hundred yards off—everything convenient in that way; but one drawback: a very high wall, quite round, closed by gates at night. This was one thing that gave me a sort of shudder. I thought, here I shall be shut up; remember, Kate, I was but nine then. Dear father drove me to the house, where Mr. Dod—that was the head master’s name—received me very kindly, patting me on the head and saying he hoped he should turn me out a good scholar. A nice one, too, don’t you think I am?”

Kate laughed; Hugh was frightfully dull at lessons, although clever in many things, such as carpentering, &c.

“Will you go on, Hugh; I want to hear what you did at school,” said Kate.

“As soon as father had said, Good-bye, Mr. Dod took me into the small schoolroom, where there was accommodation for about thirty boys. ‘Now this will be your room,’ said he, ‘for the present—that is, till you are fit to come into my school.’ He then led me to the door of the playground; about a hundred boys were there: some playing, others walking about talking, another merry set cricketing, a few in a quiet corner trying to smoke, I am sorry to say;



of course no master was near, or they would not dare; but it shows how necessary it was for dear father to warn me not to do anything he would not like.

" 'Come here, Bland, sir, and show Hugh about, my boy,' said Mr. Dod; 'be kind to him: he is fresh from home.' Bland, a merry-looking boy of about eleven, came up, and said, 'Well, old boy, I hope we shall get on together all right; the fellows are most of them jolly enough; give us your fin.' 'My fin; I don't know what you mean,' I answered, feeling hurt, I can assure you; I thought he was making fun of me. 'Fin!—why, your hand, to be sure; you will soon learn some slang here.'

"Very soon I was surrounded by about twenty boys, asking all kinds of questions. Where had I been to school? How old was I? Could I run alone? At last I could not bear it, for I was assailed by loud laughs to all my answers; I burst into tears. This was too much for Bland. 'I declare, Hugh, I never met such a muff; can't you stand a little cheek? You will be dying in a week if you let these fellows see you cry. They always tease new boys, to see what stuff they are made of.' Finding me so silly, Bland got tired of staying by me; he soon left me alone in the playground, feeling very miserable.

"Just then a great bell rang, and the boys trooped into the large schoolroom for tea. Now fancy, Kate, a long table, a mug of milk-and-water, with thick bread-and-butter placed on each plate. I could eat nothing; I only wanted to get off to bed. Directly after tea, each boy collected his books, and began to study. I had nothing to prepare, so sat quietly on one end of the form. All at once, something came in my face, and all down my back, making me quite wet. I called out, 'Who did that?'—out loud, silly as I was. The master, who was sitting in the room, came up to me and said, 'What is the matter, Mapleton, making such a noise? it is a good thing for you not to get reported, but beware next time.' I can tell you, Kate, there came over me such a cold feeling—fright, I suppose.

"At last we all went to our beds. A very large room; twenty of us in it; a small bed for each; a bath-room at the end, with hot and cold water. I was just comfortably in bed, when out went the gas. Scarcely were we in darkness, when I found my bed beginning to move up and down; I tried to keep quiet, but the bed went up so high at the top that out I went upon the floor, receiving a good knock in my fall. 'Who did that?' I screamed in a temper; 'I won't be thrown out of bed; I will tell Mr. Dod.' 'Sneak, sneak!' from all sides I heard, but they left me in peace to sleep."

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## CHAPTER II.

### HOW THEY TREATED THE NEW BOY.

"EARLY in the morning a great bell rang out, and somebody dragged me out of bed. 'Get up, silly,' said someone. I could get no water, my brushes were hidden up; I could not tell what to do, and one horrid boy kept saying, 'Won't he get coshed, though.' 'What is that?' I said. 'Oh, you will know very soon, old boy, never you



mind.' Just then the bell rang again, and I trotted—or, rather, was pushed—in front of three or four more, looking a nice object, you can fancy: no collar on, as I could not find it, and my hair in such a state. 'Mapleton, go upstairs again, and come down looking like a gentleman—not in such a wretched plight as you are now,' said the master. I went up, and came down comfortable.

"All went very well in school, as the other boys were about my own age in my class; but as soon as I was in the playground my tormentors came round me, teasing and trying to make me in a temper. This thing went on for a week; I did not know what to do; I was so dreadfully bullied, and I used to fly into rages, like with nurse. That was just what they wanted. One night I was attacked by a big boy of twelve. He came in from the next room, and commenced to pull off my bedclothes. I, in a great temper, flew at him, and I fought well, they all said; but of course I was dreadfully hurt. My face was black and blue, and at last I was nearly fainting. The other boys jumped out of bed, and stood round, crying, 'Give it him, Map; plucky little chap; give it him!' At last someone came up and said, 'Now I will have my turn;' then a great boy began to pitch into Dub, as he was called, till he screamed for mercy, 'Now go,' said he, as with a great push he sent him spinning across the room. I can tell you, Kate, it was no joke—the pain; and next day, too, I felt I should get into trouble. I was such a baby still, I cried and cried after I was in bed, under the clothes.

"In the morning, the first thing said to me was, 'You have been fighting' (by my form master); 'do you not know, by this time, it is against the rules? Why did you fight?' I was stubborn, and would not answer a single word. The head master now asked me. He then opened his desk and drew out a cane. I began to feel a little bit frightened; but when he told me to hold out my hand, and two sharp cuts came down in succession, I felt very much ashamed, for I was not so much used to caning as now. I walked off to my place, trying to smile, as if I did not care.

"That same evening, when we were in bed, one of the boys cautiously drew out a cane. 'See here,' he said, 'I got this from Tooley; he let me have it for two or three marbles. I have an idea!' 'Well, old boy, out with it,' cried one. 'I vote we have three stripes now.' 'Yes, yes,' cried they all, 'till we know how to take them well.' So each of us stood up, and received three. It was very uncomfortable, I can assure you; but I was obliged to do like the rest. Every night this went on, till I could take eight stripes without feeling much the worse. I now began to get on better with the boys; I was not afraid of them; consequently they treated me better."

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### CHAPTER III.

#### A MIDNIGHT FEAST AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"ONE night we agreed we would have a feast shortly; so each one saved up their money for two or three weeks, and when the old man, 'Joe' (who was allowed to come into the playground on Saturdays), came, we bought nuts, cakes, apples—a goodly spread—concealed it



under our coats, and got it safely into the bedroom. Fortunately one of the boys had a hamper sent from home that week; so everything was in our favour. We agreed Monday should be our feast night. One boy had a bottle of hair-oil; he put a bit of cotton in, to make a wick: this was to be our light. You can fancy how anxious we were to get to bed that eventful night. As soon as the master had departed, the boys pulled off my sheet for a table cloth. One placed a box in the centre, with our grand oil lamp on; then each one brought out his share of the feast, and a curious collection it was. 'Now, then, tuck in, boys,' cried Taylor, the biggest boy in the room. We did with a will, laughing, joking, poking each other. This went on for a long time in subdued tones, till, getting riotous, we forgot the need for caution. All at once we heard a creak, as if a door was being gently opened. 'Cave, cave!' and the oil-bottle was carried off by one, the tarts by another, the box by a third; some one threw the sheet over me—I tried to find my bed, but being enveloped, I ran quite into someone's arms.

"'Ah! now I have caught you,' called out the master; 'you shall be made an example of to-morrow; this room is becoming one of the noisiest.' I, trembling, jumped into bed, and as soon as all was quiet, I said, 'Fellows, what shall I do to-morrow?' 'I'll tell you,' said one; 'we will make you up right in the morning. You must prepare for a birching; but stand it like a brick, and you will get over it.'

"Next morning they kindly stuffed a towel down my back, and a bit of cloth, which some one fished up, to save my poor body. You remember, Kate, that was the time I had such a bad report sent home, and, in consequence, pocket-money stopped by the pater for a month. I went into school with as bold a face as I could. It is our way to pretend we do not care.

"'Stand out, Mapleton,' thundered the head master. I did quake inwardly, but walked up to him defiantly. 'What is this I hear about you, last night, walking about in a sheet? How dare you do it to frighten people? No wonder your room is so noisy at night. I am ashamed of you. It is a mercy you did not send someone into a fit.' It now dawned upon me that he had not guessed anything about the supper; so I wisely held my tongue.

"'Who were you trying to frighten?'

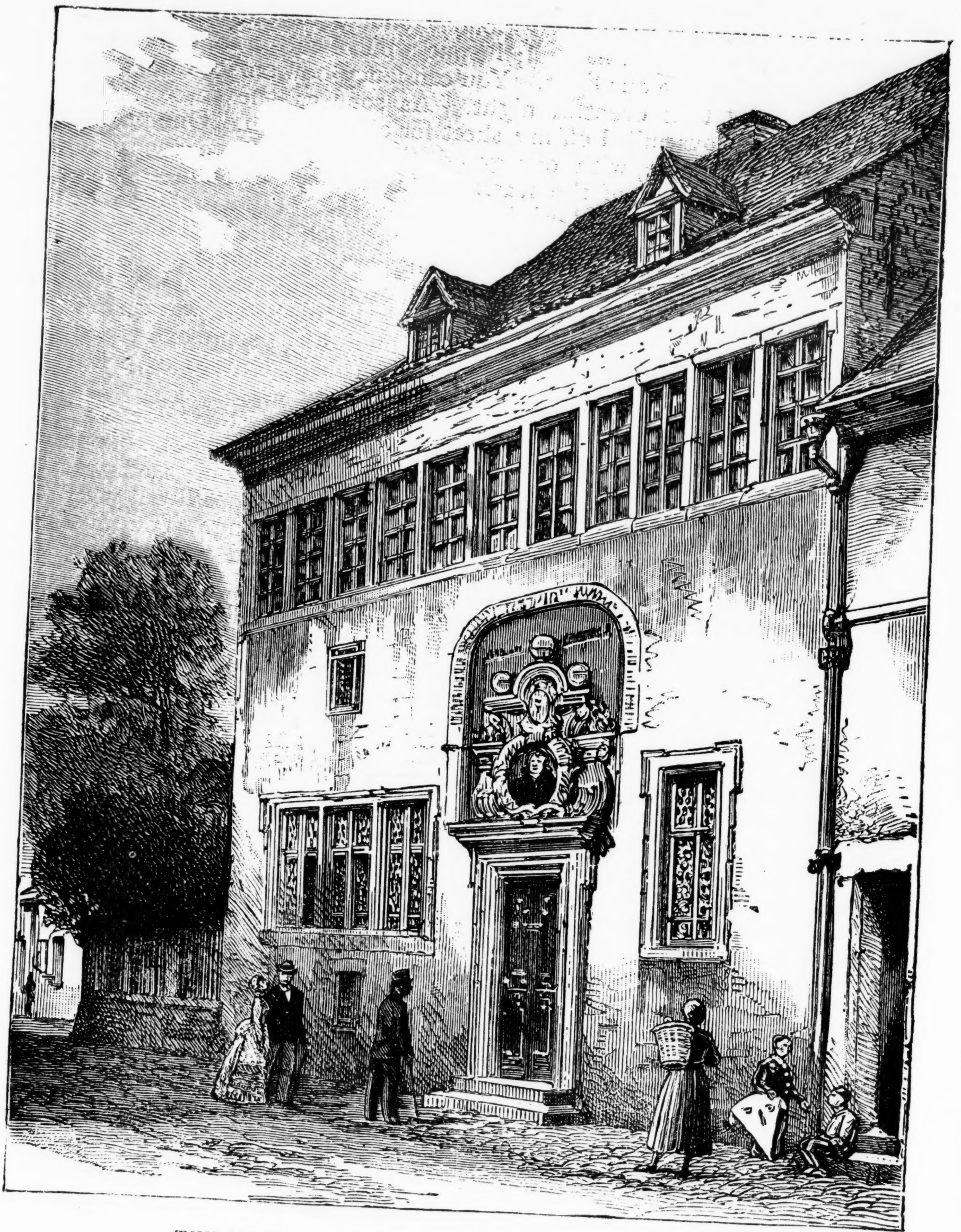
"'No one, sir,' I answered.

"'No one; you very bad boy, I will teach you to tell me such falsehoods. Tompkins' (this to a sixth form boy), 'come here; take this boy on your back.'"

*(To be continued.)*







THE HOUSE IN WHICH MARTIN LUTHER WAS BORN

(See page 60).





### THE DYING WRECKER.—A CONFESSION.

BY SARAH STREDDER.

HEAR'ST thou the murmur of the sullen sea?

I hear it not.

The sighing, dying wail o'er hill and lea?

I hear it not.

Not hear it, when the leaping wave

Still dashes madly in the cave,

Where he, poor stranger, found a grave,

By all forgot.

Say ye if this is death, cold death?

I cannot tell.

Hear'st thou the whisper of this feeble breath?

I cannot tell.

Not tell! then who shall dare gainsay

That death was on him where he lay

All silent 'mid the morning grey,

Where the hoarse sea gulls dwell?

Think ye that gold, hard gold, could aid me now?

Alas! too late.

Could smooth soft pillows for like aching brow?

Too late! too late!

Too late! it glads my soul to hear;

It rids me of the frightful fear

That by my side stood ever near

A cruel mate.



Call ye a fate like his a fate forlorn?  
 Ah! yes, I do.  
 When he lay placid as the babe new-born?  
 I do, I do.  
 Do! when ye see an end like mine,  
 Where peace and hope refuse to shine,  
 Or lend one ray of light divine  
 To guide me through.

Hist! I would ask thee, as none can but me—  
 I listen.  
 Put thou this question twixt thy God and thee.  
 I listen.  
 Listen! then none but me dare say  
 His blood was on my soul that day,  
 When clambering through the blinding spray  
 I saw his diamonds glisten.

A ring was on his hand, do ye hear?  
 Too well, too well.  
 A ring that promised gold was near—  
 Too well, too well.  
 I took the gold, I left the man,  
 Adown the slippery rocks I ran,  
 Nor cared I when the day began,  
 Till darkness fell.

Ah! then a wan, white face would meet me.  
 I judged it so.  
 A thin hand in the gloaming greet me.  
 I judged it so.  
 Judge! who art thou to judge thy fellow?  
 Rough work is done where rough winds bellow,  
 And jovial hearts sing loud and mellow,  
 "Row, boatie, row."

Yet oftentimes thought will brood o'er that dread dawn.  
 Speak out.  
 High on the wet sea-cliff by waves upborne.  
 Speak out.  
 Speak out! and brand my soul with sin!  
 I looked not to the life within,  
 And sought no succouring aid to win  
 By sign or shout.

Had he my father been, I've wondered sore—  
 I read thy tale—  
 And I my mother on that shingly shore.  
 I read thy tale.  
 Read! can an agony like mine  
 Be patent to such souls as thine,  
 Where truth, and love, and mercy shine,  
 And conscience sets the sail?

Her love had won him from such sleep, ere sleep was death.  
 My heart grows cold.  
 Like cares perchance had fanned that flickering breath.  
 My heart grows cold.  
 Cold! can it feel a chill like this,  
 That drags me to this dread abyss,  
 Where memory and repentance hiss,  
 In strife untold?



Weep for the erring one, weep for the lost.  
 I weep, I weep.  
 Mourn the sin-stricken soul, the tempest-tost.  
 I weep, I weep.  
 Weep! can such sorrow wipe away  
 One plague-spot from the sight of day,  
 While memory holds her dread array,  
 Low buried deep?

I've heard of scarlet sins washed white as snow—  
 Mine, mine!  
 Pure as the silvery fleece in morning's glow—  
 Mine, mine!  
 Mine? this thick cloud before my sight,  
 Darker than Winter's darkest night,  
 And crimson with the curse of light?  
 Yes, red as thine.

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QUEER PEOPLE! WHAT THEY SAID, AND WHAT  
 THEY DID.

BY G. S.

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"Life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
 And few can save or serve, but all can please;  
 Large bounties to bestow, we wish in vain,  
 But all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

**W**HERE are queer people to be found? The difficulty is to say where they are not, for we find persons with queer notions and peculiar habits almost everywhere. There is a diversity of character in every community, all exercising an influence for good or evil. There is a queer street in every locality, inhabited by disagreeable people, who are very queer. Let us mention some of them—

Conceited people, who bewilder all,  
 Crusty people, who repel all;  
 Tattling people, who annoy all;  
 Discontented people, who worry all;  
 Dirty people, who disgust all;  
 Idle people, who distress all.

Mr. Self-conceit lived in Queer Street; he bewildered everybody who knew him by his vague speeches, senseless utterings, and foggy ideas. He was truly a conceited man, and loved to talk largely about himself, and about his knowledge of things in general. What others thought of Mr. Self-conceit was quite contrary to what he thought of himself; for the opinion was that he really knew nothing correctly, but had a smattering of many things, and did not think for himself. Our advice to such is, think twice before you speak once, and always aim at self-abasement.

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

Mr. Joe Crusty repelled his would-be friends. He was known to



be the man whose room was preferred to his company. Never cheerful himself, Joe never tried to make other people cheerful, but allowed his temper to burst forth on every occasion of annoyance. Thus he became habitually peevish, fretful, and disagreeable. This man, by his uniform snappishness, turned his blessings into trials, and became his own enemy.

"As welcome as sunshine,  
In every place,  
Is the beaming approach  
Of a good-natured face.  
As genial as sunshine,  
Like warmth to impart,  
Is a good-natured word  
From a good-natured heart."

Mr. and Mrs. Whisperer were neighbours. They greatly annoyed others by their slander, fault-finding, and evil speaking. It was truly a frightful source of mischief, for their flippant words and unkind whispers caused to many a lifetime of sorrow. Oh, those contemptible whisperers! How true it is that "those who cannot strike with force can poison their weapons, and, weak as they are, can give mortal wounds!" Always remember that "Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them, sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful."

The tongue is, indeed, a dangerous member, and requires great control. "A certain woman once called upon her clergyman to tell him how much her mind had been hurt. He received her with all tenderness, and inquired into the cause of her distress. She went on to say that her mind was very much hurt indeed, but she did not know how to tell him. The clergyman, judging it must be something serious, urged her to be explicit upon the subject of her distress. At last she said, 'It is the length of your bands, sir, when in the pulpit.' 'Oh,' he said, 'the length of my bands is it that distresses you? I will take care that shall be a source of distress to you no more.' So fetching his bands, he said, 'Here is a pair of scissors, cut them to your wish.' After she had done this she thanked him, and professed to feel her mind relieved. 'Well, my friend,' said he, 'I may tell you that my mind has also been much hurt, perhaps even more than yours.' 'Oh, sir, I am sorry for that; what, sir, has hurt your mind so?' He replied, 'It is the length of your tongue, and now, as one good turn deserves another, you will allow as much to be cut off as will reduce it to its proper length.' She was speechless, and learnt an important lesson."

Philip of Macedon was once vilely slandered, and on being told so, he said, "I every day do my best endeavour, as well as by my sayings and doings, to prove my slanderers liars."



It would be well always to remember the following rules in listening to evil reports:—

1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing evil of the kind till you are absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as you can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

“What are another's faults to me?  
I've not a vulture's bill,  
To peck at every flaw I see,  
And make it wider still.  
It is enough for me to know  
I've follies of my own;  
And on my heart the care bestow,  
And let their faults alone.”

*(To be continued).*

## PEACE.

BY A. D. H.



“**P**Y peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you,” so said Christ. “The peace of God which passeth all understanding,” says Paul. Peace, not an insensibility to, or an absence of pain, not a freedom from the ordinary cares and anxieties of life: “in the world ye shall have tribulation,” yet “My peace I give unto you.” A smooth path is not always a peaceful one, nor is it of itself productive of it. Many cry, “Peace! peace!” when there is no peace. Storms may rage without, still there may be perfect peace within; the body may be racked by pain, the soul full of joy, the martyr chained to the stake, the fierce flames burning his poor body, demoniacal screams and execrations all around, the very air filled with the blasphemous cries of the enemies of Christ, yet the spirit, the soul of that martyr, is stayed on God, and is at perfect peace. The martyr Stephen, stoned by the malignant enemies of his great Master, was calm; Christ's peace pervaded his soul, and, as that spirit passed away, he could say, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,” and pray for his enemies and murderers, “Lay not this sin to their charge.”

Peace! Who shall describe it? Who can? A stillness, a perfect calm. Have you not realised it? Go into the country, beyond the busy haunts of men, surrounded by the green meadows or the waving corn, the sun about to bid us farewell for the night, nothing to disturb the quiet, except perhaps the soft twitter of a bird here and



there—does not our soul seem to drink in peace? At such a time all the rough elements of our nature seem subdued, every angry feeling dissipated, and we feel that this is peace, a foretaste of that heavenly peace which reigns above, "the peace of God."

Yes! but few comparatively have the opportunity of realising this peace. Most of us—the exceptions are but few—have to live in the world, that world in which, Christ says, we shall have tribulation, where all seems hurly burly from "early morn to dewy eve;" nothing to give us any idea of peace surrounding us; amidst all this commotion, this hurrying to and fro, who will give us peace? Where shall we look for it? Shall we seek it in vain? No! be of good cheer, Christ has overcome the world: He can say to the troubled soul, "Peace, be still," and there will be a great calm; "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you;" the elements may strive together to frustrate it, the devil may place thorns and thistles in our path, evil men may laugh and jeer and hold us in contempt, but all will avail nothing if we have peace in Christ. Truly, the peace of God passeth all understanding.

This is a very restless world; there is continually the anxious inquiry, "Who will show us any good?" A rising up early and sitting up late, and eating the bread of carefulness in order to get gain; with how many is this the Alpha and Omega of their existence! beyond this, no hope, no desire, their blood ever at fever heat in their anxiety to obtain the treasures of the world—where is their peace? Others seeking what they call pleasure—pleasure! Oh, what a misty notion have they of what pleasure is! a running to and fro on the earth catching at shadows, every effort failing, though perhaps for a time mistaking excitement for it, until the delusion is suddenly broken, the mist dispelled, by the chastening of the Lord it may be, in being laid low by sickness, or the riches of the world, in which they have been trusting to, rudely dashed from them; death claiming one dearly loved, or in some other way, the clouds of folly are blown away and they are left destitute of comfort and of hope, and cry, in the bitterness of spirit, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Where is our peace? We build on a rotten foundation and the fabric has fallen.

There is a peace which passeth all understanding, "the peace of God;" this is no gift of the world; the world cannot give it—thistles will not produce figs, nor thorns grapes. No! in the world ye shall have tribulation; riches take to themselves wings and fly away, and those who trusted in them are then poor indeed; the cup of pleasure, so called, may seem sweet to the taste, but how bitter in the end—like some poisons, pleasant to the taste, but the end thereof is death. There is sickness, disease, death; "friend after friend departs," separation, breaking up of friendships, thorns in every path, hopes disappointed, life's sunshine continually obscured by heavy clouds of care and anxiety. When we look around us and see squalid poverty, ruined hopes, reckless sin, we are apt to ask, Where is peace? The sin-troubled soul, he hears continually the stern voice crying, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." He knows the body shall die, he has looked complacently enough upon this death; but the death of the soul! what is that? The second death. He has been in a stupor, the calm of insensibility; but now the life-blood begins to circulate



and the strings of conscience are pervading his whole frame—Where is his peace?

Yet amid all this care and turmoil, these disappointments and separations we can have peace. "These things have I spoken unto you that in Me ye might have peace: in the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." What things had Christ been speaking of? Words of comfort to His disciples? Yes, words of comfort; though they were words telling them what they would have to endure—the troubles that should come upon them; but be of good cheer, "In Me ye shall have peace;" "My peace I give unto you."

The disciples were in a boat and Jesus was with them; He was asleep, and there arose a great storm; fear fell upon them, for they thought they should perish; they cried to Him for help, and He arose, and stretched forth His hand and commanded the winds and waves, saying, "Peace, be still," and they obeyed His voice. So is it with all of us; we are but as a frail barque on a wild tempestuous ocean, every moment in danger of perishing; but if Christ be with us, we have but to cry to Him and He will say to all our troubles, "Peace, be still," and our souls will experience a great calm. "My peace I give unto you."

Another time the disciples were affrighted because they saw Christ walking on the stormy waters of the sea; He trod the billows under foot, and so may we. He did so in His own strength; we can do so in His. His life was a life of agony of mind and body; but He triumphed over all and came forth conqueror. So may we, in His strength. "My peace I give unto you." The tempests may rage, the billows roll, the lightning flash, the thunder roar, the world may jeer, the devil tempt,—but all will be well if Jesus be with us.

"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear."

And death, when he comes, the devil may seek to make him hideous, but will miserably fail. If Christ be with us we shall experience that "peace of God which passeth understanding;" we shall hear Him in loving accents say, "My peace I give unto you:" I have given the angels charge concerning thee, and they shall bear thee on their wings in peace into My presence. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find," and peace, eternal peace, will be ours.

"Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace—by thronging duties pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace—with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom nought but peace is found.

Peace, perfect peace—with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace—our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace—death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus hath vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough—earth's troubles soon shall cease;  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace."



## MARTIN LUTHER, THE REFORMER OF GERMANY.\*



MARTIN LUTHER was born in Eisleben on the 10th day of November, 1483, over four hundred years ago. On the following day he was baptized in St. Peter's Church in Eisleben, and he received the name of Martin, because born on the eve of St. Martin of Tours. The surname Luther, which is the same as Lothar or Lothaire, signifies "one who has honour in the host." Emperors and princes had borne the name, and admirers of the Reformer have found in it an evidence that he came originally of a noble stock. He himself made no such claim. "I am a peasant's son," he said; "my father, grandfather, and all my ancestors were simple peasants." He was never ashamed of his peasant ancestry, and to his familiarity with the life of the German people he owed not a little of his influence as a preacher and a writer. His father, John Luther, was a miner, and came from the village of Mohra, near Eisenach, in Thuringia. His mother, Margaret Lindemann, was a native of Neustadt, in the bishopric of Würzburg. They were industrious God-fearing people. John or Hans Luther was an upright and unusually intelligent man. Although a simple miner, he was fond of books, and had the reverence for learning which is often found in the better class of the German peasantry. Hans and his wife were both strict disciplinarians, and young Martin was treated with such severity at home that he lived in constant dread of punishment. In after-days he spoke with disapproval of the severe treatment he experienced in his youth; but he cordially acknowledged that his parents acted with a good intention, and were misled by the false educational maxims of the time. He retained for them through life a very warm affection, and when he drew up a marriage service for the Protestants of Germany, he preserved their humble names in the formula: "Hans, wilt thou take Gretha?"

Not long after the birth of their first-born, Luther's parents removed from Eisleben to Mansfield, and in Mansfield the future Reformer received his earliest impressions of life. He was sent to school, and was instructed in the usual elements of education. He was taught the catechism, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. He was also instructed in the Latin grammar. But the discipline of the school knew no mercy, and there, as well as at home, he lived in fear of the rod. No marvel that one brought up in such a fashion found it hard to believe in a loving Ruler of the Universe, when he saw all who bore rule upon earth so terrible to those under them. We know little of Luther's religious feelings during boyhood. The processions of the Church made an impression upon his imaginative temperament, and he would sometimes listen to the sermons which were preached in the great Church of the town, which was named after St. George, the Dragon-slayer. But he does not seem to have heard much fitted to draw his heart to God; for, speaking of the preachers to whom he listened in his youth, he once said that they preached the fire of hell rather than the tidings of great joy, and transformed the Saviour into a terrible judge, who would condemn men according to their deserts.

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When Martin was fourteen years of age he was sent to Magdeburg to attend school. Afterwards he went to Eisenach for the same purpose, for Hans Luther's circumstances had improved, and he was resolved that his son should be a scholar. But the boy's life in Eisenach was one of hardship. He often sang in the streets begging bread for the love of God. His sweet singing attracted the notice of a benevolent matron, named Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, and she received him under her roof. Luther remembered with gratitude the kindness of this lady, "the pious Shunamite;" and he never forgot his hard experiences as a poor scholar in Eisenach. "Do not despise," he once said, "the boys who try to earn bread by chanting before your door, 'Bread for the love of God' (*Panem propter Deum*). I have done the same." His admission into the household of the Cottas, who were one of the first families in Eisenach, was the one bright episode in Luther's boyhood.

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"NOTHING sheds so fire a light upon the human soul as candour. It was called whiteness by the ancients for its purity; and it has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However sought for or practised, all felt the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinions make the deepest mark upon his fellow-men, whose influence is most lasting and efficient, whose friendship is instinctively sought where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candour and ingenuous truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honour; but none wear better, or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to truth."

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## GLEANINGS.

WHEN the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" was loudest, a public-house opposite some dock gates in the East-end was sold for £19,000. and when the distress in Sunderland caused 1,900 wedding rings to be pledged, there was no perceptible diminution in the drink traffic of that town.

THE modern Arab is the best proof of Christ's wisdom in speaking in parables. A missionary who has been at work in Palestine for several decades testifies that in his Arabic sermons he can make but little use of evangelical methods, but must have short and pointed stories to tell his people. A logical argument makes no impression; they consent to major or minor premisses without reluctance, yet still adhere to the opposite conclusions. For a good story, however, the Arab has always an open heart and ear.

IF husbands would give their wives a

little of the attention they used to choke them with before marriage it would be a good thing for the family.

THE following amusing story comes from Paris:—A few days ago a showily dressed lady, having been staying a short time at an hotel, paid her bill, and sending her luggage away in a cab, walked off on foot. But immediately after her departure it was noticed that a valuable clock was missing from the mantel-shelf of the room she had occupied. The landlord set out in pursuit, caught the lady, who, protesting against the indignity, and vowing vengeance, was taken before the magistrate. The charge was made, and she, with much volubility, defended herself. Her indignation was at its height when, lo! twelve o'clock rang forth in clear tones from the region of madame's dress-improver. The expression of consternation depicted upon the fair pilferer's



countenance, together with the appositeness of the quaint phenomenon, were too much for the gravity of the officials, who burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Five minutes later a female warder returned the tell-tale timepiece to its owner.

REV. DUNCAN MACGREGOR, a Baptist minister in Chicago, says that nearly all the pastors in that city are abstainers. "If they are not," he adds, "care must be taken to keep their practice secret, or they would soon lose influence among their people."

THE POWER OF PRINTER'S INK.—If I were asked to write out my creed, said an American divine, one article would be—"I believe in printer's ink." When a man puts in circulation a good book he sets in motion an influence the extent and duration of which he cannot estimate. It is a teacher which requires no outfit, no money for travelling expenses, no salary, is not affected by the climate, is never sick, and consequently has no druggist's or doctor's bill to pay, and by reason of age experiences no diminution of physical or mental activity. Always ready for work; no blue Mondays; always as bright as the morning stars. Books can go and stay where it is not practicable for missionaries to live. When Dr. Goodell of the American Board, in 1832, was passing through Nicomedia, having no time to stop, he left with a stranger a copy of *The Dairyman's Daughter* in the Armenian-Turkish language. Seventeen years afterwards he visited Nicomedia and found a church of more than forty members, and a Protestant community of more than two hundred persons. That tract, with God's blessing, had done the work.

ON the day he received the news of his discharge from the post he held in the custom house at Salem, Nathaniel Hawthorne came home several hours earlier than usual. When his wife expressed pleasure and surprise, he called her attention to the fact that he had lost his source of income. "Oh, then," she exclaimed buoyantly, "you can now write your book!" For Hawthorne had been bemoaning himself for some time back at not having leisure to write a story that had been weighing on his mind. He smiled and said it would be agreeable to know where their bread was to come from while the story was being written. But his wife was equal to the occasion. Hawthorne had been in the habit of giving her out of his salary a weekly sum for household expenses; and out of that she had every week contrived secretly to save something, until now there was quite a large pile of gold in the drawer of her desk. This she forthwith opened, and triumph-

antly displayed to him the unexpected treasure. So he sat down that very afternoon and began to write *The Scarlet Letter*, feeling thankful, let us hope, to the providence that had sent him such a wife.

SLIPS of the tongue are caused either by nervousness, anger, excitement, or by the mind wandering away while the tongue is left to trip unguided over some oft-repeated passage. An actor in "Lear," when he came to that passage where the king laments over the unfilial conduct of his daughter Goneril—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!"

rendered it thus:—

"How sharper than a serpent's *thank* it is  
To have a *toothless* child."

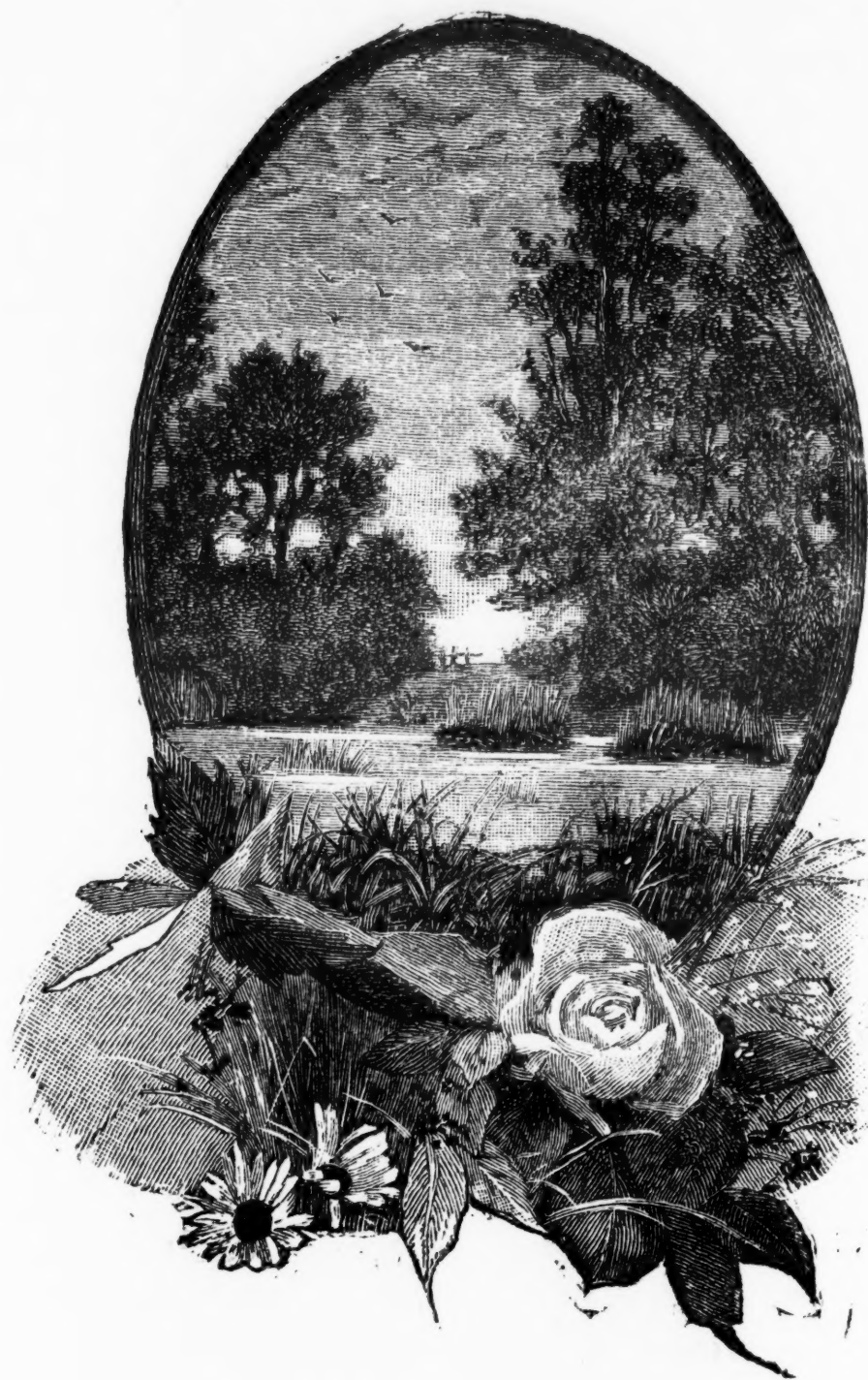
He was reminded of his error by roars of laughter from the audience.

PUNISHMENTS IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—Maiming was punished for a long period by a species of retaliation, on the principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Arson was first punishable with death by burning, and afterwards with the pains and penalties attached to treason. "Setting in the pillory" was probably the most unjust punishment ever invented, its severity entirely depending upon public feeling. Men of almost unexceptional character, who had the misfortune to publish something distasteful to the government of the day, have been more than once very nearly killed where the feeling of the mob was against them, while, on the other hand, the vilest miscreants were often protected and cheered during their exposure. When William Parsons, in whose house took place the affair of the "Cock Lane Ghost," was pilloried, the mob formed a ring round the scaffold, and not only preserved him from the least mark of indignity, but actually made a subscription for him amongst the thousands assembled to witness his "punishment." Not unfrequently, indeed, the authorities themselves acted in a similar manner; and after a Dr. Shebbeare had been in the pillory for publishing a political libel, the under-sheriff was fined fifty pounds and imprisoned two months for allowing the doctor to be attended on the platform by a servant in livery, who held an umbrella over his head, and for omitting to confine his head and arms in the pillory.

ON a monument to William Risam, in Tonby Church, is the inscription:—

Two hundred pounds, and 50 more, he gave  
He gave this toun to help the poore,  
The use of one on cloth and coles bestowe  
For twelve decrepid mean and lowe.  
Let 50 pounds to five be yearly lent;  
The other's use on Burges' sonnes be spent.





## SPRING, A SYMBOL OF THE RESURRECTION.



HERE is a symbol of Spring which I cannot suppress. I refer to the singular preservation of the numberless germs which come to light at this glad season in all parts of the earth, the air, and the waters.

The seed is to the plant what the egg is to the insect, or the bud which proceeds from it. In each egg there is a germ, containing the lineaments of a little animal, which needs only heat to develop it. In each seed also is a germ from which the plant issues. And as no vegetable is produced without a seed, to which it owes its first existence, no animal can come to the light which has not been prepared in an egg.

But science has already numbered upon the globe ten thousand different species of plants, each of which proceeds from a germ peculiar to itself. And yet, my brethren, it is surprising that all these seeds of plants and eggs of insects, scattered everywhere, by millions upon millions, are never mistaken by the Spring in its innumerable resurrections; the cochineal never arising where we expected the ant, or the tamarind in the place of the sycamore, or the mint and the cummin in the place of the hyssop or the mustard. But it is especially



surprising how all these germs can, previous to their renewal, brave the power of the elements, the moisture of the night, the rigour of the winter, frequently long years, and sometimes also ages, without losing anything of their germinating virtue, or of that mysterious life which lies concealed in their interior.

You have doubtless heard the tradition that the Greek missionaries, thirteen hundred years ago, secretly conveyed from China to Europe in the hollow of a pilgrim's staff, the first eggs of those marvellous worms which at this day supply us with silk, and which by their labours year after year enrich so many countries. You know also how in European markets people trade in these germs under the name of seed, as you would do with the seed of poppies or wheat.

Our countryman, the illustrious Bonnet, mentions some little animals whose germs sustain, without perishing, the heat of boiling water; while others, still more remarkable—those, for example, of the eels in ricketty corn, or of polypi in rain-water, are preserved dry, and in a state of apparent death for many years, the one in the corn and the other in the dust. Corn has been discovered both in Europe and in Africa, which had been buried for several ages in cavities, or subterranean hollows, whose germs came to light as soon as one of our springs shed upon them its quickening breath.

And to mention still one thing more, have you not heard of those Celtic tombs, and of the skeletons and seeds, lately discovered near Bergerac, in France? Under the head of each of these skeletons, buried, it is said, two thousand years ago, the superstition of the Druid priests had placed a block, and under each of these blocks in a little circular cavity covered with cement, a small quantity of seeds. Well, these seeds of two thousand years' duration, being collected and sown with particular care, have rapidly germinated; and the heliotrope, the trefoil, and the blue-bell have been seen springing in resurrection of life, after twenty centuries of burial; so that last year you might have beheld, with your own eyes, those marvellous plants blossoming in beauty, under the light of our own Spring, after their germs had slept two thousand years under the heads of the dead and in the dust of the tombs.

O, my beloved brethren, my companions in the journey to the tomb, what may we not anticipate? Are not these sublime and imposing symbols; and am I not right in saying that they are rich in instruction and consolation? Do they not justify us in affirming that those very dead, whose dried skulls preserved the germs of the sunflower, the blue-bell, and the clover, shall also rise from their own dust in the last great day; that their germs shall be preserved, in spite of all the powers of the elements and the duration of ages; that then Jesus will come in the clouds of heaven; that there will be a resurrection of the just and of the unjust; that all the dead that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and that He will quicken their bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in them?

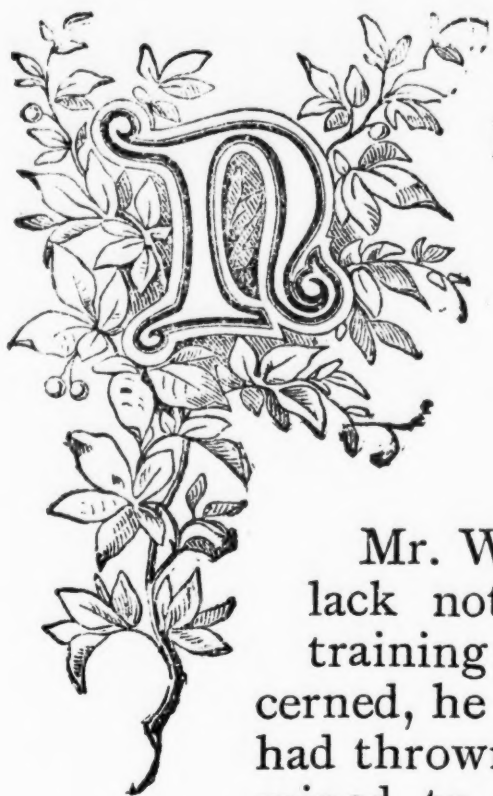
GAUSSEN.





## FRANK HARFORD; OR, "LIFE IN A GREAT CITY."

BY WILLIAM R. WAY.

*(Continued from page 47.)*

## CHAPTER IV.

EARLY four years have passed away, and with them the school life of Henry and Frank Harford. Nothing had been heard of their father since he had left prison; so it was generally supposed he had gone abroad. Without entering into detail, let us glance at the result of their school life, as portrayed in each character.

Mr. Wetherby had made up his mind that they should lack nothing needful, either in religious or moral training; and as far as Frank, the younger, was concerned, he had been amply repaid for his pains. Frank had thrown his whole heart into the work, being determined to lose nothing which might be of help to him in the service of his kind benefactor, and so far had he succeeded that at the finish of his school life he came out head of his class, having attained a good middle-class education, and being well polished in the morals which good society ever requires at the hands of her votaries. But there was yet a higher motive than this feeling of indebtedness to Mr. Wetherby which influenced Frank's actions, and that was his love for his mother; for had it not been her dearest wish that her boys should have an education sufficient to carry them through life industrious and respected men, and, above all, a training that should bring them up in the fear of the Lord? Here was his opportunity to satisfy that wish, and he did the best to make good use of it.

Henry's character, as already described, differed widely from that of Frank's, and this was most fully exemplified in their schooling. Far from sticking to his studies or taking an interest in his lessons, Henry spent most of his time in mischief and idleness, at the last moment of each lesson cramming just enough into his head to escape punishment. Never a study done for the desire of doing it, never a lesson learnt except those he was actually compelled. As to religious training, he went through it in form truly, but never was there a response from the heart, no love for that Redeemer to whom our first thoughts should ever be turned. Thus at the end of the term he found himself far behind his younger brother, though both started with the same advantages. "As a man sows, so shall he reap;" what shall be the harvest of these two lives?

A few days after their return from school Mr. Wetherby had them up at his private house to talk over with them their future.

"I wish, my young friends," said he, "that you should decide for yourselves; while I should very much like you to enter my establishment, if you do not care about the business, state what trade you would like, and I will endeavour to get you into a good house."

"You have been a second father, nay, more, to us," replied Frank;



"and I, at all events, will do my best to repay some part of your kindness by serving you to the best of my ability. I could wish for nothing better than to be under your supervision. What say you, Henry?"

"Oh, I don't mind which I do. I'd just as soon one thing as another; it can't matter much to commence."

"Very well, then, stay with me," replied Mr. Wetherby.

"I say I am not particular; I will join your establishment if you wish," replied Henry, in an off-hand tone.

"My greatest wish is for your future welfare. I am glad you have both decided as you have. I can put you in one of the departments, Henry; you, Frank, I think, would prefer the counting-house."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then, on Monday next you both commence. I will allow you a standing salary to begin with, sufficient to pay your expenses at Mrs. Hind's. I have furnished her a couple of rooms, which you may rent of her as you may agree. This I thought you would prefer to going among strangers. Now, my lads, good-night; may God bless you in your future career, endeavour to live for His glory, and the good of your fellow men."

As already stated, Mr. Wetherby was a large warehouseman, employing upwards of some 150 hands. His warehouse, situated in the centre of the City, a few minutes' walk from that busy thoroughfare Cheapside, was well worthy of a visit. In this great mart was kept almost everything required by the fair sex for their outward adornment. Here would be the woollen room, piled almost to the ceiling with dress materials; next the mantle room, stocked with rolls of mantle cloths; above this again the Manchester depôt, stocked with many patterned cotton goods; velvet and silk rooms; and next the satin department; a workroom with an almost endless array of ribbons; and above, again, rooms for flowers, hosiery, haberdashery, and fancy goods of every kind, besides the counting-house, entering, and packing rooms. So perfect was the management that everything went on almost with the regularity of clockwork. "A place for everyone, and everyone in his place," was the rule of this establishment.

It was just in the Spring season when our young friends were drafted into their respective positions, so that they found plenty to do, with no spare time to indulge in speculations or vain thoughts; and though strangers to this kind of life, they soon became acquainted with the requirements of a City house, which, at this season of the year, fall heavy on all hands. Henry seemed quite adapted for the work he had to do; and Frank, of course, did his best; so that at the end of a month Mr. Wetherby felt that if his *protégés* continued as they had begun he would have no cause to regret the sacrifice he had made for their well-being.

"Well, Henry, and how do you like the warehouse?" asked his brother, as they were sitting over their supper one evening.

"Oh, it's not so bad. I shall like it better when I've got to know a few of the fellows; it will make it more lively to have a few companions."

"Take my advice, Henry and be careful whom you associate



with," replied Frank; "poor mother used to tell us never to make friends with those whom we could not trust. Mrs. Hinds says there is no knowing the wickedness some of those City fellows are up to."

"Let Mrs. Hinds mind her own business," replied Henry; "and as to taking your advice, I suppose, being the oldest, I ought to know better than you do who are fit to be my associates."

"True, Henry, but my advice may be good for all that; and again I strongly advise you to associate with none but those whose moral character is good. By-the-bye, are you going to join Mr. Homer's class?"

"Mr. Homer, the head clerk in the counting-house?"

"Yes. He has a Bible-class of about 60 members; not all from our place, of course, principally from the chapel he attends. I have promised to go every Sunday afternoon, and he wishes to know if you would like to come too."

"I don't mind going to see what it's like; I shan't promise to attend always, though."

"Oh, you come once, and you will want to come again, I know. There are meetings in the week as well; and entertainments on Tuesdays, and temperance meetings on the Saturday."

"I'm not going to join any of your temperance societies," replied Henry; "I only take a glass or two a day, and that hurts no one, I am sure."

"You would be none the worse without it. I do wish you would become an abstainer, Henry; the memory of our early life and father's career ought to be a warning to you."

"As if I should ever get like him," said Henry.

"We can never be sure of resisting any temptation if we trust only in our own strength," replied Frank; "it is best to be on the safe side. However, you will come to the other meetings, will you not?"

"Yes, I have promised you, at least until I see how I like them."

Frank thus had gained one point in his endeavour to lead his brother in the right path, but with this advantage he yet feared lest those whom he might become associated with would laugh him out of it; and his fears were not altogether groundless.

Even in these days of religious enterprise and high moral training, to find an establishment where the majority of the employés are Christian young men, would certainly be more the exception than the rule. Now Mr. Wetherby, good Christian man as he was, could not enforce that Christianity upon those he employed. His good, benevolent character endeared him to nearly all his employés, it is true; but out of business he had no control over their affairs; and though by example he had kept many in the right path, there were some in his employ wicked, worldly, and licentious young men, who cared little or nothing for their employer's interest, whose chief delights were gambling, theatre-going, drinking, and swearing to their heart's content. Chief among this class, and foremost in all their pursuits, was one James Selwood, a young man of nineteen. To all outward appearance he was a gentleman, both in dress and manners. He dressed well, and yet not gaudy, and conducted himself when necessary with all due propriety. Yet beneath this cloak of gentility was all that combined to make him a villain. Strong



language this, but true. He feared neither God nor devil, a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing was James Selwood, and many a young man had to thank him for leading them from the path of virtue to that of vice. Yet so well did this cloak of refinement fit him, that even Mr. Wetherby had been misled into taking him in his employ.

Frank took a dislike to him from the first; he could not have assigned any particular reason for so doing, but there was a something which prompted him to shun his society. It was not, therefore, without some uneasiness that he watched a growing acquaintanceship spring up between James and his brother. Frank secretly felt that the less they had to do with each other the better it would be for both Henry and himself. He therefore endeavoured as much as possible to prevent their meeting oftener than necessary; but his endeavours proved, to a great extent, useless. The free and easy-going manner assumed by James just suited the disposition of Henry, who felt to be taken into the confidence and have the friendship of such an one as James Selwood was a great desirability. Thus he was slowly yet surely getting under the influence of this unprincipled fellow. From an occasional walk to a regular visit, from an evening at the club to a night at the gaming table, step by step Henry was taking the downward path, and Frank looked on, feeling powerless to stay his course, for whenever he tendered his advice he met with the rebuff, "I am the oldest, and best able to judge of my own affairs." Was he, though?

One evening, as Henry, with Selwood and two or three others, was leaving the warehouse, the latter asked, "Are you coming to the theatre to-night with us, Henry?"

"No, thanks. I've never been to a play, so I don't know that I should care about it."

"What! a young fellow your age never been to a theatre! why, I went when I was fifteen. You've missed lots of enjoyment. Come on, we're going to the Gaiety."

"No, I'd rather not," replied Henry.

"The fact is," said one of the others, "he's afraid that if he goes his goody-goody brother will give him a scolding."

"I'm sure it's nothing of the kind," fired up Henry.

"Well, it looks like it," replied Selwood. "Show us you're a man, and can do as you like."

This appeal to Henry's dignity was too much for him, and in his false pride he consented and went; and so fascinated was he with the acting and the surroundings that it took no persuasion to get him to go a second time. Night after night was spent at some place of amusement.

*(To be continued.)*





## OUR DARLINGS.

OUR heads were bowed in sorrow, our eyes with tears were dim,  
 We could not learn the lesson of simple trust in Him  
 Who took away our darling, to dwell in heaven above;  
 Nor while our hearts were breaking, to say our "God is love."

It was so strange and sudden, like painful, troubled dreams,  
 She seemed of all least likely to fade from earthly scenes,  
 So full of life and gladness, of merry winning ways,  
 And few could see and love not her happy little face.

And with parental fondness, at times we'd, fancying, look  
 Into the distant future, then an unopened book.  
 We'd presume her a maiden, and then in womanhood,  
 A bright and happy woman, and prayed she might be good.

But now our hopes are shattered, and words we've often heard,  
 Come with a strange new meaning, never before inferred.  
 My thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways Mine,  
 Lord help us still to trust Thee, and yield our will to Thine.

Scarcely the prayer was uttered, when death another took,  
 And on our little "Edie" we gave the last long look.  
 God surely knew the anguish which filled those watching hours,  
 When pain in withering sharpness seized this second love of ours.

'Twas hard to see her little form convulsed with inward pain,  
 We could but feel that our great loss to her would be but gain;  
 We miss her childish prattle, her oft repeated prayer,  
 Yet think we hear her singing in yonder world so fair.

We're glad to think we taught them in early days to prize  
 The hope of endless glory with Jesus in the skies.  
 We cannot doubt their welcome, we feel they must be there,  
 Relieved from all life's suffering, from every earthly care.

And tho' we hoped to hear them make earthly music sweet,  
 We know they're happier playing their golden harps so sweet,  
 Praising their Saviour Jesus, who said so lovingly,  
 Suffer the little children ever to come to Me.

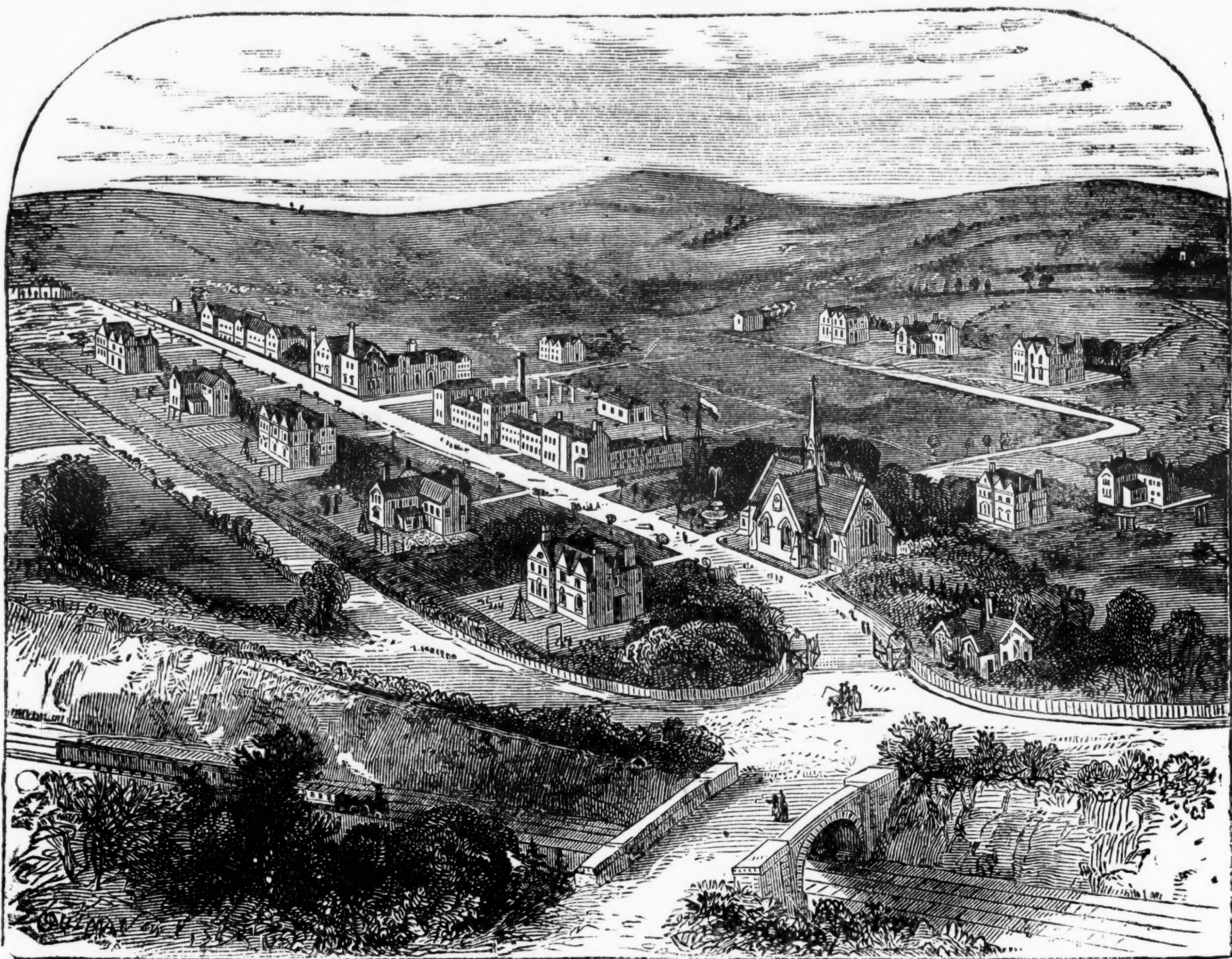
Oh, Jesus, Lord, we thank Thee that Thou hast conquered death,  
 That endless life for us begins when we resign our breath,  
 Help and sustain us till we find our night is turned to day,  
 Till with our loved ones gone before we dwell with Thee for aye.

A. T.

## A DYING MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In a humble home a loved mother, upon her dying bed, found Christ her only solace. It was long before she could rise above the thought, which often suggested itself and was expressed, that it seemed a solemn mockery for her, after serving the world all her life, now at its close to turn for salvation to Him whom she had so long neglected. But in answer to prayer to Him who never turns away from the faintest cry of a returning sinner, she found sweet peace in believing in Christ. Then for successive weeks she sought the conversion of her children. She had three daughters and a son whom she rejoiced to see bowing daily about her bedside in prayer. These children are now earnest workers, as teachers and leaders in singing in a Sunday-school. The work in this home is hoped to be but the beginning of better things for that whole community.





## THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BOYS' HOMES AT FARNINGHAM AND SWANLEY.

**S**OME time since we listened with intense interest to this story, as told by Mr. Charles himself. It struck us that all the elements of true philanthropy were in this movement to reach and help the little boys, to enable them to help themselves, to form character, and fit them for positions in life. The scope and extent of the work was simply wonderful, and we exclaimed, "What hath God wrought?" A young man now occupying a good position in Canada has often spoken with deep thankfulness of good received in this institution.

*The plea is for 300 little boys* not ten years old, who are homeless or in danger of falling into crime. The Cottage Homes are at Farningham and Swanley.

The following sketch will no doubt induce many to visit these Homes, and we hope it may lead to much practical sympathy.

The Farningham Home was first established at Tottenham, in 1864, to meet the pressing want of an institution especially for the little ones, who are either homeless, or in danger of falling into crime. Other Homes and Refuges were already engaged in the good work of



providing for the homeless and the destitute: but from most of them *little boys under ten years of age* were absolutely excluded, while many hundreds of such boys were found in London, and in all our large cities and towns.

The Farningham Home is first a HOME. In truth, it is a series of Homes, eleven having been erected on the freehold site which was secured in 1866, near Farningham, in Kent. It is a Home in its fundamental principle, and in its practical working. The Committee have sought to embody in a public institution the divine plan of family life. They have to deal with those who are *homeless*; and the first crying want of such is a Home. Then they have to deal with those who are in danger of falling into crime. And why? Either because they have been deserted by those who should have been at the head of their home; or because that home, still spared to them in name, no longer affords the training or is surrounded by the love, which are the essential elements of a true Home.

The Farningham Home is next, for LITTLE boys. No boys are ever admitted who have reached the age of ten. No matter how young they are, if they can but run alone. It is for the little ones. And because it is for the little ones, who are thus under the sheltering care of the institution for a number of years, it still more needs to be a Home.

The Farningham Home consists of TEN FAMILIES. At the head of each is a Christian man and his wife, who are as father and mother of the family. The family consists of thirty boys, and usually one or two elder boys as apprentices, or workers in different trades. Each family is distinct, the houses being a considerable distance from one another; but all form part of the general colony, and are governed as such. Besides the ten families, one other house is set apart for the reception of new boys, and for the care of those who are on the sick list. Each house bears a name, given it by the donor. The names are as follows:—

No. 1.—Alexandra House.	No. 7.—Kidbrooke Lodge.
„ 2.—Hanbury House.	„ 8.—The Little One's Refuge.
„ 3.—Quiet Resting Place.	„ 9.—Thomas Finlay Cottage.
„ 4.—Children's Cottage.	„ 10.—George Moore Lodge.
„ 5.—Lady Morrison's Home.	„ 11.—Mary Ann Leicester House.
„ 6.—The Little Wanderers' Retreat.	

In their separate Families the boys meet for morning and evening worship. They have their daily meals at home, prepared by the Mother, with the assistance of the house-boy; and the rules of a well-ordered but large Family are the rules which regulate their daily life.

The Farningham Home has, besides its Families, its SCHOOLS. These are in a separate building, at a short distance from the Homes. The Schools are regularly inspected by the Government as Public Elementary Schools, and are in charge of the Head Master, with three Assistant Masters, an Assistant Mistress, and Pupil Teachers.

The Farningham Home has also its WORKSHOPS, in which are carried on various trades. This is a third and most important element in the Institution. First, Home: second, Education: third,



Industrial Training. All boys over ten years of age (except those who are specially backward in their education) are half-timers, attending School and Work alternately. The Trades are superintended by the Fathers of the Houses, this being their own daily occupation. They are as follows:—Tailoring, Shoemaking, Upholstering and Painting, Breadmaking, Engineering, Gardening, Carpentering, Bricklaying and general Repairs, Printing.

Besides these trades, one of the Fathers is Drill-master, while Stocking-Knitting by machinery, and various kinds of Needlework, are taught by the Sewing Mistress.



In addition to the Homes, Schools, and Workshops, other departments are provided to meet the various needs of the little colony. Thus there is—

A Steam Laundry, where all the washing for the Homes is done.

A large Swimming Bath, heated when necessary by steam.

A Library, with more than 1,000 volumes, all the gifts of kind friends.

A good Reading Room, with chess, draughts, and other indoor games, and also the weekly and monthly periodicals.

A Cottage Infirmary, for cases of infection or other serious diseases.

A Band House, where the military band of the Home practises under a skilled band-master, and from whence many little fellows have gone out to join Her Majesty's Service.

A Cricket Field, with gymnastic appliances, and where many a good game is played on half-holidays and summer evenings.

The Farningham Home has also its CHAPEL; and this indicates the last important element in the Institution. The whole *is based on the Word of God*. The great aim is to train the boys not only for this life, but for the next: to lead them to Jesus as their Saviour. To this end, only those are employed in the work who give evidence of their own conversion, and of their desire to be fellow workers with



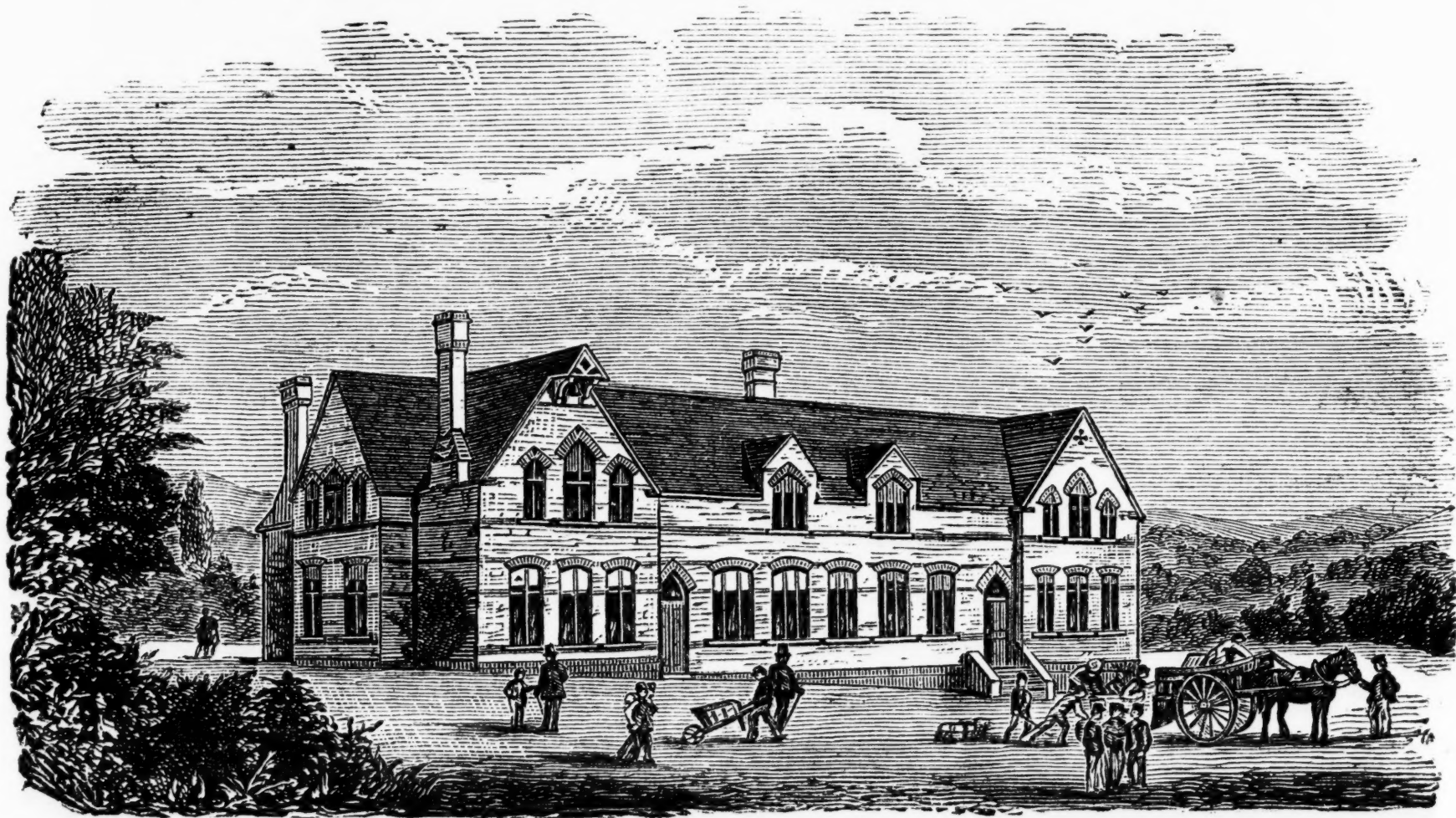
Christ. There is family prayer in the Home: Bible education in the school: public worship in the chapel. The committee consists of members of various Protestant denominations; the preachers, clerical and lay, who render their volunteer and service, are those who desire to preach Christ and Him crucified.

The Farningham Home may be summed up thus:—Family home life—efficient education—industrial training—religious teaching.

The Farningham Home seeks to place out in situations those who have been thus trained, when they reach a suitable age. Occupations of various kinds are found for them.

The Farningham Home has added to it an OLD BOYS' LODGE, so that those who are out in situations may occasionally visit their old Home when they have a holiday, or spend a Sunday there. All "Old Boys" are invited to the Home once a year for "Old Boys' Day," and encouraging accounts are received of the satisfactory progress of nearly all who have been trained in the Home. Rewards are given annually for a period of five years to those who can produce good characters from their employers.

The Farningham Home receives boys either free by election of subscribers, or on payment by benevolent friends of 6s. a week. Elections for the admission of boys free are held in June and December. *Life subscribers* are entitled to two votes for every five guineas contributed. *Annual subscribers* are entitled to two votes for every half-guinea subscription.



Let the visitor to the little boys' village go round the shops and watch the progress of the mechanical trades, this will be found of special interest.

Next, the *Laundry*, an important scene of industrial labour; also the *Engine and Boiler-house*: here is the motive power for drawing water from a well 130 feet deep and working the machines in the printing-office.



On entering *the Printing-office* we come upon a busy scene. Tracts, reports, appeals, and programmes, etc., are issued by tens of thousands during a twelvemonth.

We here mention a fine *Workshop for the Carpenters*, a new building called *The Stores*, a *Shop for the Builders*, and a room for the earliest efforts of the little ones, called *The Needle Room*. Nearly 5,000 articles are made and repaired by the little boys by needle and thread in a year.

The "*going to school*" is a great pleasure to the little ones. Well grounded in the essentials of Bible religion—"The fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom"—also in secular instruction, no wonder so many of them prove "good men and true" in after life.



The bright and cheerful chapel, with its simple evangelical services, the children's cottage, the military band, all the schemes for recreation, and the watchful interest over the after-life of these little orphans, is worthy of all the prayerful sympathy and help of each reader of AFTER WORK.

#### THE SWANLEY ORPHANAGE.

In the Cottage homes at Farningham some hundreds of Homeless Little Ones have found the Home and the friends they needed, and after a while have gone forth into the world to help to bear its burdens, and to do useful work for God and man.

But along with the cries of these Homeless Little ones there has come ever and anon the cry of some *Fatherless Boy*, who has known happier days, and who is now left in orphanhood. Mayhap his mother is still spared to him, and she gallantly struggles to maintain herself and her fatherless boy; but it is a struggle, and unless some hand be outstretched to help and guide her, she and he may fall beneath their load of sorrow.

Hearing, then, that Christian hearts and willing hands had been moved to open these Cottage Homes for the Homeless, it was no wonder that such widowed mothers sought shelter there for their



Fatherless Boys. But it was not for such as these that the Cottage Homes at Farningham have been reared. They have been designed for those in a yet lower depth of misery and privation—not for orphans whose friends can yet do something for their relief. But that something is not all they need, and it must be supplemented if it is to be of real avail. Hence arose another branch of the same charitable work—Homes for Orphans, established on this sound basis:—

“TO HELP THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.”

That is to say, widowed mothers, or in case of entire orphans, those nearest to them, are encouraged to do what they can towards the support of their own boys or needy kinsfolk, and the friends of the Homes step in to do the rest. For some years this effort has been tried, and has proved a real blessing. Many more would have thankfully availed themselves of such a Home, on a certain payment, for their fatherless boys; but only a limited number could be taken. This number has now been increased by the erection of the new Orphan Homes at Swanley. The principle is still maintained of the widows or other near friends contributing, as they are able, towards the support of their boys. How necessary such a work is, and how important this principle in it, may be gathered from the following facts concerning some of the boys who are now in the Home.

1. All are Fatherless.
2. Some are both Fatherless and Motherless.
3. The Fathers had been in almost every occupation in every part of the United Kingdom.

“To help those who help themselves” is the aim of the Orphan Homes at Swanley. They are in truth *Homes*; they are also *Schools*, where a thorough, but plain, education is imparted, but where the boys are instructed in such subjects of Technical Education as shall best fit them to become intelligent workers in the busy hives of our city and town life. The plans to this end are simple, and are sufficiently indicated in the sketch given of the new buildings. These, when completed, will provide for 200 boys, and will embrace:—

Four Dames' Houses, where the little ones are under the kind judicious care of Christian dames.

Two assistant Master's Houses, to which the little boys are transferred as soon as they begin to want a man's care.

The Head Master's House, devoted to the senior boys, who look forward to this promotion with just pride, and who will go forth thence into the world, fitted, as far as human agency may fit them, for the battle of life.

The School Block will be the scene of many a day's pleasant toil and hard work, not only in that course of intellectual training which the youngest and the poorest need and ought to have, but in the Technical workshops devoted to the practical illustration of the useful arts. The boys shall not only be taught that a thing is done, and that they must do it; but they shall see why, and how, it is done. The subjects to be thus taught and illustrated will be as varied and as useful as circumstances may permit.



Such is the work for which, in the name of England's Fatherless Boys, we make an earnest plea. Much has been done, and done well, by many a noble Orphan Asylum; there remains this yet to be accomplished, and we cannot stay our hands till it is done. Will you help?

For fuller particulars of these institutions write to the energetic Secretary, Mr. A. O. CHARLES, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

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### LIKE FATHER.

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THREE bonnie boys have had their  
 And now are off to bed; [play,  
 Their gentle mother watches near  
 Till each his prayer has said.  
 And as they linger by her knee,  
 They prattle of the time  
 When they shall be no longer boys,  
 But grown to manhood's prime.  
 And Will—the eldest of the three—  
 Tells of those days to come,  
 When he will cross the ocean wide,  
 In distant lands to roam.  
 While little Joe, with dimpled cheeks,  
 Smiles which chase each other,  
 Says sweetly, "I will stay at home,  
 Taking care of mother."  
 Then Benny speaks in broken words,  
 A loving child is he—  
 "When I's a man I's sure of this—  
 Like father I will be!  
 "I'll never mind about my prayers,  
 For father doesn't pray!  
 And I will drink the nice sweet wines,  
 Like father, every day.  
 "I know they're good because of tastes  
 He gives me on his knee;  
 Say, mother, how long time must pass  
 'Fore I a man shall be?"  
 The mother kissed her rosy boy,  
 And hid her silent tears,  
 While saying softly in reply,  
 "O! many, many years."  
 And soon below, the gentle wife  
 Tells in a husband's ear  
 The story of her children's talk;  
 She speaks in silent fear.  
 'Tis midnight, and the moon shines full  
 Into the room where sleep  
 Those little lads, and one is there  
 Who bitterly doth weep.

"Like father!" O! to think my boys  
 Should ever grow like me!  
 "Like father!" O! away the thought!  
 My sons, it must not be!"  
 Then as he paused, a little voice  
 Seemed thus to plead within,  
 "Why not 'like father' if his life  
 Were good and free from sin?"  
 "Ah! why not?" was the mute reply,  
 While flooding through his mind  
 Came thoughts of all a mother taught,  
 Of Christ the Saviour kind.  
 A moment more, and by Ben's bed  
 That father bent his knee,  
 Asking for grace soon to become  
 That which his boys might be.  
 "Like father," words how full of life  
 To him who fought his way,  
 From evil thoughts and habits dark,  
 To life clear as the day.  
 But Christ was there to give him power,  
 Against unnumbered foes;  
 The drunkard grew a sober man,  
 The wife forgot her woes.  
 And now, a worthy standard there  
 For those dear lads to see,  
 When longing to grow good and great  
 "Like father" they would be.  
 O! fathers, is *your* life the best  
 For little ones to know,  
 When with their loving hearts they wish  
 "Like father" they might grow?  
 Say, shall they follow you each step  
 In life's walk day by day,  
 Will following you be *always* safe,  
 And *never* lead astray?  
 O! pray for grace to live, that so  
 On earth to you is given  
 The joy of leading, *by your life*,  
 Your children's steps to Heaven.

BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.

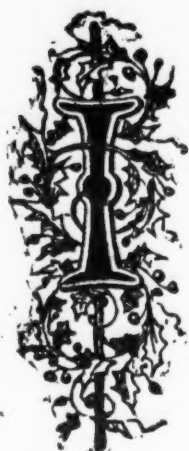




# QUEER PEOPLE! WHAT THEY SAID, AND WHAT THEY DID.

BY G. S.

(Continued from page 57.)



IN this street there were discontented people, of which Mr. Grumbleton was a specimen. He forgot the important truth that they who deserve nothing should be content with anything; that they should bless God for what they have, and trust Him for what they want. It was a beautiful expression of a poor Christian, who had once been rich: "When I was rich I saw God in everything; and now I am poor I see everything in God."

Mr. Grumbleton did not realise the fact that he was in just the position that God would have him be; he was something like the canary in the following fable:—

"A canary and a goldfish had their lot thrown together in the same room. One hot day the master of the house heard the fish complaining to his dumb companion overhead, 'Oh! I wish I could sing as sweetly as my friend up there;' whilst the canary was eyeing the inhabitant of the globe, 'How cool it looks! I wish my lot was there.' So, then, shall it be,' said the master, and forthwith placed the fish in the air and the bird in the water; whereupon they saw their folly, and repented of their discontent."

One day an old man came in and asked a tradesman if he wanted any of his wares. The shopkeeper made a purchase, and in the meantime asked how he was getting on. The old man answered, "Better since I removed." "Oh, have you removed?" "Yes, I used to live in Grumbling Street, and I was never well; but since I have lived in Praise-and-Thanksgiving Street I have got on a great deal better." He added, "Grumbling Street is a very unhealthy atmosphere, while Praise-and-Thanksgiving Street is altogether different." We say to all who live in Grumbling Street, remove as quickly as possible, for, as this old man said, "No one is healthy in it," and get into Praise-and-Thanksgiving Street. Then, if you can appreciate the change, you can recommend it to others; in other words, give up grumbling and count your mercies, and say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

If Mr. Grumbleton had learnt this lesson he would not have rendered himself odious by always murmuring at his lot.

"It is content of heart  
Gives nature power to please;  
The mind that feels no smart  
Enlivens all it sees;  
Can make a wintry sky  
Seem bright as smiling May;  
And evening's closing eye  
As peep of early day."

Several persons in this locality made themselves disagreeable through their want of cleanliness. Soap and water seemed to frighten them. The parents sent their children to school with dirty faces,



dirty hands, and, worst of all, dirty heads—these folks had greater faith in spermaceti ointment than in plenty of clean water. "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" but how slow some are to learn the lesson!

Mr. Idleman lived in Queer Street; his idle habits were a great curse. Mr. Idleman was a fair type of those who do not like work, and who do not share with their wives the struggle with poverty. There was an idle corner to this street, near the public-house and pawnshop. Young and old congregated there, and conversation of the loosest kind was indulged in, much to the annoyance of respectable people. Shun this corner, my reader, if you would avoid a place of danger. "Blessed is the man who standeth not in the way of sinners."

"In all labour there is profit," and "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat." An excellent punishment for idleness has been put into practice in a workhouse at Hamburg. Idlers in the morning are suspended above the dinner table in a basket, so that they may see and smell, but are not permitted to taste the things provided for those who have been industrious.

Poverty is too often the result of idleness rather than misfortune. Only be slothful, "so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." God helps those who help themselves, and prospers all honest labour. Even the tiny ant teaches the idle man lessons of wisdom. What industry and forethought! what patience and perseverance! In summer time the ant diligently lays by a store for the dark days of winter. Solomon speaks to the idle when he says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." This idleness is the "rust and canker of the soul, the devil's cushion and pillow, his very tide-time of temptation, when he carries with much care and without contradiction the current of our corrupt affections to any cursed sin."

There are also those who habitually idle away their time, and yet seem not to have a moment to spare for religious duties. They neglect God's commands, have no time to attend the house of God, no time to pray, no time to read the Bible, and throw away their precious opportunities for mental culture and improvement as well as preparation for the world to come.

" Seek thou a conscience freed from guilt,  
Through the rich blood for sinners spilt;  
And seek the Holy Spirit's might,  
To help to walk in God's own light.  
Then every sin the heart will shun,  
And little duties will be done;  
And life, with all its trials, prove  
A sphere for thoughtful, tender love."

We could mention other persons living in Queer Street, who said strange things, and did strange things, whose habits of life needed much improvement; but space forbids our doing so. But if either Mr. Self-conceit, Mr. Crusty, Mr. Whisperer, &c., are led to see the bad influence they exert upon the locality in which they live, and endeavour to alter accordingly, it will elevate and improve the condition of many, while they themselves will become agreeable and



pleasant people. Sydney Smith recommends us to try and make at least one person happy every day, and adds the calculation, "Take ten years, and you will have made 3,650 persons happy, or brightened a small town, by your contribution to the fund of general joy." If every person acted upon this advice, many a street now filled with queer people would become a street filled with those who would be agreeable and pleasant.

"Live for something, be not idle,  
Look about thee for employ;  
Sit not down to useless dreaming,  
Labour is the sweetest joy.  
Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never gay;  
Life for thee hath many duties,  
Active be, then, while you may."

## THE STORY OF MY SCHOOLDAYS.

### CHAPTER III.—*Continued from page 51.*

#### A MIDNIGHT FEAST AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"**R**EALLY, Kate, I felt I must scream for mercy; but, no, I dared not; and that sea of faces looking on! Mr. Dod then took up his cane—you know the position you would be in, when held on another boy's back; he gave me ten tremendous blows. If I had felt the full force of the stripes, I must have screamed, but fortunately the towels stopped the pain a great deal.

"Now go to your place; remember, your father shall hear of this."

"Oh, Kate, that was the worst cut of all, but I said, impudently, aroused by passion, and knowing he was unjust, 'I did not try to frighten any one, sir.'

"How dare you speak to me, now stay in every half-holiday for a month."

"Could it be possible? no going out for a whole month, not to cricket, football, or any other games! so I thought to myself. But I was soon recalled to my position by the master of my form saying, 'Are you going to do nothing all-day?' so I began to write as well as I could, and tried to forget my misery. Out of school the boys treated me well, coming up and saying, 'Well done, old boy, you are a brick! We swear you will be worthy of our school.' This was gratifying to me, but yet the staying in half-holidays, and *pater's* displeasure, was like a heavy load on my heart.

"When the first Saturday came, I got out a nice book, thinking I would thus pass the time, but my master came up and said, 'You have to learn fifty lines of Latin before tea.' Oh! it was maddening, and to add to my trouble it was a lovely day. I knew I must submit, so I set to work with a will; but it was too difficult. I had never been accustomed to learn scarcely anything by rote, so at last, after spending an hour over four lines, I dropped the book, and gave way to a good fit of crying (I was quite alone, remember); then I



bethought myself of the oak tree, if I could get up there I could see the other boys, and they would not see me; it was no use to think of completing my lesson. I easily got upon the window ledge, swung myself into the tree; there I watched the other boys till about time for returning, I swung myself back again into the schoolroom, and took up the neglected book. After tea I was called up to say my lesson, but of course knew only the first two lines.

"Do you not mean to learn this, Mapleton?" said the master.

"Sir, I have tried, but I cannot remember."

"Very well, you will have this again on Wednesday, then we will see about not learning." In a day or two I had a letter from *pater*, cutting off my spending money, and also saying, if he heard such a bad report of me again I should do lessons in the holidays with Mr. James, the curate, a son of his. The letter went on to say, to behave so ungentlemanly and so wickedly as to tell falsehoods—my master might do just what he thought proper with me, it would be no use my complaining to him. You know, Kate, dear old *pater* believes everything, and I used to be such a pickle at home, although my word could always be taken. That letter cost me bitter tears, although no one knew."

"Yes, answered Kate, unless when you promised if I would play cricket with you, or marbles, in return you would play dolls, but when my time came you were gone." At this they both had a merry laugh.

"Do go on, Hugh, I so badly want to hear how you got on that horrid month."

"Next Wednesday I had thought of a plan, I did not mean to be punished for what I could not do—viz., Latin beyond my years. When Mr. Dod left his study at twelve, I watched in the playground, ran up to him, and said, 'Sir, may I speak?' It was a very trembling voice in which I made my request, for I knew it was like defying my master. 'Sir, you know I am kept in half-holidays for a month.'

"Mapleton, it is no use to come begging to me; if I say a thing I mean it, and keep my word."

"No, sir, it is not that, pray hear me. I cannot learn the Latin Mr. Masters gave me to do last Saturday; I have never learnt anything like it before; I told him so, but he said I must. Sir, if you will only give me what I can learn, I will do my very best.' I said this with tears, for I felt he would not relent; but he ordered me to fetch the book—'Not that I like to interfere with any other master's work, but let me look at this dreadful lesson,' said he, with a smile. He at a glance knew I was not advanced enough to be able to learn it. 'Go,' said he, giving me back the book, 'ask Mr. Masters to step into my study for a few minutes.' I did so. I never knew what passed, only other lessons were given me, and nothing was said about the Rep.; but I felt from that time I was disliked by Mr. Masters, and I knew he would not overlook the least fault."

"That Wednesday I quickly finished my task, swung myself again into the oak tree. So passed the half-holidays, till my punishment had expired. How thankful I was to be again able to play, and enjoy my holiday like the others!"



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BULLY AND HIS TREATMENT OF OTHER BOYS.

"IN our form was the boy I think I told you about, who fought me so cruelly, just after my coming to school. He took every means of annoying me, throwing ink, spoiling my pens, taking my books (bagging, as we boys say), and yet if I spoke, he swore he had not done anything of the sort. I lost place after place, for when I had determined to do my work well, he would do something to spoil all. Mr. Masters believed me the very worst boy that could be, and a regular dunce, for if I knew the answer, and was about to speak, a look from his eye was enough, I knew he would slyly kick me in hocky, and say it was only a 'hob' run against me, quite accidentally, of course, just as I was finishing my essay, compelling me either to write it again or get half marks—no end of little troubles, all more or less vexing. He also had much power over the other boys, made them delight in teasing me—it was wretched, I can assure you. One day these boys conceived a plan of writing the Rep. and fixing it in front of the master's desk by a pin, so that each boy might read it off. It was shameful, but it was done for some weeks. Each boy was expected to write it in turn, but they made me do it nearly every day, because they said my writing was so plain. I was not clever enough to know their real motive: it was this, should it be discovered I should bear the punishment. I never would use it in spite of all their threats. I forgot to say the last boy had quietly to unpin it, and conceal the paper. One day, I was very stupid, I could not say a word, for my time had been taken up, copying out Bull's Latin for him. I knew it was wrong, Kate, but you do not know what it is to have the hatred of all, and sneaking is of all things the worst thought of among boys. I was at the bottom, as usual. I tried to unpin the paper, but it slipped from my fingers, and Mr. Masters, catching sight of it, asked me what it was. I knew the others would have said notes, but I would not do that, I could not stoop to tell a lie, so I remained silent, but blushed crimson. 'Bring it to me!' I did so, I never shall forget the flash of his eye. I was now white to the lips. 'No wonder, sir, you look ready to faint,' he shouted out, 'how dare you do such a thing! I really believe Mr. Dod will be obliged to thrash you, you shameless boy! What use is it for your father to pay money for you, and you learn nothing?' I did not know what to say. 'I know it is your handwriting, you cannot deny that.' So here again I was in a nice trouble. I only inwardly prayed I should be caned instead of being kept in again—I felt sure it would be one or the other. Oh, that the boys would speak out.

"'Go to Mr. Dod at twelve,' said Mr. Masters. I did feel bad, it seemed such a shame, not one to speak up for me. So again I was caned; but the next day, whether the master fancied anything or not, the boys had to stand in a different position, this upset all their plans, and consequently every one was returned. I stumbled through a little, but finding sly hobs I gave up also. I was so miserable, all looked on me, as if it was my fault, and every night upstairs annoyed me as much as they could."

*(To be continued.)*



### CHRISTIAN IN SPITE OF AN UNGODLY FATHER.

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A FEW years ago a little boy came into one of our Sunday-schools. He belonged to a German family. He was active, studious and gifted. Years passed on until, when he was eighteen years old, his father began to demand his time on the Sabbath. The son objected, pleasantly giving his reasons, but these did not satisfy the rationalistic ideas of the father. He planned to secure his son's fall by the presentation of a glass of beer in his home. The son declined, and an attempt was made to force it to his lips. In the struggle his arm was broken, and he left his home, walking several miles to a physician. Taken into the home of a friend he was cared for kindly. Through this friend he has bought his time of the relentless father, and is earning his way on the farm of his friend to pay his father in instalments. During the winter he was in a good school, doing well for himself and serving the Master he loves.

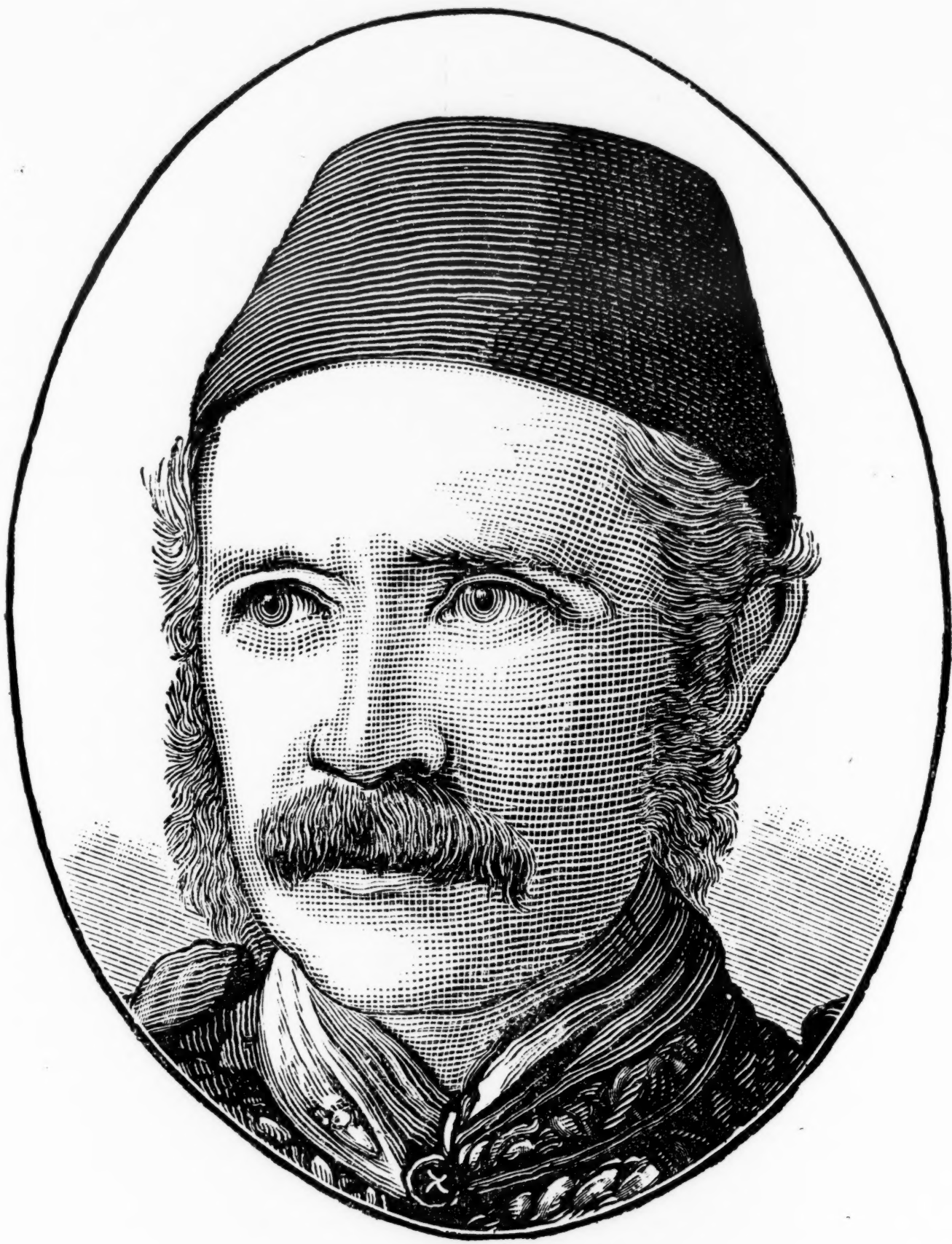
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A LIBERAL OFFER TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Sunday-school teachers have just now an opportunity of obtaining a most useful book for a nominal price. The publisher of the "Teachers' Storehouse and Treasury" is offering for a short time the volume at half price—viz., one shilling, or post free for one shilling and fourpence. We advise our readers to take advantage of this offer, as the work is a complete storehouse of useful material for their use. As the number to be sold under this arrangement is limited, early application should be made to Mr. Elliott Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, E.C.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.—In Scotland they have a curious way of fishing that takes the medal for the ease and repose with which it is conducted. The fisherman, we will say, is after pike. Selecting a big goose from his barn-yard, or half-a-dozen geese, as the case may be, he ties a baited hook and line about five feet long to their feet, and on reaching the water turns them in. The birds, of course, swim out, and the fisherman lights his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish sees the bait and seizes it, giving the goose a good pull. The bird starts for shore at full tilt, frightened half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank, where it is unhooked. The line being rebaited, the feathered fisherman is again sent out to try its luck. A flock of geese can make quite a haul in the course of the day, the human fisherman having only to take off the game and bait the hooks, the pulling in and hooking being done by the birds.

WORTH HER WEIGHT IN COPPER.—About 1770 there was living in London a tradesman who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, with each of whom he gave their weight in half-pence as a fortune. The young ladies must have been bulky for the lightest of them weighed £50 2s. 8d.





GENERAL GORDON.

“**T**HE Life and Work of General Gordon at Gravesend”—  
by W. E. Lilley—is another contribution towards  
keeping in memory the grand work of a true hero, a true  
leader of men. The Rev. H. Carruthers Wilson, M.A.,  
writes an introduction. He was a very intimate friend of Gordon,  
and he sums up his estimate of him in one sentence: “I never knew  
a man who lived so near to God.” Gordon’s key to Holy Scripture



was one text: "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God."

General Gordon has himself remarked that the time passed at Gravesend was the most peaceful and happy of any portion of his life. He had been engaged in crushing the Taiping Rebellion, and in rescuing the richest districts in China from the hands of the marauders, and when the arduous task, with all its attendant anxieties and responsibilities, was fully accomplished, he gladly accepted the comparatively quiet post of Commanding Royal Engineer of the Gravesend district. The duties of this post, however, he carried out with the same indomitable perseverance, untiring energy and personal attention to the minutest details, that had characterised him in greater and more important charges. New forts on the North and South banks of the Thames were in course of construction, and the old batteries at New Tavern and Tilbury underwent an entire renovation during his period of service. The constant inspection of the progress of these works, the direction of the staff employed on them, the maintenance of the necessary official correspondence, and the general oversight of all barracks and fortifications in the district occupied no small portion of his time.

#### HIS CONCERN FOR BOYS.

Apart from his class in the Ragged School, lads generally were the special objects of Gordon's solicitude. Whenever he came across any more than usually destitute, he would, so to speak, hunger after them. To relieve them and do them good, he would exercise the greatest self-denial, put up with inconvenience,\* lay himself under obligations, and leave no stone unturned in order to help them.

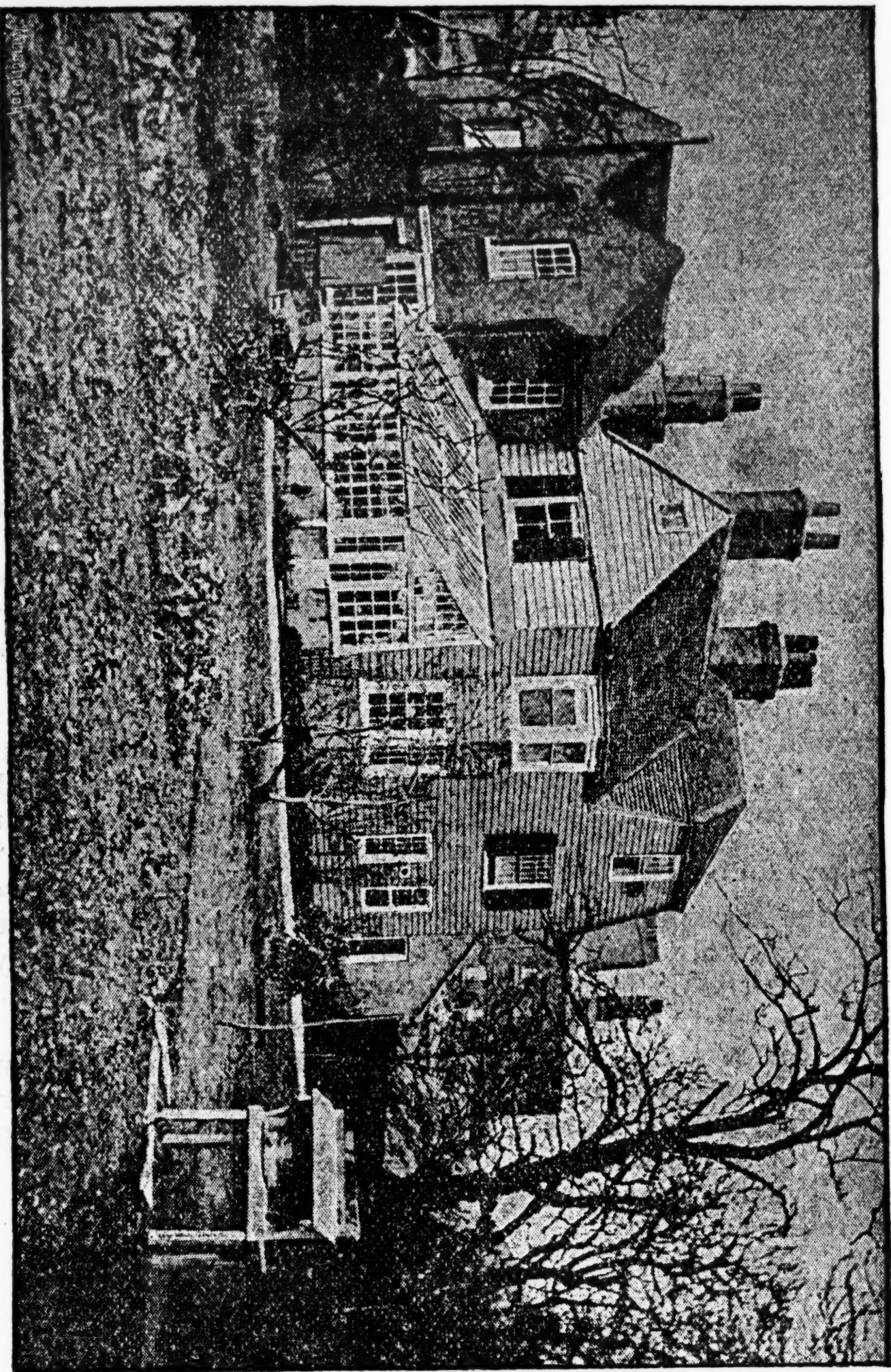
He was very partial to the boys belonging to the fishing boats; they were regular visitors at his house. He was their guide, their counsellor, and their friend; and with a view to improving them he started a night school for them at his own residence. This soon became very numerously attended, and on the evening appointed for the purpose, almost every room in the place was requisitioned for the reception of the pupils. They were always made heartily welcome, and never patronised. Some of them had a very rough exterior, and came, as Gordon quaintly remarked, "with their gloves on"; but he knew the way to their hearts, and won their affections, so that they loved him exceedingly. Their roughness became changed into gentleness under his care, and they regarded him almost with adoration.\* In this work he was generally assisted by a friend, "the guide to the Zoo," and a young man, who was paid a small sum weekly for his services.

There was a class for the good readers, one for the indifferent ones, and a third for the beginners. The exercises were varied with

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\* A gentleman who was with Gordon during his visit to Ireland, called at a publishing office in the City, and, in course of conversation, said, "I know General Gordon well, and if it were possible for a man to be deified on account of his goodness, Gordon is the man." He also stated that General Gordon was so deeply touched with some cases of poverty and distress which he witnessed just before his departure from Ireland, that he parted with all his money, and he had to borrow the amount of his fare to England.





GENERAL GORDON'S RESIDENCE AT GRAVESEND.  
*(From the original photograph taken by General Gordon himself, and chemically engraved.)*

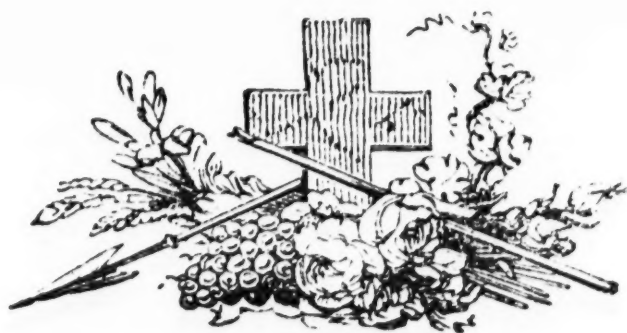


writing and arithmetic, and occasionally a cheerful hymn would be started and heartily joined in. The task was to get them away, especially in the winter time, and as they passed through the kitchen to the road, there was always a good hunch of bread and cheese for those who cared to have it.

#### HELPING BOYS TO HELP THEMSELVES.

General Gordon was anxious to put these lads into the way of getting their own living. For many of them he succeeded in obtaining situations, sometimes in warehouses, &c., sometimes on board ships, or in the barges that carried stores from Woolwich to various places. As a rule, he would, whenever it was necessary, procure a suitable outfit for the lads, so that no extra burden should be imposed on the parents or friends. Of those that went abroad he carefully followed the track, and marked upon the map in his room the places at which they would have to touch. Although in humorous moments he called the lads "scuttlers," "lumps of flesh, red and white," and similar deprecatory names, yet in his higher moods he spoke of them as his "kings," and in other ways evinced the great regard he felt for them. He was very careful about hurting their feelings, and has even been known to apologise to a boy to whom he thought he had acted rudely in pitching a coin at him. He set the boys a high example of truthfulness, and in every possible way strove to bring them up to his own standard in this respect. The boys felt that he sympathised with them in their temptations as well as their trials; that he viewed their liability to fall with loving pity, and that he was ever ready to aid them in the struggle to do right. From the very bottom of their hearts they trusted him, and in their own humble way they strove to show their gratitude and affection. Now and again there might be seen the words, "God bless the Kernel," chalked upon the fence opposite the house. Little presents of shrimps for himself and his friend were brought to his door, principally by a laddie named Willie W——, who, by the way, had what the General called "a sweet little lisp," and who is now living to testify what Gordon did for him.

There was one little chap who had a wooden leg, which was frequently renewed at the General's expense. Many other instances might be given of Gordon's practical kindness to these poor boys, whose lot in life was made so much brighter by his genial sympathy and Christian benevolence.





## A THREEFOLD BAND—FAITH, HOPE, LOVE.

BY A. D. H.



BAND of strength, an abiding band, not fleeting, evanescent, ephemeral. More a band that will keep these flowers fresh and blooming, preventing their death and decay. More still, will not only preserve them, but will also enliven, refresh, and make them more vigorous, more beautiful.

"Faith, hope, love, these three, and the greatest of these is love." Yes, 'tis love which keeps faith and hope alive, keeps them bright and glorious. Love, the great motive power, the power which moves the world, which stimulates every action, sheds a brightness and a beauty over all our lives. Love, not passion, not a mere sensation, not a vivid flash, which dazzles for a moment and leaves the darkness darker still; but a pure and steady light, a power which will smooth the edges and round the corners of life, will turn thorns into roses and surround us with an atmosphere holy and pure. Without love, faith must cease and hope turn to despair; but with it these grow and prosper, and become plants of great vigour and strength.

What would PRAYER be without faith? It would not be prayer, but a mere jumble of unmeaning words, a mockery to Him to whom addressed. What would our fellow-creature say if we were to go to him thus: "I am in great need, give me so-and-so. I ask you, but I do not expect you to do it." What would he say? "Why, begone, thou false one, mock me not," and send us ignominiously from his presence; yet how often do we go to God in the same spirit, with the same want of faith, not expecting Him to answer our prayers or grant our requests. Is not this a mockery? We are told by Christ Himself that whatsoever we shall ask, *believing*, or in faith, we shall receive.

We were going to say, faith stimulates prayer, but we must go beyond this, for faith is the foundation of prayer, and without love we cannot have real faith, or, at all events, that faith which is pleasing and acceptable to God.

Love produces that faith which, while we know we shall have an answer to our prayers because He has promised, we are ready to wait His time and manner. The answer may be in sending us just the opposite of that we sought, and yet we are satisfied. Why? Because we love Him, and we know He loves us, and will give us only those things which will be good for us; our love to Him makes us willing to receive at His hands whatsoever He may be pleased to give us because our faith makes us know He loves us, and all His way to us is love.

How could we praise God without faith? To sing His praise with unbelieving heart is not praise. This, too, would be mockery. Unless we have faith that the mercies we continually receive are His gifts, we cannot praise Him, but having sincere faith in Jesus, believing that it is in "Him we live, and move, and have our being," that "He is the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift," that He has



been and is continually watching over us. How can we do other than love Him? and, loving Him, must praise Him; we cannot help doing so; our hearts are full, and it would be simply impossible not to give vent to our feelings.

“O for this love let rocks and hills their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues their Saviour's praises speak.”

As soon seek to stop the carol of the lark, as she soars higher and higher still in the bright and glorious sunshine, or the nightingale's sweet song in the twilight of a mellow Summer evening, as the praises of that man whose heart is full of love to God, with a hope which maketh not ashamed, and perfect faith in the Lord Jesus—a faith pure, simple, unsullied by the least shadow of a doubt thrown across it; a hope no clouds can darken or obscure, being founded on the immutable Word of God alone, firm as a rock, as unchangeable as the sun's daily course, as lasting as eternity.

And how great a help to *patience*! with the help of faith, hope, love, patience can have her perfect work. How grandly they destroy all murmuring! irritability loses its power, quiet submission reigns in its stead. Faith tells us that “all things work together for good to those who love the Lord”; *all* things—not those only which are pleasant, and fair, and genial; but the bitter is made sweet, the darkness light, sorrow loses itself in joy, for we know in whom we have believed, and are sure He will keep that which we have committed to Him, even our own precious souls. We look not at the present; we have a hope beyond, and we know our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. All our life is gilded and brightened by love. We love Him because He first loved us. The music of love—yes, love fills the air with sweet sounds; the world's discordant notes are hushed in the purer harmonies which the love of Christ produces in our soul.

*Perseverance* also is helped and strengthened; failures will not dismay us; our faith will lead us to more earnest, energetic effort; it will do this because it will cause us to diligently enquire whether the object we have in view is right; it will save us starting on a course which is false and dangerous. We shall not walk on sand which gives way every step we take, but shall tread on a sure foundation.

We may have faith in ourselves and in our projects—it is quite essential that we have—but that faith must be subservient to faith in Him who is “too wise to err”—such faith in His guidance as will cause us to look to Him to direct our steps.

But what shall we say of *procrastination*? We have no faith in that; no hope for it, no love for it. As we have before said, it has crept in among the bunch; there let it stay as a foil to show off the sweetness of the others; and let our three-fold hand be a beacon, a warning, that all may avoid this hateful thing. An evil all round, without mitigation, it has been the ruin of many; avoid it, then, as you would the upas tree, which so impregnates the air around it with poison that it becomes fatal to those who would seek shelter beneath its branches.

*Punctuality* is fair to look upon. We have faith in that, and hope



for those who cultivate it; we can love it because it saves those who foster it many a care, many a very painful memory.

The *promises*—the promises of God—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; the promises that are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus—have we faith in them? God hath spoken: who shall let it? He hath promised: who can hinder the fulfilment? Dare we disbelieve them; dare we treat them doubtfully? No, Lord, we will not doubt. We believe, therefore have we hope. Nay! is it not more than hope? is it not certainty? We know in whom we have believed, and are therefore sure; no doubts arise, no fears.

Do we love the promises? Can we help doing so? Are they not the joy of our lives, the light to chase away all darkness? Even the darkness of "the valley of the shadow of death" is dispelled, and we pass through it rejoicing in Him who has promised to be with us then, and that it is His rod and His staff shall comfort us. Shall we not then bind the sweet promises of God to our hearts by faith, hope, love?

We shall then be in a state of *preparation* for all the will of God, we know not what awaits us, by what circumstances it may please our Heavenly Father to surround us; health or sickness, poverty or riches, afflictions of any and every kind, death, we shall be prepared for all, having faith in God, in His promises and His love, and a "full and certain hope" that in all the future it will be well for us. The result will be *peace*, yes, truly, a firm faith, a glorious hope in, and a pure love to, Jesus Christ, will give us a peace of which the world can know nothing.

"Should earth against my soul engage, and hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, and face a frowning world."

"And not a wave of trouble roll, across my peaceful breast."

Thus have we culled a few of the sweet P's and bound them together with that glorious three-fold band, Faith, Hope, Love. There are yet many others we might have gathered—such as Poverty. What! doth thou call this a sweet P? Yes! does not Christ say, "Blessed are the poor in Spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven?" What greater possession can any have? The treasures of the world may have been ours, but "riches take to themselves wings and fly away," so ours may have flown and left us, so far as this world is concerned, poor indeed; but if their loss has led us to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, and we thus become "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ," to the glorious inheritance above. Or we may have been trusting in earthly riches and losing our soul; God removes the stumbling-block out of the way, destroys the idol we have been worshipping, and thus through our poverty making us rich for all eternity. Is not, then, this a sweet P?

Profit. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." The Christian's privileges, more and greater than the world or the god of the world can give us, grander far than earthly kings or princes can bestow upon us. Plenty, for we shall then have abundance; for 'no good thing will God withhold from those who serve Him.'



## FRANK HARFORD; OR, "LIFE IN A GREAT CITY."

BY WILLIAM R. WAY.

*(Continued from page 68.)*

## CHAPTER V.

"This world of London is the place to meet  
True Christian friends, to live a noble life;  
This world of London is the place to meet  
The devil's friends, to live a life of sin."



RANK thought that something ought to be done to try and put a stop to the downward course which his brother had so suddenly taken. He had tried so many times and failed, to whom could he look for help and advice? Should he take Mr. Homer into his confidence, and solicit his help; no one more likely to aid him, yet he shrunk from exposing his brother's faults to others.

It was Tuesday evening; Frank was walking slowly toward the chapel to attend the meeting, and as he walked he mused upon this subject; very despondent he felt, things had seemed very gloomy lately; his own life was not all sunshine; it seemed difficult to keep a straight course with so many temptations around, and amidst so much sin and wickedness; yet, in addition to this, he felt he had a double responsibility in his brother. 'Twas hard to see one's own kindred leaving the path of rectitude; 'twas impossible to be cognisant of all his brother's shortcomings, and yet not use his utmost endeavours to right him. Musing thus, he determined to take Mr. Homer into his confidence; accordingly, as they were returning from the meeting, Frank related the whole circumstances of their life to him, from their boyhood days to the present time.

"Now, Mr. Homer," he said, "you see why I do not like the idea of Mr. W. hearing of James's conduct; it would grieve him to know that after all his endeavours to retrieve our position, Henry has so abused his kindness."

"But do you not think," asked Mr. Homer, "that a word from Mr. Wetherby would have more effect than any of our persuasions?"

"I think not. I fancy, on the other hand, he would resent it. He dislikes the idea of Mr. Wetherby having any control over him except as an employer."

"Well then, we will see what is best to be done; but you surprise me about Selwood, he seemed such a gentlemanly fellow."

"So I thought until circumstances proved the contrary."

They had now reached Mr. Homer's house, and as Frank held out his hand to say good-bye, Mr. Homer asked, "Will you not come in for a little while; I dare say supper is ready; stay and take some with us."

"Thank you," replied Frank, "but it is rather late."

"Only half-past nine; we never retire before 11; so you have an hour and a-half before you."

"Allow me to introduce you to my daughter Ruth," said Mr. Homer, as they entered the drawing-room. "Ruth, Mr. Frank Harford."



A slight blush diffused her features as she rose to greet him. "I have heard father speak of you in connection with the chapel."

"Yes? I hope he has not given me too bad a character," replied Frank.

"Oh, no: quite the reverse, I assure you."

"Thank you," he said, as he released her hand from his grasp.

"Now, Frank, make yourself at home: we are very homely here together. Since my wife's death I have not kept much company. The girls, my son, and I, have it very much to ourselves. Ruth, dear, is supper ready?"

"Yes, father; will you step in the other room?"

"Bertie has retired, I suppose," asked Mr. Homer, as they seated themselves at the table.

"Yes," replied his daughter, "and Ellen is staying at Aunt's for the night."

"You see, Frank," continued Mr. Homer, "Ruth is my wife, house-keeper, and mother, all in one; since her mother's death the management has devolved upon her. My younger daughter, Ellen, is at business, and Bertie is yet but a boy, and requires looking after as much as ever."

And a good manageress she made, at least so thought Frank, as he noticed the neat yet homely appearance of his surroundings, her graceful and unassuming manner, her attention to all the little details which go to make a home comfortable, cheerful, and happy. Frank felt that here he had found true friends, among whom he might throw off the depression of business life, and spend many happy hours, for the cheery invitation given him when parting told Frank that he would be welcome here at all times. Not that Frank had any lack of society, though only in connection with his chapel, and religious work. For some twelve months he had become much liked, and was a general favourite with many; but being rather reserved and quiet in manner, it was not many whose society he cared for. A few good and true friends he had made, and these necessarily increased as his work and help extended. Altogether he felt that he had much to be thankful for, and great cause to bless Him who had done so much for him.

On this same evening Henry was at James Selwood's, at one of his occasional parties as he called them, which he used to hold about once a month. These so-called parties, however, were nothing more nor less than drunken bouts, nights of revelry, when about a dozen of his companions would be invited, and the time spent in drinking, gambling, and such like amusements. This was the first occasion on which Henry had been invited.

"Bring forward the glasses, boys," said Selwood, "and let us drink to our friend's health. Henry Harford, a new addition to us knights of the round table," continued Selwood, as he introduced Henry to the company. "Now, make yourself at home, and consider yourself as one of ourselves."

Henry felt proud to be thus taken notice of. He blindly believed in all their good wishes, and implicitly trusted Selwood's professions of goodwill.

After supper the cards were produced, and the evening's revelry



began. Henry was now as deep in the play as any of them, as all played for money, though not very high stakes.

"That's good," said Selwood to Henry, as the latter pocketed one of the stakes, "go on, and you will soon make your fortune."

But the next round Henry lost; and so on for two or three successively. This only made him more desperate, and he played on until he had not a penny left.

"Never mind, Henry, better luck next time; we can't all win, you know; your turn will come next."

"I say, come with us up the river on Sunday, and we will give you a chance of winning your money back," said one of the company.

There comes a time when an opportunity is presented to everyone to decide for good or evil, and the decision is often one on which the whole future depends. That time came to Henry now, and he decided for evil. That night's play had so worked upon him that even the proposal of sinning on the Sabbath did not deter his ardour for the game, and he gave his consent to make one of the party.

On the Sunday morning, as Frank was preparing for service, Henry said,—

"I'm going out to-day, so shall not be with you this morning."

"Out! where?" asked Frank.

"Selwood has invited me to go somewhere with him and two or three others."

"Henry, this fellow Selwood will be the ruin of you. Why won't you take warning in time? Couldn't you have had the courage of your own convictions, and said 'No' to what you know to be a wrong action?"

"Oh, yes, of course, I'm always in the wrong, according to you," replied Henry.

"Henry," continued Frank, "the old proverb says there are but five steps to destruction. You have taken one; will you not pause ere you take this, the second step? Do not break the Sabbath by spending it in worldly and licentious pleasures."

"Oh, it's no good your preaching to me. I've given my word, and must go."

"Better break your word than commit such a sin in the sight of God."

But Henry would not be persuaded, and when Frank returned to dinner he found his brother absent. After the evening service Mr. Homer walked back to Frank's lodgings, at his request, to have a word with Henry.

"It may do good," said he. "I wish I could have seen him this morning."

But Henry had not returned, and after waiting till a late hour Mr. Homer had reluctantly to depart without fulfilling his mission.

"I shall wait up for him," said Frank, as he bid his friend good-bye.

"Do," said Mr. Homer, "you will find a soothing companion in the Book of books, the Bible, Frank."

(To be continued.)

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## READY.

“ Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.”—  
Matt. xxiv. 44.

Oh, to be always ready,  
Ready for Christ to come!  
Oh, to be watching daily  
For Jesus to carry me home!  
My turn, I know, must be coming  
Nearer and nearer each day—  
Oh, to be found then ready,  
Ready to flee away!

Oh, to be always watching,  
Waiting with willing feet  
To follow the Master's footprints  
Forth through Death's silent street,  
To rise with a joyous gladness  
From earth and earthly cares  
When He pauseth at my threshold,  
And calls me unawares!

Oh, to be always ready!  
He has stopped at many a door!  
And warned me *my* turn was coming,  
That I should not be passed o'er.  
I have heard the tramp of His footsteps  
As, forth through the gloom and chill,  
I saw Him bear many a loved one  
Down from life's steep, steep hill.

Oh, to be always ready!  
I know that I too must go,  
And I know that the time draws nearer,  
But the moment I do not know.  
I may be the next—I know not—  
The next for whom Christ shall come,  
O, to be found then ready,  
Ready to go straight home!

Oh, to be always ready,  
With my lamp trimmed and clear;  
So that the dark, dark valley  
May be travelled without fear.  
O to be looking to Jesus,  
And catching a smile from Him,  
A smile which shall chase all shadows  
And lighten mine eyes when dim.

Oh, to be *ready, ready!*  
Ready for Christ to come!  
Oh, to be watching, waiting,  
For Jesus to carry me home!  
*Trusting in Jesus only,*  
*Not in myself at all,*  
Yes, even I shall be ready,  
And glad to answer His call.

FAIRELIE THORNTON.





## THE STORY OF MY SCHOOLDAYS.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued from page 81.

THE MASTER'S NOTE-BOOK STOLEN, AND HOW IT WAS  
DISCOVERED.

"NOW determined to work in spite of all, and in everything, except Rep., did much better. I was forced to work to be a little happy. I did so long that some one would take notice of me and be kind. I was not half so jolly as when first I went to school. Then you know the holidays came, and you remember how strict *pater* was with me; but darling *mater*, I could have eaten her, she was so nice, and made so many allowances for me, that, through her, I enjoyed much more freedom. You know *pater* has never been to school, so does not understand these things, and I did not dare tell him, or he would have quietly written off to Mr. Dod.

"After the holidays, I made up my mind to do better. When I went back I determined to gain the good-will of all. I took a capital hamper, full of goodies of all sorts, thanks to *mater*. My *bête noire* was not there; so I thought if I could make a good beginning, I should make a better ending. I set to work well, and at first really improved; but being a good hand at football, I was often called away when I ought to have been working. One morning one of the boys came up and said, 'What's the row? we are all ordered to stay in at twelve.'

"When school was over, the head master stood up in a most solemn way and said: 'Boys, some one has been to my desk and abstracted my note-book; all the return Reps. were in it. Now, boys, stand out—who has done it?'

"A solemn silence.

"'Will the culprit come forward? If he will not, the foot-ball match with N—— shall be given up. I will not have such a thing done in my school. Now, monitors, I leave it to you.'

"Oh, that was awful! As soon as the masters were gone, the monitors called a meeting. 'Now, each one of us will take so many boys and find this out. We won't give up our jolly trip to N—— on Wednesday; we will make these fellows speak up, the wretches; it must be some of the kids.'

"So a sixth-form boy came up to us. 'Tell me, young ones, who was in this room on Tuesday afternoon?'

"'Oh, Mapleton, Mr. Leamer (for we were in great dread of these grand sixth boys),' said one or two.

"'I,' I said, aghast.

"'Yes, you; don't you know you did your map that afternoon.'

"I then remembered quite well I had stayed in; but I did not want them all to know how I was trying to win back *pater's* respect and a good report.

"'Now, Mapleton, who came in while you were here?'

"'No one; I never saw anyone,' I answered.



" 'He must have come this way to get to the desk. Are you sure you never saw anyone?'

" 'No.'

" 'Did you do it yourself?'

" 'No. What for?' I said; 'I had no return lessons.'

" 'Well, you must have done it yourself for some reason.'

" 'I declare, Kate, I never saw anyone come in; nor had I gone near his desk. I protested; they bullied, coaxed, all to no effect, and I found the best way was to be silent.'

" 'Now, boys, nobody speak a word to him; we will send him to Coventry.'

" 'A nice prospect for me; shut out from all society; and boys, Kate, are awfully cruel sometimes, especially to one who is down. I felt sick at heart; no one to speak to, and all gone wrong. Those few next days were dreadful; every moment the sixth-form had they bullied the younger boys; but all to no purpose. Every recreation as it came was worse and worse, no going out. The elder boys were furious, and to make matters worse, one of the masters sat continually at his desk, putting down the names of any that made a row. I felt worse than anyone, I think. My letters were all looked at that I sent home, by *pater's* desire, as he thought I might beg *mater* to remove me to another school, or some such nonsense. On the fourth day a little boy whispered to me in the bed-room, 'I am afraid of my life; but I want to tell you something; it is a horrid shame, that great, big, bully Jackson should be keeping us in in this way. I am sure he took the book out of Dod's desk.'

" 'Brown,' I said (that was the boy's name), 'are you sure? Can you prove it?'

" 'Yes, as sure as I am talking to you. I swear it is the truth, and if we could only get into the next field I would prove it to you. You know yesterday we went out a few minutes in the playground, and Jackson threw a ball over the wall, then ran up to pretend if it was still in the playground. I ran too, because it was my ball, which he took from me some time ago. I saw him pull out his handkerchief and throw something like another ball, but made of paper, over; two pieces fluttered back; unobserved by him I picked them up, and here they are. I had no chance to speak a word before; but when it is light, in the morning, we will see whose names are on it. I distinctly saw Bowers; but was obliged to conceal them quickly.'

" 'Oh, old boy, how glad I am; but dare we expose him? Shall we be believed?'

" 'Yes,' answered Brown. 'Dod is just, and if he once gets a clue, will sift it to the bottom; but the other boys will hear us, and tell of my speaking to you.'

" 'No, no; they will only be too rejoiced to-morrow if this is the correct truth.'"

(To be continued.)





## CLEANINGS.

**THE CROOKED PATH.**—(*Prov. iv. 25*).—Two boys set off on a snowy day to run down a field. At the end of their race they looked back at their footmarks in the snow. "Why, Edward," said one, "you have left a line as straight as an arrow! Mine is all crooked and irregular." "That's easily accounted for," said the other. "When we started I made for this large tree, and ran straight to it, for I didn't take my eyes off it. You must have been looking about you." "Yes," replied John, "I was. First at my own feet, and then at some birds that were passing." Only by "looking unto Jesus" can we "make straight paths for our feet."

**HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.**—I remember a young man who used to belong to the Sunday-school I was connected with in America. There were four in the family, two girls and two boys. The father was a confirmed drunkard; the mother took in washing, and worked hard to keep her children—so hard that at last she had to go into the hospital, where she died from the effects of hard work. She sent her eldest boy to the high-school, where he became associated with young fellows of better position than himself. One day he was talking to his mother in the road, when one of his companions came along. He at once left his mother, and went to meet him. He was ashamed to own her; so when his friend asked, "Who is that woman?" he replied, "Oh, she's my washerwoman!" I can tell you, when I heard that, I had such a contempt for that young man that I have seldom felt for any one. I have kept my eye on him since, and I have seen him go down, down, down, from a high position to a lower, and he is now one of the most wretched men I know. "Honour thy father and thy mother," is God's command, and no man will succeed who disobeys it.—*D. L. Moody*.

WE may observe that we have three degrees of ascending faith, manifesting itself in the breaking through of hindrances which would keep from Christ, in the paralytic (*Mark. ii. 4*), the blind man at Jericho (*Mark x. 48*), and the woman of Canaan (*Mark vii. 28*). The paralytic broke through the outward hindrances of things merely external; blind Bartimeus, through the hindrances opposed by his fellow-men; and this woman, more heroically than all, through apparent hindrances even from Christ Himself.—*French*.

THE words that express *to believe*, in the original embody three things: (1) a knowledge of; (2) an assent to; and (3) a confidence in—that is, a knowledge of Christ in all His offices, an assent to the terms of salvation, and a confidence in the faithfulness of God to fulfil whatever His mercy has led Him to promise. And I may here remark, that this faith is not produced by preaching faith, but by preaching Christ, and also, that men are not saved by faith, but through faith.

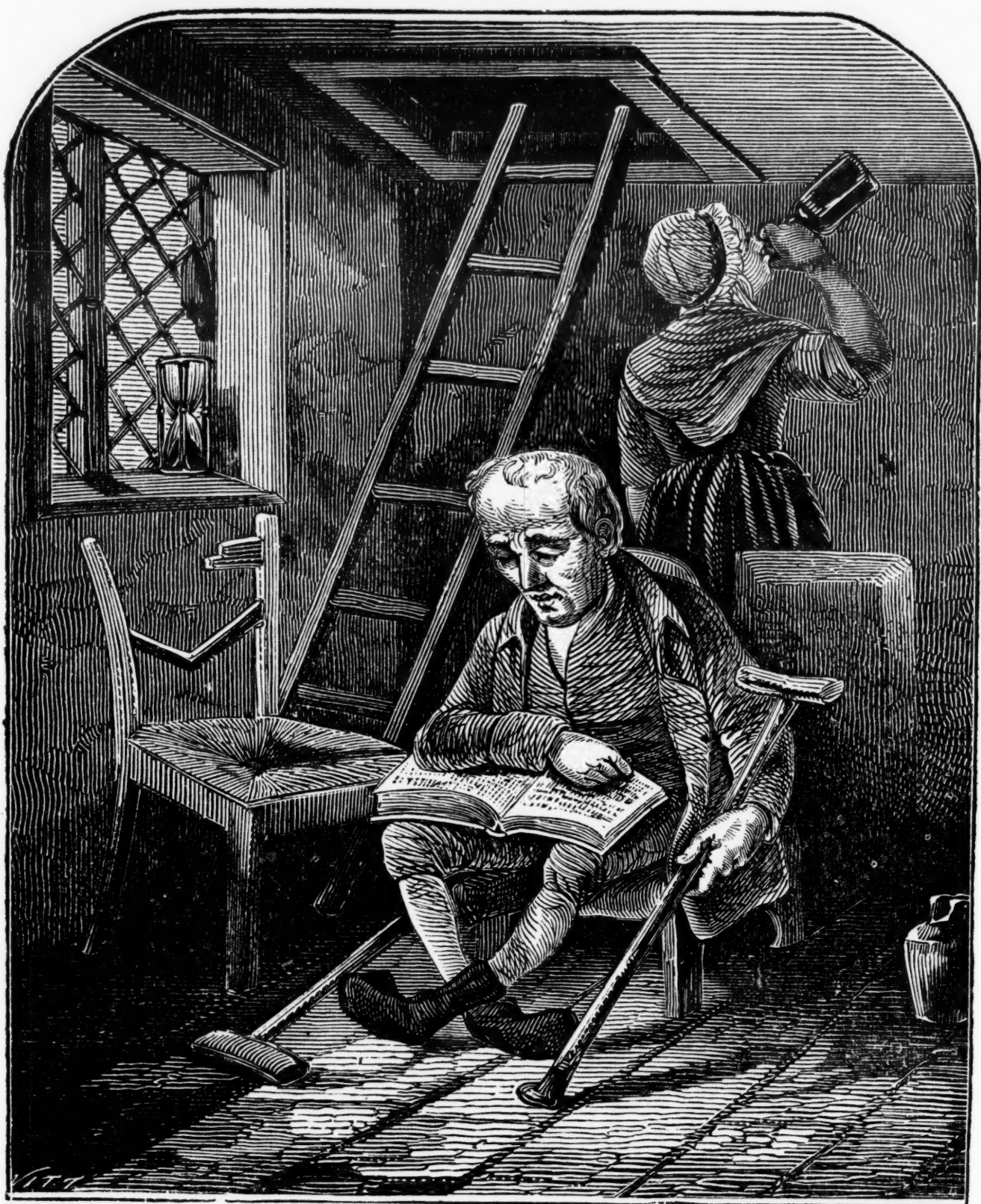
FAITH hath influence upon all the graces, and sets them a-work; not a grace stirs till faith sets it a-work.—*Watson*.

**THE JEWISH MISSIONARY HYMN.**—The Rev. George Macaulay was preaching lately in Dr. Begg's church in Edinburgh. The strong aversion of many of that congregation to hymns is well known. In the course of the service the gentleman said, "We will now sing the Jewish missionary hymn." The feelings of the anti-hymnists as to what this innovation meant may be better imagined than described. At last they were greatly relieved when Mr. Macaulay gave out, "Lord, bless and pity us," etc., being Psalm lxvii.

**A CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE.**—Dr. Brodie, of the London Medical Mission, says he was practising as an ordinary physician when he decided for Christ. Many told him that his practice would decrease if he spoke out as a Christian, but he stood firm, and found that his practice rapidly increased. Many of his most worldly patients, he further tells us, have begged him to pray for them in times of sickness and distress.

**EARLY RISING.**—"Occupy till I come" (*Matt. xxv. 14*). Dr. Adam Clarke was always an early riser: he usually began the day at four o'clock in the morning. Much of the time spent by others in sleep he passed in his study. Even when he accepted invitations to dinner parties he almost always returned home directly afterwards. Albert Barnes is said to have written the greater part of his commentaries before breakfast time. Joseph Alleine rose constantly at four o'clock, and on Sundays earlier still. It gave him much trouble to hear any artisans at work before himself, and he would say: "How this noise shames me! Does not my Master deserve more than theirs?" He often used to say: "Give me a Christian that counts his time more precious than gold."





### WILLIAM CHURCHMAN READING HIS BIBLE.

THE above illustration is from a small work, entitled, "The Extraordinary Narrative of William Churchman,"\* a poor cripple who never read any book but the Bible, never heard a sermon, nor ever entered a place of worship. It is a most interesting story, and was originally dedicated to Lord Teignmouth, at the time President of the Bible Society, and its veracity was confirmed by the signatures of several names of ladies and gentlemen who visited the cripple.

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\* Price 3d. Published by Robert Banks & Son, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.



## FRANK HARFORD; OR, "LIFE IN A GREAT CITY."

BY WILLIAM R. WAY.

*Concluded from page 92.*

## CHAPTER VI.



T was just twelve o'clock when Frank heard the gate open and footsteps approach the door. After a great deal of fumbling at the keyhole it was opened, and Henry staggered into the room where his brother was sitting.

"Henry, what is the matter—are you ill?" exclaimed Frank, springing forward.

But as he reached his brother's side, he saw it was not illness that caused Henry to act so, but drink; he was intoxicated.

"Henry, my brother," exclaimed Frank; "has it come to this? O God! put forth Thy hand and stay this foul destroyer, ere it add another victim to its list. Our mother was killed through it; our father lost through it. Oh, stay, for Thy name's sake!"

"Eh, what?" said Henry.

Frank saw it was no use arguing or admonishing him in his present state, so he replied:

"Take off your boots and come to bed; it is very late."

"Boot'sh! Bed'sh!" ejaculated Henry. "All right'sh I'm coming." And with great difficulty Frank helped him to his room.

The next morning he was too ill to be at business, so Frank made the best excuse he could for him. Not even to Mr. Homer could he state what had occurred. He would give his brother one more chance to reform. He determined to make one more attempt to bring his brother round; if that failed he felt he could do no more.

The next evening, as they were setting together in the twilight, he seized the opportunity of conversation.

"Henry, do you remember our mother's dying wish?"

"Well, what about it?"

"Don't you think you are tempting providence by thus abusing the means given you of carrying out that wish?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why simply this:—At one time, when we were so sunk in sin and wretchedness, our father's bad example might have been some excuse for our conduct; but now we are well educated, have a kind master and protector, a comfortable home, and yet this is how you show your gratitude, by living the dissolute life you do. At least have a little reverence for your mother's last words."

"Look here, Frank, if you were two or three years my senior, you might presume to dictate to me; as it is, however, I am quite capable of judging for myself and planning my own actions. If Selwood is such a scoundrel as you would make him out to be, why does Mr. Wetherby keep him in his employ?"

"Selwood is all right in the warehouse; after business Mr. W. sees nothing of him, and knows nothing of his doings. He would be grieved to know you are going on in such a manner, I am sure."



"Oh, yes; you think no one can do right unless they are always going to prayer meetings or temperance addresses; but that's not my style, you know. You're not all such saints as you make yourselves out to be though. Look at Mr. Grevel, your head teacher, boss of the Temperance Society, &c.—out flirting with other girls instead of being at home with his own wife; all honey to others—nothing to his own. A nice specimen for an example. Ah,——"

"I am not quite so bigoted as you would make me out to be, Henry; but let me ask you again, do you suppose Mr. W. would approve of your doings?"

"I suppose I can do as I like. If he does not approve of my companions he must do the other thing; he has no claim upon me."

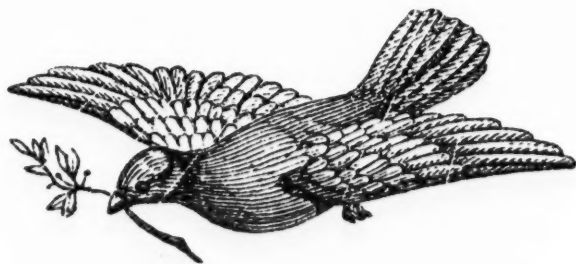
"Only the claim of gratitude for inestimable kindness," replied Frank. "But I can plainly see Selwood has too much influence over you to permit of your acknowledging this; but remember, Mr. W. is only the instrument in God's hands: it is He you offer insult to—Him you have to thank for your present position in life. Pause ere it is too late; the longer you delay the more you will want to put off reform. Is not one fall sufficient warning to you?"

"Oh, if you refer to Sunday, I shall not make such a fool of myself again: I was persuaded against my will."

"But you yielded, and having done so once, you may yield again; but I see you will not be persuaded. Once more I warn you—beware!"

But time went on, and Henry heeded not the counsel or advice given him. His unprincipled character began to tell against him in business: more than once had he been observed the worse for liquor during the after part of the day; and his unpunctual habits became so conspicuous that at last the manager threatened to tell Mr. Wetherby. Frank, too, had been considering the advisability of seeking Mr. W.'s help to reform his brother.

Henry and Selwood continued their downward career, and it was with deep regret that Mr. Wetherby found it necessary to discharge them from his employ. Selwood left the country and was not again heard of. Henry met with an untimely death; the details of which we will not record. Frank continued attentive to business, and on the retirement of Mr. Wetherby, he and Mr. Homer succeeded as managing partners. This event was followed shortly afterwards by another of even greater importance to our hero; for amid the congratulations of all who knew him, he took for his wife his old friend Mr. Homer's dearest treasure, and Ruth became Mrs. Frank Harford.





## THE STORY OF MY SCHOOLDAYS.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued from page 95.*

“NOW I longed for morning, to examine the pieces of paper. I awoke very early. Brown came up to me; we laid the pieces on my pillow, and, sure enough, there was a page, or, I ought rather to say, half a page, with the boys' names closely written in Mr. Dod's handwriting—at the top, Bowers'.

“‘Now, Brown, what shall we do?’

“‘Oh, pray, do not tell the boys; let us go down to Mr. Dod, and tell him, he will find a way to bring it all right.’

“‘Clever old chap; the very identical thing. After prayers let us slip out, just before lessons, and ask to see him, at the private entrance.’

“‘Yes; but hush. Hallo, Brown? What are you doing there?’ and three bolsters came flying across the room.

“‘Only come across to tell Map' something.’

“‘You young hound; how dare you speak to him? He deserves a jolly good licking, and that he shall get soon, if he stops this football match.’

“It did not trouble me now. I was feeling too glad at the thought of all being discovered. As soon after breakfast as we could, we slipped round to the private entrance, and rang the bell. The house-maid came to the door.

“‘Oh, Master Brown, what do you want here? If you are caught you will be well punished. You know no young gentlemen must come this way.’

“‘Never mind, Jane; we want to see Mr. Dod. He will see us, if you show him this; and Brown put the half-page of the notebook into her hand.’

“‘What a queer thing; it looks like a bit out of your copy-book.’

“‘Never mind, Jane; do be quick, and get him to see us.’

“She soon returned, saying, ‘Master says you are to come into the study.’

“We hastened to follow her; for the idea only was joyful—the mystery to be cleared up. Mr. Dod was sitting at the breakfast-table, with the newspaper in his hand, having apparently just pushed his empty plate away.

“‘Mapleton and Brown, what does this mean?’ putting the torn paper in my hand.

“‘Sir, that is what we are come about.’

“Brown said, ‘I will tell Mr. Dod about it; he will believe you best;’ but Mr. Dod still looked towards me,

“‘Boy, speak;’ at last he said. ‘Where did you get this from?’

“I then told him all I knew, and Brown produced another piece of the leaf.

“‘I cannot believe this dreadful thing of one of my boys till I have thoroughly investigated the matter. Be quite sure no one will know you have told me; so do not alarm yourselves. I will keep it



secret. Now go into school, and if you should be met, say I have been speaking to you.'

"Fortunately no one did see us. After prayers Mr. Dod stood up and said, 'Boys, the thing I am going to ask you to do will appear very wrong, according to school-boy honour; but it is a painful necessity. Will you have any objection to turning out the contents of your pockets?'

"Everybody looked very much surprised. Some turned red; but all proceeded to do so. A nice collection it was—knives, string, papers, 'rasers, buttons, sweets, nuts, old letters, stones, one or two forbidden catapults, and lots of odd paper. The master then quietly began looking at each boy's collection; but quickly walked up to Jackson, and picking up his handkerchief, shook it out; from it fell some pieces of paper, which the master picked up.

"'Here it is, boys;' he nearly shouted, 'the proof;' and he advanced to his desk, held up the three pieces of the page of note-book, fitting exactly together. Jackson turned crimson. He felt by some wonderful chance his guilt was discovered. Mr. Dod then pulled out of his pocket the old note-book, made up into a ball.

"'Do you know this?' thundered the master. 'Now tell me the truth. How did you get to my desk?'

"'I don't know.'

"'Now, sir, you are telling me a lie. I know it; and for this, unless you tell me everything, you shall be expelled.'

"This was dreadful; for the boy was kept at school by his grandfather; and although a bad boy, he yet dreaded being expelled.

"'Now, sir; I am waiting,' said Mr. Dod.

"At length Jackson answered, 'Such a lot of us fellows had impositions, I determined to make away with the book, so crept up the oak tree (the tree, Kate, which I told you of before), swung myself into the window. I saw Mapleton's books on the desk; but he was away. I had a false key, with which I turned the lock, took out the book, which was lying just inside, and escaped the same way.'

"When Mr. Dod had patiently waited till the end, he said, 'At last you have confessed your guilt; it is shameful to keep all your school-fellows in for four days; and how much longer you would have done so I do not know. What do you think of yourself? I must write to your grandfather and tell him all. In consideration of your confessing before the whole school, you shall be publicly flogged, kept from the football matches, and half-holidays stopped for a month. Come here, Tyler (a tall boy of eighteen stepped forward); hoist this boy on your back.'

"Tyler did so. The master then gave him a tremendous flogging. He bore it without scarcely a movement, went back to his place. So ended that trouble.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MISSING BOY, AND HOW HE RETURNED HOME.

"You remember the very heavy snow we had one term at school?"

"Yes, I do, Hugh; I missed you so just then," answered Kate.

'Did you ever think of the large board in the back meadow, and



the little wood-house in which we used to watch for birds, and when a great number of the dear little things had got under, pull the string, and all that were killed we used to have a good supper off in our little schoolroom? Do you remember how papa used to enjoy those we had dressed for him?"

"Yes, Kate," answered Hugh, "often. One morning we looked out, the air was dark with flashes of snow, falling very fast.

"Oh, how jolly," cried out the boys; 'won't we have some fun as soon as the snow stops.'

"Yes! yes!" said everyone.

"When prayers were over we all made a rush for the playground for a little fun before school. We made such a splendid snow-man. All of us set to work to roll up a tremendous ball of snow; at last it was finished.

"Recreation at twelve; let us have a jolly snow-fight," said a boy; 'who will join?'

"*Ego! Ego! Ego!*" cried several voices.

"We chose two parties—the attacking and defending; we made a fort of snow; the two parties then commenced operations. Our balls flew about; the elder ones were kept well supplied by us kids. Our side was getting on capitally.

"Now let us have a good fight," cried our captain.

"The balls flew with redoubled energy.

"This is how we will fight when we are in the army. Forward! Charge!'

"Our captain was splendid—leading on the attack at the weak places. At last the enemy retired, beaten.

"Now let us see who can strike the old tree, covered with snow, just by the school-room window.'

"It was a good joke, because of the danger of breaking the window. But the next day was the best; the snow was getting harder, and we all set out for a good long walk by an old wood. Quite a small boy was walking along by the side of myself and Brown (by-the-bye, since the affair of the note-book, we were fast friends). We missed him just where two cross roads met. Brown said:

"Never mind about that kid; he is poking after berries, and will be sure to go on and join the other boys; two is company—three none.'

"So Brown and I walked along, falling up to our knees sometimes in snow. We each had a long pole, and poked about in case we should come to water. We saw the other boys in the distance, so felt quite easy about Green; that was the boy's name: but now the heavens began to grow dark, and I thought we should have another storm, and sure enough we did. We heard the master's shrill whistle to return. We all were ready to do so; but the snow by this time fell so thick we could scarcely see our way.

"Come along, boys; never mind the weather," shouted the master.

"With plenty of laughing, joking, pushing each other into ditches, so made our way home.

"I forgot to say, on our first going out, we met a rival school.



They commenced to throw snow-balls at us; but we rushed on the top of a hill; we defended it well; the others could not keep us off, although they were much bigger boys, and very strong; but they did not like the balls in their faces, and we little kids prepared the balls so fast for the elder boys that they were glad to retreat.

"But to return to my story. When we arrived home and had got rid of our wet things, we sat down to tea. One or two said, 'Where is Green?' But no one seemed to trouble, as sometimes some of the boys were invited to drink tea with the head master, and several were this evening. When we went to bed, Green could not be found, and a pretty uproar it was, I can tell you.

"'Have you boys been playing a trick with little Green,' asked Mr. Dod. 'Do you know where he is?'

"Nobody knew, and now the masters became alarmed.

"'He must have been left on the way,' said they. 'Who did he walk with?'

"Of course Brown and I said where we last saw him, and the others declared they never saw him at all after he left us. Mr. Dod, in dreadful distress, called out the school-men, also two others; each provided with lantern, started off. Fortunately, it was a bright, starlight night; the snow lay like a white carpet; but it had fallen so quickly, in some places it was up to the tops of the hedges—making it impossible to walk in the road: they were obliged to enter the fields. They searched about for many hours, and at last were obliged to return back without Green. We were in bed and knew nothing of all this till the morning.

"Next day we were just finishing breakfast. Mr. Dod had told us of the unsuccessful search, and that he must at once communicate with the police, and telegraph to his father and mother.

"'Poor little boy!' he said, 'I only hope and pray we shall not find him frozen to death.'

"Mr. Dod had scarcely finished speaking, when there drove up to the door an old donkey cart, in which was seated Green and a very old woman. Mr. Dod hurried out, and several of us crowded to the door.

"'Green, my boy, is it really you?' and Mr. Dod grasped his hand, and shook it warmly.

"'Gently, sir, gently,' said the old woman in the cart; 'he is very weak, but I thought I had better bring him home, as my house is not fit for him, and I am afraid he is going to be very ill.'

"'Get down, my good woman, and tell me where you found him.'

"'Last night I was coming back quite late from the town. It was market day, you know. Just as I passed the wood I fancied I heard a moan, as if somebody was in pain. I stopped and listened; again I heard it. It was snowing very fast, but I got out of my cart, and there, just inside the wood, by an old oak tree, I saw this little boy. He was so weak, he could not speak; but I knew it would be his death to leave him there; so I managed to lift him into my cart, and arrived home safely, in spite of the cold. When he was sufficiently recovered to speak, he told me he had sprained his ankle. I got him to eat some bread and milk. He told me he was one of the young gentlemen from this school; that he stayed in the wood, then



hurrying to overtake the others, fell; he just managed to get under the shelter of the old oak, so escaped being buried by the snow. I put the poor boy into my bed, and laid myself on the floor.'

"When the poor woman had finished, Mr. Dod seemed scarcely able to thank the poor old dame enough. He presented her with a good sum of money, and told her if at any time he could help her, he should be most happy to do so. Green was at once sent to the hospital side of the school, and the doctor sent for. He said most likely the boy would be ill for some time; the fright in the wood and exposure to the cold. He was right; the poor little fellow lay for some weeks between life and death, but at last recovered, to our great delight. Brown and I were very sorry we left him, but never for a moment thought of any accident.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING STAMPS.

"I MUST now tell you about something truly disgraceful which happened in our school. You know we all keep our boxes by the side of our beds. Many of us being careless, never thought of locking them. Little by little it began to ooze out in the school things were disappearing—pencils, pens, after a time note-paper; and at last one of the masters, that slept in a room adjoining the large dormitory, one day missed five shillings. He had just got change of a sovereign, left his purse with the money on his dressing-table; after dinner, on looking in his purse, two half-crowns were gone. He questioned some of us, but finding we knew nothing of it, said no more. One night I saw Quell, a new boy, quietly slip out of bed and go out of the room. I thought nothing of it at the time; but next day he offered me a shilling for my paint box. I knew he had no money only a day or two before. Again Mr. Masters complained of losing money. Some time after the rage for stamps came in. Perhaps you do not know what I mean. It is this. We fellows have seasons, so to speak, for games, indoors and out. At one time it is old stamps—they will sell tremendously; at another, walking-sticks—then everybody is wild for crests.

"Just at this time stamps were the rage. The very afternoon Mr. Masters lost money again Quell offered to buy my stamp-book for three-and-six. I felt surprised, but yet I thought he might have had a tip from home. Again stamps were lost; nothing seemed safe. At last the big boys agreed to watch us youngsters. It was very disagreeable every time one took out anything new, to be pounced upon, and all particulars extracted from you. One morning a big fellow had his uncle, Lord Clay, to call upon him. He was a jolly old chap—just the sort of uncle boys like to see: take you into the town, give you any amount of tarts, ices, anything in that way you fancy, besides leaving a good tip behind for future luxuries. This boy had a sovereign given to him; next morn it was gone. Mr. Dod was told; he questioned the servants, who had anything to do with the dormitories. No one knew anything of it. The housemaid, Jane, I told you of, was sent away, as she was the last seen in the room.



Quell seemed to be flush of money. Don't laugh, Kate, it is our school-boy way of speaking. He bought anything and everything. One of the big boys suggested to Mr. Dod asking Quell how he got so much money. He did so, and in a fearful fright the boy told all. He never came back to school again. We guess Mr. Dod would not have him.

"Now, Kate, I think I have told you enough for once of our school ways. I see at last a boy coming; so good-bye."

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## CHILDREN AND THE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

### AN OUTLINE ADDRESS.

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"The children gather the wood."—Jer. vii. 18.

**E**VERY man and woman (except two) was once a little child. Adam was never a little boy; he never wore a little coat. Neither was Eve ever a little girl to wear little clothes. All were children, and each one born into this world has a work to do, and a mission to perform. The children mentioned in the text are busy in a bad cause; they are idolaters. Although they are descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, parents and children have forsaken the living and true God, and given themselves up to worship His works. The event spoken of in the text refers to a feast to be offered to the moon (the queen of heaven). The people say she gives them corn and wine; and with the full harvest moon shining overhead, people and children are busy preparing a feast. The children are running to the hedge-rows to gather sticks, carrying them to their fathers to heat the ovens; their mothers are kneading the dough to make the cakes to lay out before the moon, and to offer drink-offerings as an evening sacrifice. What a sad picture is this, to see a number of people bringing down on themselves the judgment of Almighty God, engaged in the service of Satan, and alas! how many in London are dressed in Satan's livery, and busy in his service? Why is this, when Jesus has such a claim to the service of the children? Jesus who came down from heaven to save us from our sins, and from God's anger.

"Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,  
The love of God to me;  
That sent the Saviour from above  
To die on Calvary."

Many have no doubt heard the touching story which came to us from the other side of the Atlantic, after the last war in America. A stranger was visiting a cemetery in some town, and noticed a man bending over a grave, and showing much feeling. He gently accosted him, and said, "You have lost some near relation who was very dear to you, I perceive." "No relation," was the reply; "a neighbour only, whom I knew but little of; but," pointing to the epitaph on the tombstone, "he died for me. I was drawn for the war; he came



to me, and said, 'You are a married man with a family; I am a single man without ties; I will go for you!' He went, and he was killed in battle; and oh! he died for me."

Are you saying, dear children—

"I long to bring some gift of love,  
For all Thy love to me."

Have you ever seen a magnetised hammer? one end acting as a load-stone, drawing the little nails to it, and then the other end knocking them in; how little needles will fly to the load-stone! So when little children are brought to Jesus, near to the loving Saviour, He sweetly and strongly draws them by His love. How many of you have been thus drawn by the love of Jesus to consecrate you all to His service?

Before Jesus left this world He commanded those He loved to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, and this form of service is called *the Missionary cause*; and before asking, What can the children do? let me explain the meaning of the missionary cause.

There are now some eighty different societies at work. It is impossible to describe correctly the triumphs of missions. In 1880 a gentleman decided to take a voyage to see all the Christian Missions in the world. The record fills a book of 532 pages, and tells of marvellous triumphs in every clime of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Christian courage and self-sacrifice has accompanied all who have gone forth, many having lost their lives in their Saviour's service. Note a few countries where Missionary work has triumphed. India has now one million professing Christians. Since the days of Wm. Carey, through sustained missionary agency, what marvellous changes have taken place! What darkness reigned there! Mothers threw their babes into the sacred Ganges, the girls reared in hopeless ignorance and cruelty. The dreadful Car of Juggernaut destroyed its thousands, and the religion of caste fearfully cruel.

There was a little Hindoo girl named Ragee. She went to a missionary's school; but she would not eat with her school-fellows, because she belonged to a higher caste. Her mother brought her food every day, and she sat by herself under a tree to eat it. At the end of two years she told her mother she wished to turn from idols and serve the living God. Her mother was terribly troubled, and begged her child not to bring disgrace upon her family; but Ragee was anxious to save her precious soul, and one day she ate with her school-fellows. Her mother heard of it, and ran to the school in a rage, seized Ragee by the hair of her head, began to beat her severely, then hastened to the priests to know if she had lost caste for ever. The priests asked if the child had her new teeth. "No," said the mother. "Then we can cleanse her; but you must pay a lot of money. So the money was paid to the cunning priests, and dreadful sufferings awaited the poor child. Her tongue was burnt, and she became very ill. She said to her poor deceived mother, "I am going to Jesus." The mother wept, and said, "Oh, Ragee, we will not let you die. "But I am glad," the little martyr said, "because I shall



go to Jesus. If you, mother, would love Him, and give up your idols, we should meet in heaven;" and shortly after Ragee went home—

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

The Marquis of Hastings some years ago dismissed his chaplain for distributing tracts in India, saying, "The man who would be so rash as to do such an act would let off a pistol in a powder magazine." The story of little Ragee shows what is meant by the religion of caste. The Gospel has done much for all classes in British India. An Hindoo lately exclaimed, "They have brought unto us Christ. It is Christ that rules British India." But, sad to say, there are yet 250 millions without God, and India wants more missionaries.

Also Africa has a wonderful story to tell; 200 millions of its dark inhabitants still appeal for help; but this country must yet become bright with the light of the Gospel. Noble missionary work has been done by such men as Saker, Fuller, Moffat, Livingstone, and Comber, and much we owe to the help the great explorer Stanley has given the missionaries.

Two daughters of the late Mtesa, King of Uganda, now teach in a mission school, at one time so savage.

China, with its 300 millions of people, and every village containing idol temples filled with gods of wood and stone, which are worshipped, also the dead. Upwards of 62,000 animals are slain annually as an offering to the departed soul of Confucius, their great philosopher. In 1834 there were only four converts, there are now over 20,000. When China is won for Christ it will be the most wonderful people in the world; but more missionaries are wanted.

Madagascar, with its pious Queen and its 250,000 professing Christians, who were once savages.

Polynesia, more than 300 islands, have thrown away their idols and embraced Christianity.

We now ask, What can children do?

Sometimes children's efforts make all the difference. I remember some men trying to pull a boat up the pebbly beach; but they cannot move it: but some children run and lay hold of the rope, and as the men cry, "Now for a pull, a long pull, and a pull all together," the boat is run up the beach in safety. So if the children in the text had gathered no wood, there could have been no fire; and if no money is collected, there can be no *missionary* and no *Bible*. There are three things then that God wants of us for the missionary cause. These three things begin with P:—our *Pennies*, our *Prayers*, our *Persons*.

1.—*Our Pennies*. God does not ask for everyone; but for ages past many good people have given one in ten: "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee" (Gen. xxviii. 22). If every child and person gave like this there would be enough to sustain all the missionaries needed in the world. From 1800 to 1880 no less than £1,200,000,000 was devoted to war; while only £14,500,500 to Christian missions.

2.—*Prayers*. God wants our prayers. He could do everything He has to do without our prayers; but He does not choose to.



He could cause the wheat and corn to grow without the help of man, without any ploughing or planting; but He does not. He has not so ordered. He wants us to work with Him; He wants us to do our part, and then He will do His.

3.—*Our Persons.* God wants ourselves—our personality. No one person is just like another. No one leaf is just like another on the trees. God made us to differ, and He wants all the differences of our persons—ourselves in His work. The variety will give beauty and perfectness to the whole.



### "RECREATION."



MUCH has been said, and yet much remains to be said, on this most important topic. It is a subject which, to a greater or less extent, concerns us all; a theme which every one takes an interest in, both old and young, rich and poor, from the school-boy to the scholar, from the peasant to the lord.

Recreation, however short its duration—and how short in so many cases is far too apparent to need explanation—is welcome to us all. Never so welcome, never so necessary as at the present day; for never was competition so keen, or the struggle to hold one's own so great as now.

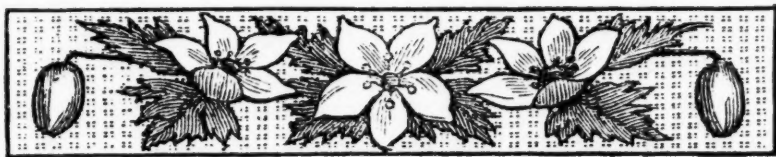
A struggle in which not men only, but a great proportion of women and young girls are engaged. That well-known saying, "Change of work is a recreation," at first



sight appears a contradiction. But how many of us there are who go through an amount of labour and physical exertion for our own pleasure, which were we compelled to perform in the ordinary course of our every-day life would be rebelled against at once. Such is human nature. An Englishman revolts against compulsion. Can he do what he will, how, when, and where he will, that otherwise a task becomes a recreation. Now this, like many other things, can be, and moreover is, abused. Young men and maidens too, instead of spending what little spare time they have at their disposal in harmless amusement or profitable pleasure, too often waste it in pursuits which lead to many evils and ultimate sorrow.

There are many very excellent outdoor games and pastimes too numerous to mention, exercises which expand the muscles and set the whole body aglow with healthy excitement, perhaps few more enjoyable than a good game at cricket or football, a row on the silvery lake, skating, fishing, driving, or riding, and athletic exercises of every description, which, were they more freely indulged in, the present generation would not be the puny, sickly, consumptive race of beings which they now are. But while advocating this, I would have you remember there is a time for everything. Don't let worldly pleasures interfere with spiritual duties. Among outdoor recreations I would exclude racing and hunting, the former a most unjustifiable pastime, and the latter, to my mind, little less so. Both are against all Christian principles.

Those who prefer more passive exercises find delight in long walks, and, when they can get them, good country rambles, thus viewing the magnificent scenery of our land. And here, in God's own recreation ground, we have a wide scope for both profitable and pleasing recreation. Those who know and appreciate the benefits of such outings which the country affords, I would ask to consider the many in our great towns and cities to whom such a recreation is a thing unknown, whose idea of life and life's joys, if ever they have any, is confined to the narrow circle of their own home or alley.



THE GOLDEN RULE.—"What is written in the law" (Luke x. 25, 29). When the late Rev. Dr. Staughton, of America, resided at Bordentown, he was one day sitting at his door, when the infidel Thomas Paine, who also resided there, addressing him said,—"Mr. Staughton, what a pity it is that a man has not some comprehensive and perfect rule for the government of his life." Mr. S. replied, "Mr. Paine, there is such a rule." "What is that?" asked Paine. Mr. Staughton repeated the passage, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbour as thyself." "Oh," said Paine, "that's in your Bible," and immediately walked away.



## GLEANNINGS.

**TO COUNTERFEIT ALL SORTS OF GREEN LEAVES ON PAPER.**—Take green leaves of trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers of a moderate size: bruise or flatten the ribs of the back part with a knife; this done, have ready a dabber made of glove leather, filled with cotton or wool, and tied to the end of a piece of stick like a printer's ball; then on a plate or Dutch tile, mix some lamp-black, with a little linseed oil. When thus you have everything in readiness, lay your green leaf on a flat board, the smooth side downwards; dip your ball in the black colour, work and spread it about on the clear part of your plate or tile, or on a piece of board; then black over the back part of your leaf, by dabbing it with your ball. Having reading your paper, which must be a little moistened, lay that side of the leaf which is furnished with colour on the paper, and putting another thin paper over it, press it gently down with the palm of your hand; take it off and you will have a fair impression of the leaf to the finest vein. This, when thoroughly dry, you may colour either with sap-green or verdigris, according to the colour of the leaf you have made an impression of. No miniature painter will exceed it by copying it with all his heart. Some virtuosi have made a rare collection by this method, and composed a useful herbal, by only drawing or painting the stalk, and joining the impressions of the leaf to it.

**HOW TO KEEP SOBER.**—In a rural district in the North of England, the following dialogue took place between a friend and a shoemaker, who had signed the temperance pledge:—"Well, William, how are you?" "Oh, pretty well. I had only eighteenpence and an old hen when I signed, and a few old scores, but now I have about ten pounds in the books, and my wife and I have lived through the summer without getting into debt; but as I am only thirty weeks old yet (so he styled himself), I cannot be so strong yet, friend." "How is it that you never signed before?" "I did sign, but I keep it different now to what I did before, friend." "How is that?" "Why, I *gae doon* on my knees and pray." Better informed persons might learn a lesson in this respect, by applying to the source of strength now possessed by William, the shoemaker.

**RHETORIC.**—During the days of Bishop Hinchley, at a visitation sermon, preached

before the University of Cambridge, the preacher indulged himself in much speculative argumentation, and concluded by speaking, though rhetorically, by no means mathematically or metaphysically, of an *angel's flying to the utmost bounds of infinite space.*

**PREACH JESUS.**—Pastor Funcke, of Bremen, tells of a clergyman who found one Sunday a slip of paper placed on his Bible by some of the members of his congregation, with this inscription, "Sir, we would see Jesus." He acted on the hint, and within a short time he found upon his Bible another slip of paper with this inscription, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—The effect of absence of mind is well exemplified in an incident which happened some time since to a well-known gentleman of Magdalen College. He had taken his watch from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend, entering his room, found him absorbed in some abstruse calculation with the egg in his hand, upon which he was looking intently, and the watch supplying its place in the saucepan of boiling water.

**DIGNITY.**—Cræsus, king of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and his riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendour of apparel and royal ornament, and seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer; "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our courtyard, nor a cock on our dunghill, nor a lily of the field, that does not surpass you in glory!"

**MR. SPURGEON** says:—"A sermon is too often like Hodge's horse; it is overdone with brasses and bells, harness and harmony; but there is no real strength in it; no life, no vigour. It is fine, but not forcible. Now, it strikes everybody that the trappings of a poor, old, half-starved horse look like mockery. You cannot plough fields with ribbons and bells—you want muscle and sinew. And so there is no moving men's heart with pretty phrases and musical nothings. What is needed is thought, truth, and sound doctrine, and the Spirit of God."





JOHN CALVIN.

## JOHN CALVIN.

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“ Full of faith he lived and died,  
And victorious in the race;  
Won the crown for which he vied,  
Not of merit, but of grace.”



**A**MONGST the truly illustrious men raised up by the good providence of Almighty God to bring about the reformation from Popery, none perhaps stand out more prominently than the extraordinary individual a brief account of whose stirring and interesting life we are about to submit to the attention of our readers.

Three hundred and seventy-seven years have rolled into eternity since the great Geneva reformer first saw the light, and three hundred



and twenty-one years since he left this land of sins and sorrows to become an inhabitant of that peerless city where

"Round the altar priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow;  
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,  
And His blood that made them so: "

and where, throughout vast eternity, he will magnify the sovereignty of that grace which plucked him from the darkness which enshrouded him whilst in the Romish Church, and prepared him for great usefulness on earth and for the enjoyments of an abiding home in Heaven.

John Calvin, or Cauvin, entered upon "this teeming stage of strife" on July 10th, 1509, in the city of Noyon, in Picardy, situated about sixty miles North-east of Paris. His predecessors were persons who had to get their bread by the sweat of their brow; his grandfather followed the trade of a cooper in a small town called Pont l'Evêque, whence the family sprang. The father of Calvin appears to have soared higher in the temporal scale than the grandfather, for we are informed that he filled the offices of apostolic notary, fiscal attorney of the county, proctor of the chapter, and secretary of the bishop—offices which were honourable in their nature, but not very lucrative.

The mother of Calvin appears to have been very anxious about her son becoming a priest, and she did her best to implant in his young heart a love for everything connected with the Romish religion. The father, hoping perhaps that some day his son might wear the red hat and red stockings of the cardinal, was willing to do all he could to secure for his boy the necessary amount of education. In very early life young Calvin exhibited a remarkable precociousness, and thus awakened very fond hopes in the hearts of his admiring parents.

Desmay, a doctor of the Sorbonne, tells us that young Calvin, during the time he was a student in the college of the *Capettes*, evidenced the possession of "good talents, a natural quickness of perception, and a genius for the study of literature."

Though perhaps some in days gone by, as well as many in our own day, have attached too much importance to book learning, we may just add here *en passant* that learning is greatly to be desired on the part of all those who wish to be employed in the work of the ministry, and had we to live over again, where we have spent one hour in close study we would spend a hundred. At the same time, we may remark, that however learned, however eloquent, however oratorical a man who is engaged in the work of the Christian ministry may be, if he is not sent of God, if he knows nothing of the anointings of the Holy One of Israel, he is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and had better be anything than what he is.

Calvin in his juvenile days appears to have been very strongly attached to Popish superstitions, but at a comparatively early period of his life he was led to discover that there was much connected with the creed of the Roman Catholic Church, and with the practices of many of her priests, that was awfully wrong, so that he determined



to get away from her as quickly as possible. It will be utterly impossible for us to enter into minutiae, and to lay before our readers all the events connected with the life of this singular man. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to the most important and interesting matters connected with his earthly pilgrimage.

To show their conversion from Popery, the reformers repudiated celibacy, and hence Calvin took to himself a wife. The good old Book says, he that "findeth a wife findeth a good thing," but it is a lamentable fact that ministers have often made egregious blunders in this important business. Calvin, however, appears to have been a successful searcher after the treasure spoken of above.

In order to form something like a definite idea of the good man's life after he became a husband, we will now visit his home. That the home he occupied was a very humble one, is evident from the testimony of more than one of his biographers. In the inventory of the furniture his house contained, we meet with the following entry: "A cupboard without a lock, a dozen stools, good as well as bad; a high-back chair of joiner's work," &c.

In this humble home the great reformer lived and loved, and here he penned some of those works which are thought to be famous and priceless by those who know how to appreciate pure, saving, God-honouring truth.

Of the home we have thus briefly noticed, Idelette de Bure was the centre, and to it she gave beauty and brightness.

Calvin, unlike his contemporary, Martin Luther, is comparatively silent respecting the clustering joys and hallowed associations of his peaceful home.

The wife of our hero, however, deserves to be spoken of with the profoundest respect. She was one who delighted to visit the poor and needy, to pour the oil of consolation into the wounded heart, and to relieve the strangers who applied at her husband's door for his assistance. To Calvin she was like an angel of mercy through long days of sickness and pain. Taking her place by his bed-side, she listened to his every groan with pitying tenderness, wiped away the tear-drop that often trembled on his eye-lids, and tried to hush the sigh as it welled up from the depths of his breast. And this she did when the discordant shouts of "Down with the ministers!" raised by the infuriated mob gathered in the streets, fell upon her ears.

As a mother, Idelette was indeed a model for all Christian mothers to imitate. Whilst her children lived she loved them intensely, and strove to bring them up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord."

During his residence in Paris, Calvin delivered an oration which roused the ire of the doctors of the Sorbonne, and he was obliged to fly. They, however, proceeded to his lodgings and took possession of his papers and letters, by which act they became enraged against many persons by whom the letters they seized had been written to Calvin, and the writers of them were subjected to great personal annoyance and suffering. How deadly have been in every age the influences exercised by the myrmidons of the Romish Church. Are we thankful enough for the Reformation?



Subsequent to the attack made on him by the proud doctors of the Sorbonne, we find our hero resting awhile in comparative safety beneath the protecting wing of the Queen of Navarre, a woman who was learned and pious, and an unflinching friend to the Protestant cause.

By and by we find him at Saintonge, forming an acquaintance with Louis de Tillett, who induced him to write out short discourses, many of which were read by clergymen to their flocks. About this period he became acquainted with that remarkable man, James le Fevre, a man who greatly helped him on towards the right pathway, that pathway which is flooded with heavenly sunlight, skirted with beauteous flowers, marked by purity, peace, and love, and which leads right up to the everlasting city—the “saints’ secure abode, whose founder is the living God.”

Calvin, in the year 1559, suffered severely from a quartan ague, from which he never entirely recovered. Through long years he was subjected to violent headache, pains in his legs, and the gout; in fact, few men have suffered such agony as he was called to pass through, and nothing less than the power which cometh from above could have held him up, and enabled him to labour on whilst so tortured by a complication of diseases.

His brethren besought him again and again to work less, but he heeded them not, and despite of their kindly remonstrances, he continued to preach and write, often forgetting whilst so engaged the sufferings he endured. On the 6th of February, 1564, he was seized whilst in the pulpit with a violent fit of coughing, and a sudden gush of blood from his lungs, which forced him to leave the place where he had so often stood to proclaim the unchangeable love of God to sinners, and as he descended the steps of the rostrum his flock felt convinced that he had preached to them the last sermon they would ever hear from his lips.

During the remainder of his short stay upon earth, the sufferings he was called to endure were terrible. Day after day he was unable to take anything but a little of that priceless gift of God to man—*cold water*; but as the shadows lengthened, his faith increased, and his hope brightened, so that

“Standing in his temple lot,  
With his censer burning,”

he calmly waited for his dismissal from “the suffering church below to the reigning church above.”

On Easter Sunday, April 2nd, 1564, he wished to be carried into the sanctuary, that he might once more partake of the symbols of the love of the Elder Brother of the church. The appearance of Calvin at the Lord’s table, all shattered by disease as he was, produced an extraordinary effect on the brethren, and it was with difficulty that the administrator of the symbols of the dying love of the Crucified One placed the bread and wine in the trembling hands of his beloved coadjutor and friend. Calvin was gazed on by all present with unmixed affection, for they all considered him to be the father of the church of Geneva.

Subsequently he had an interview in his own dwelling with the



twenty-five lords of the city, who visited him, associated with all the ceremony of civic pomp, and to these men in authority he spoke burning words of truth and love.

The day following that on which he had a farewell interview with the city lords, he expressed a desire to see his brethren, the pastors, and they too visited him in a body to say to him, "Brother, farewell." The sweet kind words he uttered in their hearing they did not forget. That dying charge was the most impressive one he ever delivered; and when he gave his attenuated hand to each, reminding them, as he did so, that the fever of his life would soon terminate, the room became a *Bochim*, a place of tears.

When the morning came of the last day he was permitted to see on earth opened its eyelids, he appeared stronger, and articulated more plainly, but that was the mere leaping up of the flame of life's lamp, ere it went out for ever. When the shadows of the evening began to gather, the cold hand of the last enemy gripped him suddenly, and he quietly glided from earth to enjoy the purity and the rest of heaven. Just as the central orb dipped on the evening of that day beneath the Western horizon, the great soul of the greatest light that shone in connection with the Reformation, rose up to be enfolded for ever in the embrace of Him who bled to redeem it.

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### ENFORCE SILENCE AT TABLE.

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It is an education. If it were a matter by itself it would not be worth discussing even in a casual way. But it is not a matter by itself. It connects itself with the training of the child in general at an important point. That point is the art of modesty. For modesty is an art as well as a gift. It admits of cultivation. One of the best ways of cultivating it is by teaching your children silence at table.

One of the rarest of beautiful things in our social life is to see children that know how *not* to talk. I have often—who has not?—sat at table, as familiar guest, where the children, what with their various wants, unreasonably made known, or with their indulged interruptions of the conversation of their elders by communications among themselves, have virtually usurped the occasion—at least, have rendered the occasion wholly useless as a social exchange for the adult members of the company. Now, at the table is your best opportunity to teach your children the peculiar secret of not talking. I think the rule which I propose for children at meal-time is good also for the care of a household in which only the parents sit at table with them. But its propriety is perhaps more manifest in the case of such households as muster several adults on the occasion. When invited or providential guests are present the rule is of imperative obligation. The rule is, teach your children to listen and not to talk. Tell them as, in the old-fashioned families, we used to be told when children, "Children have two ears and one tongue, that they may hear much and talk little."



## THE SUEZ CANAL.

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HE importance of the Suez Canal to the shipping trade of Great Britain has recently been prominently brought before the public notice by the detention for a week, through the sinking of a dredging machine, of British ships, representing a capital of nearly ten millions of money. The following particulars, extracted from an interesting work, entitled, "The Geography of the Gates," \* by Philo-Israel, may prove interesting to our readers :—

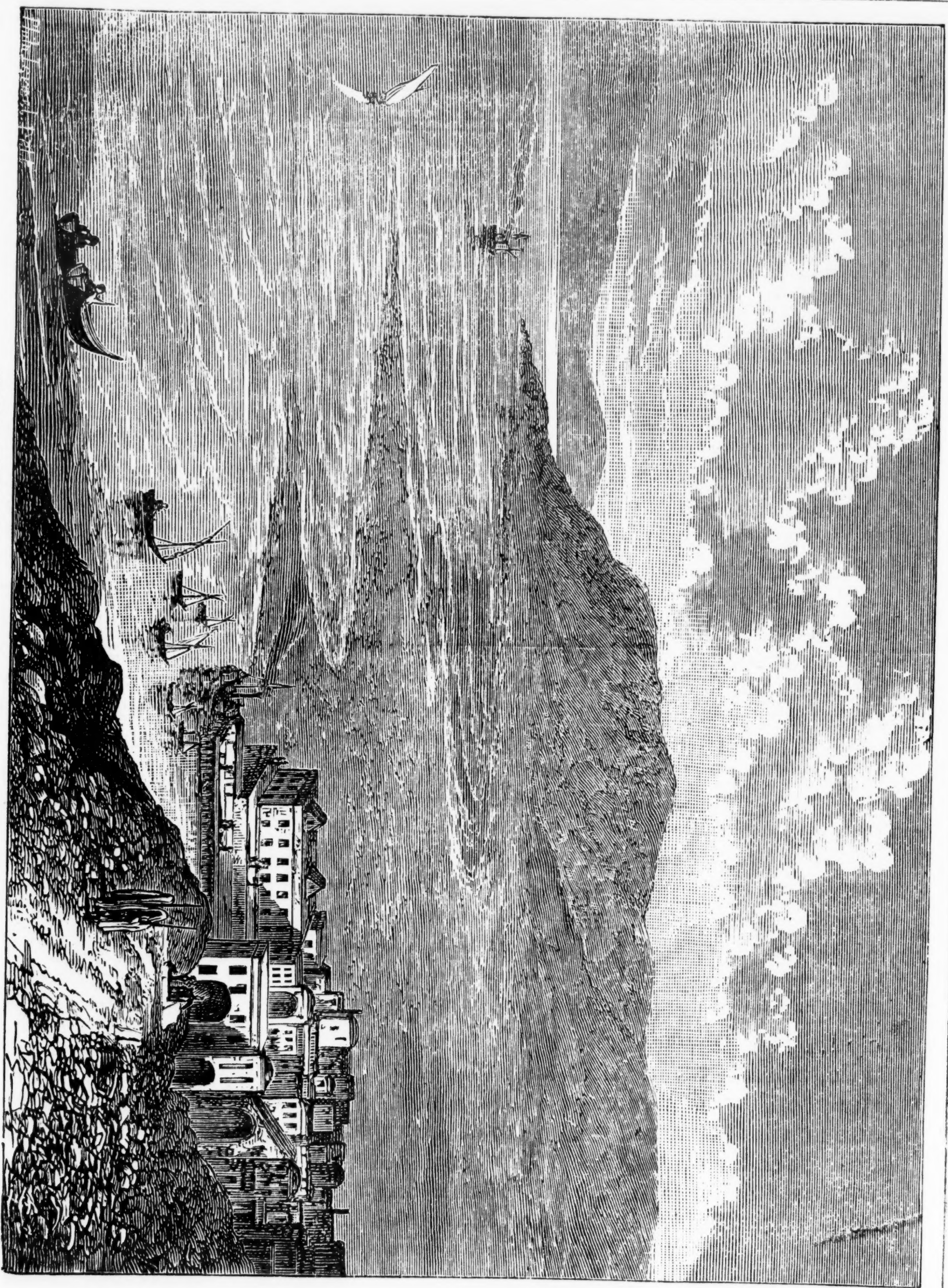
"The Suez Canal is situated between the parallels of  $31^{\circ} 11'$  and  $30^{\circ}$  Latitude, N., and  $32^{\circ} 34'$  East Longitude. At the Northern or Mediterranean entrance, the very recent town (soon likely to be a city) of Port Said is situated ; and at the South or Red Sea exit, the town of Suez stands, the terminus of a railway connecting Alexandria with the Gulf of Suez, and the seat of a large trade between lower Egypt and the East.

"In very ancient times, about 1300 B.C., a navigable channel was in existence between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Herodotus tells us that in B.C. 450 the canal was open between sea and sea, that its width then allowed two triremes to pass abreast, and that the navigation through occupied four days. In Cleopatra's time, about B.C. 31, the canal was in a ruined condition ; and in A.D. 639, at the time of the Arab invasion, it had utterly disappeared. In A.D. 649, Omar, the then Caliph, allowed the canal to be restored to supply Arabia with provisions ; but in A.D. 767, Caliph El Mussour Abdul Khadur filled it up to starve the population of Mecca and Medina. In A.D. 1846 attention was again drawn to the subject, after the great Napoleon, in 1798, had fixed on the project of its restoration as one worthy of his fame. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, a talented Frenchman, in 1854 suggested to the Pacha of Egypt his scheme for the excavation of the present navigable canal. The Egyptian ruler warmly supported him. French capitalists and the then Emperor Napoleon III., after some hesitation, encouraged him ; but in our own land he received no help at all. Lord Palmerston, the Premier in 1862, was greatly opposed to the scheme. 'The merchant princes of Great Britain, influenced by the ministers and men of science too, refused to subscribe a penny towards the cost. The Press derided the whole project day after day for weeks together. It was "a swindle," "a bubble ;" "the canal would silt up with sand." They said—"It would silt up with salt. It would be choked with Nile mud." It was, in short, run down by the united voice of the whole English Press, people, and Government, as an insane idea, that could not, and never would, succeed, and if it did succeed it would never PAY. But it did succeed—and it did pay! It abides to-day one of the most magnificent and useful public works ever undertaken by any nation.' Its cost has been over sixteen millions sterling; and its completion brings the commerce of the distant coasts of India, Ceylon, China, Australia, East Africa, and Arabia within reach of the nations

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\* Published by R. Banks & Son. Price 3s. 6d.





SUEZ HARBOUR, DESERT, TOWN AND HOTEL.  
(From "*The Geography of the Gates.*")



fringing the basin of the Mediterranean, while it shortens the route of the mighty volume of British trade with India by no less than 4,840 nautical miles. As the chief maritime power of the earth, its benefit is reaped almost entirely by our own gigantic commerce, although our capitalists never paid a shilling towards its construction or for its subsequent maintenance."

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### THE GLASS TURNED TOPSY-TURVY.

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**R**EMEMBER a man in Staffordshire who was drunk every day of his life. Every farthing he earned went to the ale-house. One evening he staggered home, and found at a late hour his wife sitting alone, and drowned in tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affection: he appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the woman, and with some eagerness asked her why she was crying. "I don't like to tell you, James," she said; "but if I must, I must; and the truth is my children have not touched a morsel of anything this blessed day. As for me, never mind me; I must leave you to guess how it has fared with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for those children who lie on that bed before you; and I am sure, James, it is better for us all we should die, and to my soul I wish we were dead." "Dead!" said James, starting up as if a flash of lightning had darted upon him. "Dead, Sally! You and Mary, and the two young ones dead! Look ye, my lass, you see what I am now, like a brute. I have wasted your substance; the curse of God is upon me. I am drawing near to the pit of destruction; but there's an end, I feel there's an end. Give me that glass, wife." She gave it him with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy-turvy, and striking the table with great violence, and flinging himself on his knees, made a most solemn and affecting vow to God of repentance and sobriety. From that moment to the day of his death he drank no fermented liquor, but confined himself entirely to tea and water. I never saw so sudden and astonishing a change. His looks became healthy, his cottage neat, his children were well clad, his wife was happy, and twenty times the poor man and his wife, with tears in their eyes, have told me the story, and blessed the evening of the 14th of March, the day of James's restoration, and have shown me the glass he held in his hand when he made the vow of sobriety. It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale? It is mere habit.—*Sydney Smith.*

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A HARD TASK.—"Put down on one side of a sheet of paper all the *good* that ale has done, and on the other all the *evil* it has done you," said a friend to a thirty years' drunkard. "That is impossible," was the reply, "for there is not a sheet of paper that ever was made, that would contain half of the evil ale has done me!"



## SAVING AND SPENDING.

A LECTURE TO WORKING MEN.

BY MRS. RAMSAY SAGE.



IN the outskirts of a country town, where I lived at one time, there was a house which I could never pass without lingering a moment to admire the beauties of the conservatory—from earliest Spring to latest Autumn it displayed a collection of choice and lovely flowers. The dwelling to which this greenhouse was attached, opening, evidently, off a sitting-room, was built in the cottage style; the French windows opened on to the lawn, a beautiful piece of velvet turf, and the garden behind, of which one could just catch a glimpse from the road, appeared to be kept in equally fine order. Altogether the little domain was quite an ornament to the locality. But what gave it an interest in my eyes was the fact that it was the property and residence of a self-made man. A man, that is, who had been entirely the architect of his own fortunes, and who, from very poor circumstances indeed, had not only surrounded himself with all the comforts, and many of the elegancies of life, but had become one of the largest holders of house property in his native place. I never hear of a person rising in life in this way but I feel an interest in hearing about his career, and a certain impulse of respect towards him. In wealth alone there is nothing worthy of respect except as a power for good; a man may inherit a fortune and shew a large balance at his bankers, and yet be a fool, or idle, or intemperate, but it is not so with the man who makes money by his own effort. I am speaking only of money which is honestly gained. There is implied, in the first place, that he has brains, and many valuable qualities of character have probably been developed before a fortune from small beginnings can be built up. There must have been industry, perseverance, judgment, self-denial. The subject which I purpose to bring before you this evening is the value of concentrated effort in whatever happens to be our walk in life, and as an illustration of this perhaps you will let me tell you something about this man whom I have referred to.

Some years ago there lived an old boatman, whom this evening I shall call Cobb—that was not his real name, but it might perhaps disturb his rest if he knew that he was, not exactly put into a book, but brought before a public audience, and a fictitious designation will answer our purpose. His charge for rowing passengers across the ferry was one penny per head, or sixpence for the boat. He was a hard-featured, weather-beaten looking old fellow, to whom rain and sunshine, wind and storm seemed to be much the same. Old residents knew him well, as he had plied his trade in the same place for many years, and as he was steady, and never seen the worse for a glass, gentlemen or ladies wishing to cross, would often say, “I’ll look out for old Cobb’s boat.” He lost his wife and was left with an only child, a boy who showed no inclination to follow



his father's calling; so Cobb gave him his way and put him to learn the trade of a bricklayer.

Young Cobb was a quiet, steady lad; reserved in temper, and not over sociable, which kept him out of many scrapes. He applied diligently to his work, which he came to understand very well. For some time he attended, of his own accord, evening classes for writing, book-keeping, and other useful branches of elementary education, for his youth was passed before the School Board Act, and little schooling had been bestowed on him. He was about two-and-twenty when he, one day, got a message that his father was very ill and desired to see him. Accordingly, he repaired to the cottage on the beach, tenanted by a respectable old woman, with whom his father lodged. She met him at the door, and said, "You are in time; it is well you are come; he has been asking for you."

"Is he so bad?" the son asked.

"Yes. He met with an accident last week, but would not let you be sent for, till he took a bad turn this morning and the doctor gave up hope."

John Cobb did not wait to hear further particulars, he pushed forward into the cottage and mounted the narrow stairs to the small, scantily furnished, though cleanly room, where his father lay on a truckle-bed. One glance at the change which illness had wrought in the countenance of the old boatman showed the young man that he had not been summoned unnecessarily.

Neither father nor son were men of many words, but the few first exchanged on their meeting were those of affection and feeling. After a little conversation, and a few directions on the part of Cobb as to his own burial, he went on, "I am glad you are here, John, for I have other things to speak about. Take this key," producing one from under his pillow, "open my chest, and you will find a canvas bag in the left-hand corner; fetch it to me."

His son took the key, opened the seaman's chest, which stood by the side of his father's bed, and found the bag as described. It was about ten inches square, and the contents jingled as he lifted it. Cobb raised himself to a sitting posture, and took the bag in his own hands.

"This," said he, "contains my savings. There is a matter here of over two hundred pounds, all saved from the public-house; saved in pennies and sixpences at a time. I began to abstain when I was about your age, and these are the savings of my life. Now they are yours."

He clapped the bag into his son's hands, and before the latter could say anything the old man sank back on his pillow; the effort of speaking had exhausted him, and he fell into a kind of faint, from which he never properly recovered; in a few hours he breathed his last. His son remained as long as he could be of any use, and it was late when he returned to his lodgings, carrying the money with him; he locked the door of his attic and emptied the contents of the bag on to his table. There was, as his father had stated, upwards of two hundred pounds, in bank notes, gold, and silver. To this young man, who had never possessed more than his small weekly wage, it is not wonderful that the sum in question appeared a fortune; or, to



express his feeling more correctly, the foundation of one; for he had sense to know that if he began spending it lavishly, it would not go far. The whole evening the words had been ringing in his ears, "Saved from the public house!" and they recurred forcibly to his mind as he looked at the notes, gold and silver spread out before him on the bare deal table.

Hitherto John Cobb had been steady in his habits, as well as industrious at his work, but it was rather by accident, so to speak, that he had been so, than from any fixed principle or resolution; but now, with his father's words ringing in his ear, the result of his father's abstinence before him, he formed a resolve to continue the same course. So the rough old ferryman, who had had no thought beyond that of just doing his day's work honestly and properly, had not lived in vain, but left an influence and example behind him, just because he had done his duty in his own sphere of action.

*(To be continued.)*

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## W O M A N .

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"NOT costly dress nor queenly air;  
 Not jewelled hand, complexion fair;  
 Not graceful form nor lofty tread,  
 Nor paint, nor curls, nor splendid head;  
 Not pearly teeth nor sparkling eyes,  
 Not voice that nightingale outvies;  
 Not breath as sweet as eglantine,  
 Not gaudy gems nor fabrics fine:  
 Not all the stores of fashion's mart,  
 Nor yet the blandishments of art;  
 Not one, nor all of these combined,  
 Can make one woman true, refined.

'Tis not the casket that we prize,  
 But that which in the casket lies.  
 These outward charms that please the sight  
 Are naught unless the heart be right.  
 She, to fulfil her destined end,  
 Must with her beauty goodness blend;  
 Must make it her incessant care  
 To deck herself with jewels rare;  
 Of priceless gems must be possessed,  
 In robes of richest beauty dressed;  
 Yet these must clothe the inward mind,  
 In purity the most refined.

She who doth all these goods combine  
 Can man's rough nature well refine;  
 Hath all she needs in this frail life  
 To fit for mother, sister, wife.  
 He who possesses such a friend,  
 Should cherish her till life doth end.  
 Woman, in fine, the mate should be,  
 To sail with man o'er life's rough sea;  
 And, when the stormy cruise is o'er,  
 Attend him to fair Canaan's shore."



## THE ACTED LIE.

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ONCE, while Rowland Hill was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady, who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her:—"She is gone to sleep; I put on my night-cap, and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off."

Mr. Hill, who overheard this, said, "Excuse me, madam; do you wish your child to grow up a liar?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir; I should be shocked at such a thing."

"Then bear with me when I say you must never act a lie before her. Children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken."

This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.

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## SLAVE HUNT IN THE CONGO.

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AN African traveller writes as follows of the inhabitants of the Congo:—"That they are cruel—curiously and ingeniously cruel—we know from the description given us by Lieutenant Vangele, the chief of Equatorville Station, of the method of execution obtaining amongst them. Certain victims die by the knife, and others have to afford to the bloodthirsty spectators the pleasures of the chase. These last are given a certain start across country, and then are pursued in full cry by all the people, armed with spears and bows and arrows. An obstinate victim who will not run well causes disappointment, but others are said to make a 'fine run' before they fall, pierced with arrows and spears."

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## SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

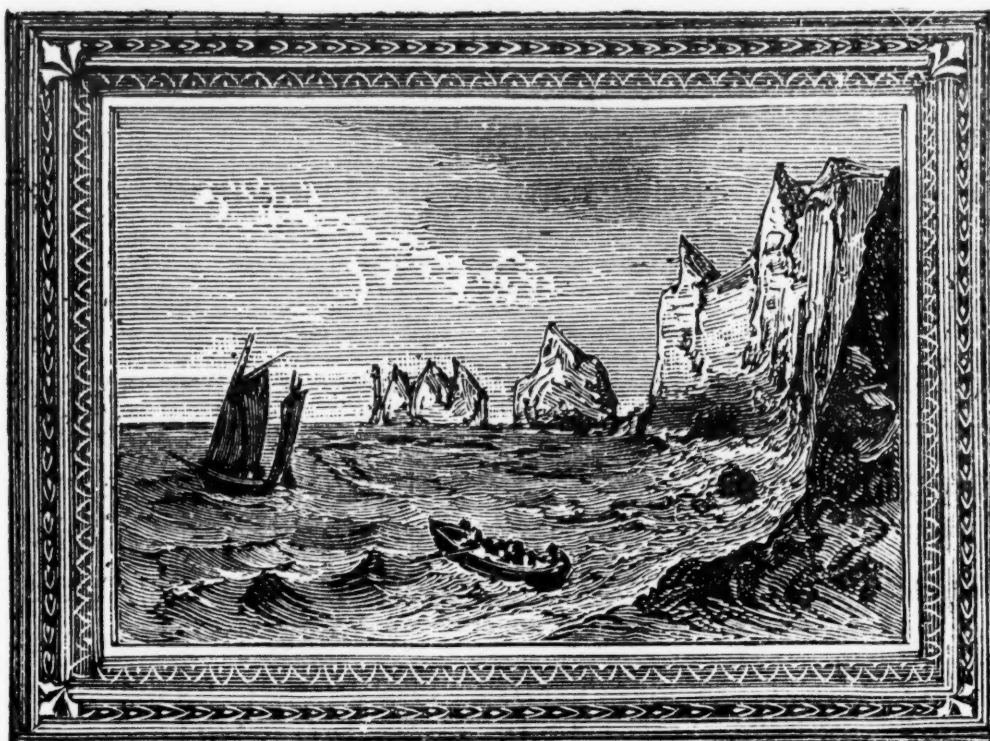
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WHEN Sir Richard Arkwright went first to Manchester, he hired himself to a petty barber; but being remarkably frugal, he saved money out of a very scanty income. With these savings he took a cellar, and commenced business; at the cellar head he displayed this inscription: "Subterranean shaving with keen razors, for one penny." The novelty had a very successful effect, for he soon had plenty of customers; so much so, that several brother tonsors, who before had demanded twopence a piece for shaving, were obliged to reduce their terms. They also styled themselves subterranean shavers, although they all lived and worked above ground. Upon this, Arkwright determined on a still farther reduction, and shaved for a halfpenny. A neighbouring cobbler one day descended the original subterranean tonsor's steps in order to be shaved. The fellow had a remarkably strong, rough beard. Arkwright, beginning to lather him, said he hoped he would

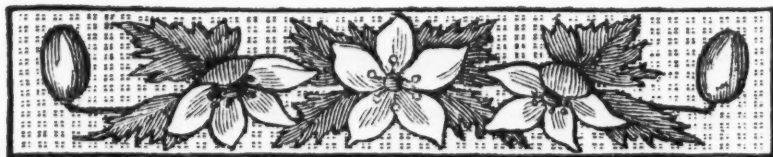


give him another halfpenny, for his beard was so strong it might spoil his razor. The cobbler declared he would not. Arkwright then shaved him for the halfpenny, and immediately gave him two pair of shoes to mend. This was the basis of Arkwright's extraordinary fortune: for the cobbler, struck with this unexpected favour, introduced him to the inspection of a cotton machine invented by his particular friend. The plan of this Arkwright got possession of; and it gradually led him to the dignity of knighthood, and the accumulation of half-a-million of money.



AMONG the well-known spots on the British coast there are few that are more familiar, both to the sailor on the sea and the tourist on land, than "the Needles," Isle of Wight. The scene is one of intense interest to all lovers of marine views. The large stretch of sea, represented in the picture, with the waves rolling in all their mighty grandeur. Far off in the horizon a steamer is ploughing her way to her destination. Here and there are seen the white sails of vessels, and from the shore some fishermen are pushing off their boat into rough waters. The waves dash themselves with tremendous force against the rocks, which, owing to their shape, are so well known as "the Needles," and there, in front, the lighthouse boldly stands, as though defying the power of the waves.

DISCOVERY OF GLASS.—"As some merchants," says Pliny, "were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river which issues from Mount Carmel. As they could not readily find stones to rest their kettles on, they used for this purpose some of these pieces of nitre. The fire, which gradually dissolved the nitre and mixed it with the sand, occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which in fact was nothing else than glass." In the reign of Tiberius, according to the same author, a Roman artist had his house demolished; or, as Petronius Arbiter and others affirm, lost his head for making malleable glass.





### "SIX MILES LONG."

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"It is impossible for me always to be in my place at church," said a good country parishioner to his pastor, "for I have six miles to come."

"We all know that," replied his pastor, "and every time you are present you preach us a sermon six miles long, on the love of the sanctuary."

"If I do that you musn't follow my example," replied the six-miles-man, with a merry twinkle in his eye, as he went on his way.

"It is refreshing to find one thing that can't be too long," remarked the clergyman's friend, who had been a listener to the above colloquy.

"Yes, I believe a good example is the only thing that won't bear abridging," laughed the pastor; and being a wiser man than many in his generation he made a note for his next sermon.

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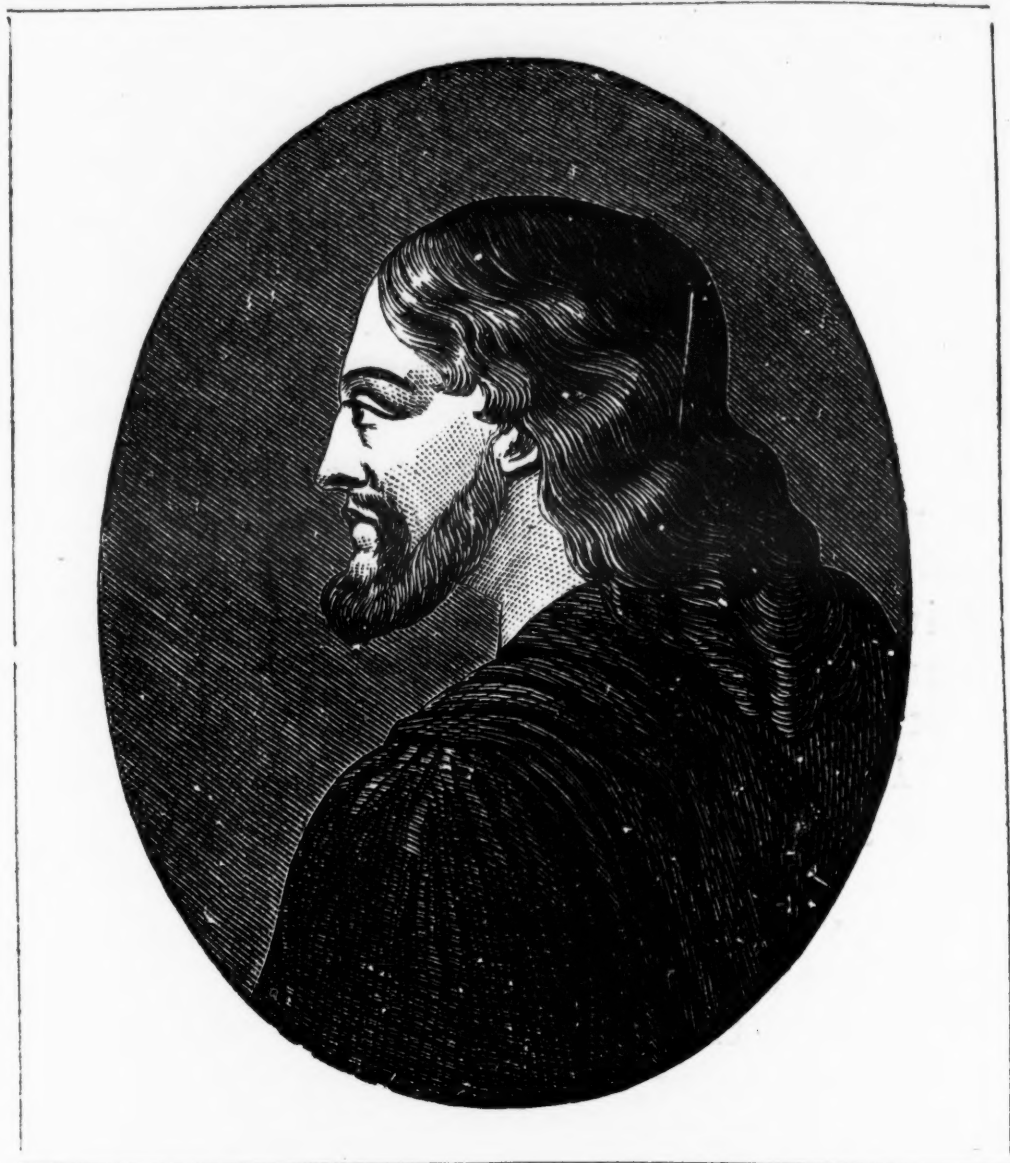
THE venerable Emperor William of Germany, at a recent anniversary of a religious institution in Berlin, addressed the following golden words to the assembled pupils: "The foundation and rock to which I and we all must cling is the undefiled faith, as this is taught us in the Bible. Do not join that great crowd which neglects entirely the Bible as the sole source of truth, or, at best, misinterprets it to suit its own ideas. If there is anything that can give security in the present world of action, it is this only foundation, which is laid in Christ Jesus. May this day be a pleasant one to all of you, that it may increase in you the knowledge of God, and of His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ."

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"PARADISE LOST."—When Milton wrote his matchless poem of "Paradise Lost," the British press was subject to a censorship, and he experienced some difficulty in getting it licensed; the sapient gentleman who then possessed the power of rejecting or sanctioning any works submitted to him, imagining that in the noble simile of the sun in an eclipse, he discovered treason. It was, however, licensed, and sold to Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a condition, that on one thousand three hundred copies being sold, the author should receive five pounds more; and the same for the second and third editions. In two years, the sale of the poem gave the poet a right to his second payment, the receipt for which was signed April 26, 1669; the second edition was printed in 1674, but the author did not live to receive the stipulated payment; the third edition was published in 1678, when the copyright devolving on Milton's widow, she agreed with Simmons to receive eight pounds for it; so that eighteen pounds was the sum total paid for the best poem of the first of British poets.







### PORTRAIT OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THERE are many representations of the features of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The above is from an early Roman engraving. The following is an extract from one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, and is worthy of consideration by many preachers of the Gospel:—

#### HIDING THE SAVIOUR.

Not long ago there was a researcher of art in Italy, who, reading in some book that there was a portrait of Dante painted by Giotto, was led to suspect that he had found where it had been placed. There was an apartment used as an out-house for the storage of wood, hay, and the like. He sought and obtained permission to examine it. Clearing out the rubbish, and experimenting upon the whitewashed wall, he soon detected the signs of the long-hidden portrait. Little by little, with loving skill, he opened up the sad, thoughtful, stern face of the old Tuscan poet.

Sometimes it seems to me that thus the very sanctuary of God has been filled with wood, hay, and stubble, and the divine lineaments of Christ have been swept over and covered by human plastering, and I am seized with an invincible desire to draw forth from its hiding-place, and reveal to men the glory of God as it shines in the face of Christ Jesus! It matters little to me what school of theology rises or what falls, so only that Christ may rise and appear in all His Father's glory, full-orbed, upon the darkness of this world!



# “DRAT THE MONEY.”

BY GEORGE DALTON.



ONATHAN GOODFELLOW came well nigh falling out with one of his best friends when his anger found vent in, “Drat the money!” Jonathan had been a careful, hard-working man in his time. By dint of perseverance and rigid economy he was enabled to commence in a small way of business. Now, this business was mostly conducted by post with parties at a distance, and the remittances in cash came in various ways. Ordinary postal orders were quite clear; so were stamps, except that he now and then found one deducted to pay postage. But his first post-office order was a source of trouble and anxiety.

“I want this turning into money, young man,” said the matter-of-fact Jonathan, as he presented himself at the order office.

“You must sign your name here as having received the money,” blandly intimated the clerk.

“Oh! I can soon do that; but let me see the money first.”

“Who sent you the order,” enquired the official.

“You have nothing to do with that, young man. I am not in the habit of telling my private affairs to every inquisitive body who wishes to meddle with them.”

“Remember, sir, who I am. I stand here as the representative of Her Majesty the Queen, and will not tolerate such insolence,” said the clerk.

“You may be the Emperor of Timbuctoo if you choose, my dear fellow, only let me see the colour of my money.”

“My good man, I must have you understand that we shall not put up with any nonsense. If you cannot come here and do your business quietly, I shall most certainly have you turned out, and given in charge of the police. Who sent the order?”

“Well, you know, I transact a little business with the Clapham Brick and Tile Company, and this is a remittance to balance our account.”

“I cannot pay you. No company is specified.”

“I will answer for the truth of what I say; I would not tell a lie for twenty times the amount, and I can bring fifty people to prove my honesty, if need be. Perhaps the secretary, Thomas Quillman, sent it.”

“I have no information of such a person,” coolly replied the clerk, as he proceeded mechanically to attend the next applicant.

“Do you insinuate that you refuse to pay me the money?”

“Our instructions are clear. We can on no account pay the amount except you furnish us with the correct name of the sender.”

“Drat the money!” escaped from Jonathan’s lips as he brought his clenched fist, sledge-hammer like, on to the counter. Then he



walked out in high dudgeon to give vent to his feelings in the open air. The first outburst spent, he began to turn things over a little in his mind. He next examined his letter from the company with information relative to the sending of the order, and ultimately ascertained that money remitted *from* the company was sent in the name of the chairman, Mr. Henry Overall, and that orders to the company were to be made payable to the secretary.

Jonathan returned boldly to the office, laid the order on the table, and in a clear, loud tone, said, "Henry Overall."

The official now nimbly thumbed the private forms until the one required was secured, then in silence, and with a patronising air, threw the money on the counter. This accomplished, he retired behind the screen, presumably on Her Majesty's service, but actually to satisfy his own curiosity as to the contents of the morning's journal, apparently oblivious of the fact that several persons were already awaiting his reluctant attendance. But our hero had not quite settled with the gentleman. The cash was carefully counted, with equal care placed in the money-bag, the string closed, and the whole deposited in the usual receptacle for such articles, then Jonathan let off: "I tell you what it is. There's a lot of you stuck-up snobs, who call yourselves public servants, are no better than so many humbugs. We, the rate-payers, who are virtually your masters, who pay you, and have made you what you are, cannot so much as get a civil word from you. There was no earthly reason why you should not have paid me that money the first time I asked; there is too much red tape about your petty offices." And away he went, muttering something to the effect that if such a thing occurred again he would write to head-quarters.

But worse troubles were in store for Jonathan than the slight misunderstanding anent a money order. By-and-bye his transactions assumed importance enough to warrant remittances being sent in cheques and drafts; then poor Goodfellow got completely bewildered in a labyrinth of such technical terms as "pay to order," "three days after sight," "on demand," "pay to our order," and a host of other equally mystifying conditions of paper currency. These difficulties, however, were one by one overcome at the loss, certainly, on his part of some good humour, accompanied by a not unfrequent explosion in the form of "Drat the money!" Still Jonathan preserved much of his good nature, and remained a pleasant sort of fellow.

The first draft, as is customary with those things, was drawn upon a London banking house. Jonathan was at a sad loss how to present it to the firm so as to receive its equivalent in current coin of the realm. "Drat the flimsy," he said; "give me a bit of gold which I can handle and put into my pocket without crimping or fear of tearing it to pieces." He could not rest until the paper was exchanged for metal. So away he went to a bank, supposing that as they changed bank-notes they would as freely change drafts.

"Will you be kind enough to change me this?" was Jonathan's salute to the cashier. The latter ceased his interesting occupation of thumbing and flapping notes, and reached over the counter for Goodfellow's slip of paper. That secured, and carefully scrutinised, he calmly, and with a highly cultured business air, told the bearer



that the party mentioned therein had no account in the books of the bank, in fact, was a perfect stranger to them; but if he would leave the draft in their hands a day or two they would make enquiries, and should the document prove genuine they would then give him cash for it. Or, if he had an account with the Bank of England, they would not object to cash it on his own responsibility.

Poor Jonathan was in a strait, and "Drat the money!" turned up again. An account with the Bank of England, indeed! An account with any bank would be very acceptable just then. He must, by some means, have the cash to meet an account due, and for which he was likely not only to lose the discount, but also to seriously jeopardise his credit from the same source in the future, if not paid promptly. Fortunately a gentleman, to whom he was well known, appeared on the scene, and on his word and recommendation the banker condescended to give Jonathan the change.

The most disagreeable experience this way was connected with a crossed cheque. "Pay to Jonathan Goodfellow the sum of twenty pounds," &c., was to that worthy apparently as clear as any other cheque. He noticed the lines drawn across with "& Co." scribbled over the form; but who would have thought that had anything to do with the money when the name of the company was clearly written at the foot?

He duly presented the cheque at the bank upon which it was drawn, and was greatly surprised to hear their refusal for cash.

"This beats all I ever heard of," said Jonathan. "Do you positively refuse to pay the money when this paper of your own says so clearly, 'Pay to Jonathan Goodfellow the sum of twenty pounds'? Now, I am Jonathan Goodfellow: give me my own. Whatever is the matter with the concern? Surely the bank is not broken? When a company possessing its thousands upon thousands of pounds to the good has its cheques refused there is something wrong. If you are in difficulties, my good sir, I will let you have a day or two, if that will relieve you."

"My dear fellow," explained the cashier, "you are labouring under an unfortunate misapprehension. We are in no financial difficulties, nor do we refuse to cash the cheque when brought in the proper way of business. As the law stands, all crossed cheques must come to us through another bank. Try to get a friend who has a banking account to cash it for you. He can pay it in the ordinary way through his account."

"That beats me, truly. I always gave bankers credit for being wiser men than to pay others to turn over the money they ought themselves to receive. This was delivered with an effort at sarcasm; but the banker failed to see the point of humour, and as he had other pressing duties he could see no good to be accomplished by prolonging the dialogue; he politely requested Jonathan to try some other way out of the difficulty. "Drat the money!" was all that worthy could reply.

It next occurred to Jonathan that there were such places as discount banks, which he had heard were in the habit of changing paper money for a consideration.

"I have a bit of paper which I am anxious to turn into cash,"



said he, as he made his way to the counter. "What is your figure for a transaction of that kind?"

"We shall be pleased to do business with you, sir, providing you conform to our regulations. It is our custom to require an introduction from one of our customers, or some well-known and substantial gentleman or firm, before transacting business with a stranger," politely intimated the money-changer.

Poor Goodfellow let out another "Drat the money!" as a safety-valve. But he finally escaped from this difficulty, and many more such. Still Jonathan's experience was like that of hundreds of other men who endeavour to rise in the world. He had a fair share of brains, not a little common-sense, and was an excellent craftsman, but he failed to succeed in these days of large concerns and unlimited resources by combinations and companies. Small capitalists are run out of the race for wealth and prosperity. Jonathan lacked capital. His bit of money, backed by persevering toil and energy, with the utmost economy, barely returned him the wages of an average workman. The poor fellow might well be disheartened now and again. No wonder he sought to give vent to his disappointments and outraged feelings by an occasional "Drat the money!"

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HANDEL.—The recent Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace reminds us of a story of the great composer. It is said he had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before he arrived at the theatre. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning, *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass, which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare-headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, until the prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

Do NOT become self-indulgent. Do not talk about leaving to the young the tasks of life, or about getting out of their way. Get out of nobody's way, and, above all, do not stand in your own way. Do not step out of the ranks—that is, do not step out of sympathy with the spirit of the age in which you live. Love the young; be young yourself; keep in the line of sympathy and feeling with those who are young. Rejoice with them. Live with them.

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### A COTTAGE MEETING.

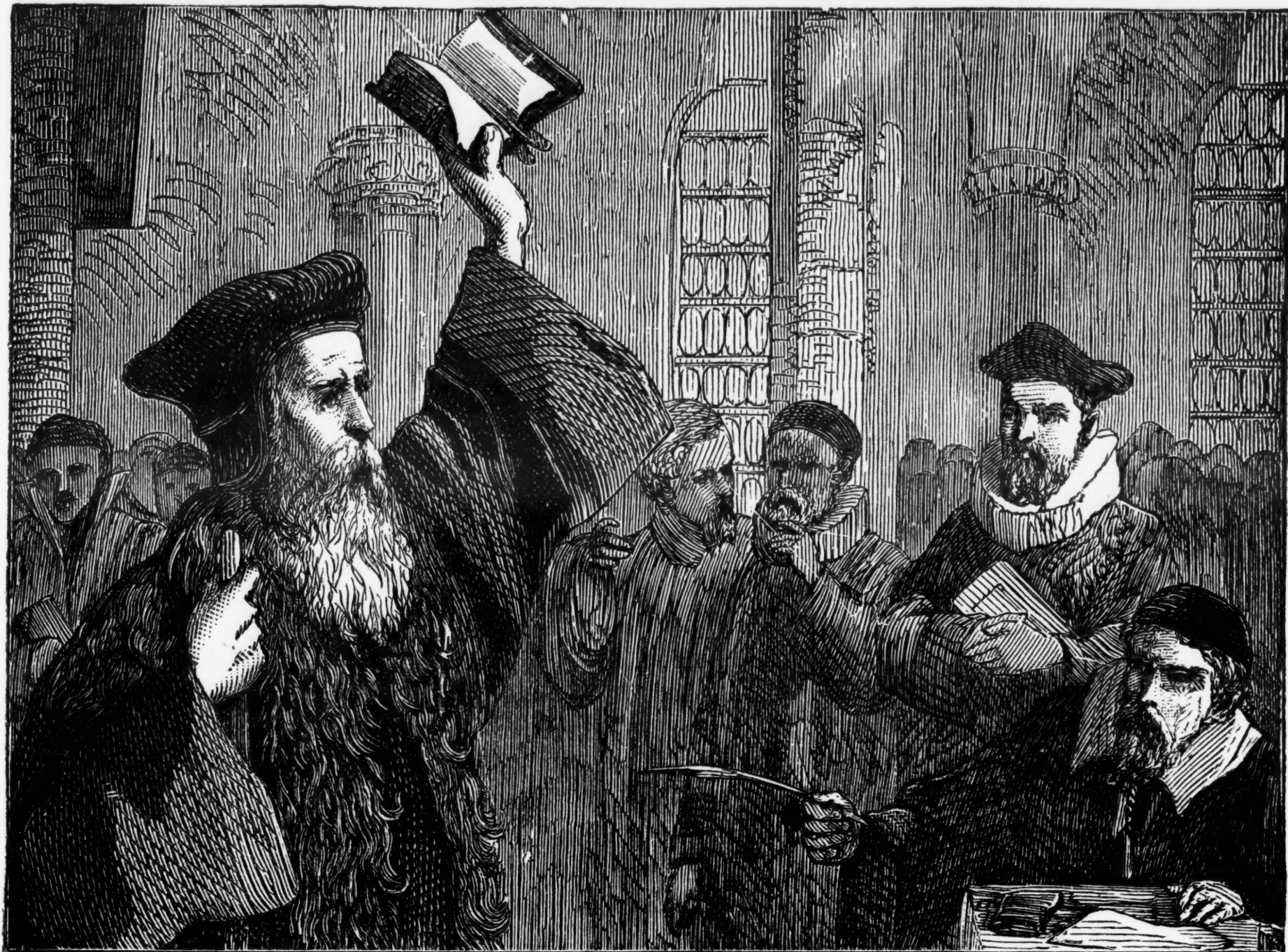
THE above illustration represents a Cottage Meeting, and will give our young friends an idea of the manner in which, but a few years ago, many of those who resided in out-of-the-way country districts met together for worship. The good and aged farmer is evidently reading and expounding the Word of God to his family and servants. In most of our towns and villages there are now Chapels or Mission Halls, but in some parts of the country Cottage Meetings are still held.

### THE BIBLE AS A LAMP.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

**T**HE Bible is the best *church lamp*. I care not how many chandeliers there may be in a church, how many brilliant lights there may be, the Word of God is the best *church lamp*. Oh, is there anything more beautiful than an audience gathered on the Sabbath for Christian worship? There may be no dazzle of theatrical assemblage, there may be no glitter of footlights, there may be no allegoric images blossoming from pit to dome; but there is something in the place and in the occasion that makes it supernatural. In the light of this lamp I see your faces kindle with great joy. Glorious *church lamp*, this Bible. Luther





round it in the cloister at Erfurt, and he lifted it until the monasteries and cathedrals of Germany, and Italy, and France, and England, and the world saw its illumination. It shone under the breast-plate of sacerdotal authority; and in the mosques of Turkey, and in the pagodas of India, and in the ice-huts of Greenland, and in the mud hovels of Africa, and in the temples of China, God's regenerated children, in musical Tamil, and sweet Italian, and nasal Chinese, and harsh Choctaw, cried out: "*Thy Word is a lamp.*" It throws its light on the pulpit, making a bulwark of truth; on the baptismal cup, until its waters glitter like the crystals of heaven. It strikes penitence into the prayers, and gladness into the thanksgiving. It changes into a Church John Bunyan's prison, and Covenanters' cave, and Calvin's castle, and Huss's stake, and Hugh M'Kail's scaffold of martyrdom. Zwinglius carried it into Switzerland, and John Wickliffe into England, and John Knox into Scotland, and Jehudi Ashman into Africa. Begone, ye scoffers! Down to the lowest pit, ye emissaries of darkness! for by the throne of an omnipotent judgment I declare it that all iniquity shall fall, and all bondage be broken, and all wounds be healed, and all darkness be dispelled, when God's truth shall go forth "*as a lamp that burneth.*" We want no sappers or miners to level the wall; we want no axemen or engineers to prepare the way; we want no glittering steel, or booming gun, or howling Hotchkiss shell to get us the victory, for the mountains are full of horses and chariots of fire. Hallelujah! for



the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. I do not wonder that the stranger who sat the other day beside me in the rail-car reading His Bible, after he had concluded his reading, closed it, and kissed it, and put it in his pocket. There have been times when you did the same. When all else failed you, it was so bright, it was so loving, it was so sympathetic a book that you too kissed it.

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### THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

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HAVE a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

" 'I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said, hesitating.

"Now I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty, and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing-school.

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me; one of God's good angels, I think.

" 'Of course, father, I'll take it,' I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

" 'Thank you, Jim,' he said, 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to day.'

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, and as he left, put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again.

"When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm-hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

" 'Your father,' he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.'

"I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God over and again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.' "

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead.

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

And after all, it is such a little way that we can go together.

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SAVING AND SPENDING.  
A LECTURE TO WORKING MEN.  
BY MRS. RAMSAY LAYE.



WE are told in the Bible that our "works follow us"; and they do so in a twofold sense: firstly, the character of our life here determines the condition in which we shall find ourselves in the next stage of our existence; and secondly, the example we leave behind us influences some for good or evil. That is a solemn thought, and surely should make us resolve that the example, the influence we exert, whether we will or not, shall be on the side of right.

To return to John Cobb. You may ask, "Did he take the temperance pledge, since he felt so strongly the value of temperance?" No, he did not, for he said to himself that a man should be strong enough to hold to a resolve he has deliberately taken without binding himself by a pledge; and certain it is that he did not over estimate his own strength of purpose, for no one, I believe, ever saw him exceed by a single glass.

There was one point on which he felt he would not follow his father's example—viz., he would not keep this money, or any savings he might effect himself, locked up in his trunk: he would invest it so as to receive it back with interest! How to employ it advantageously was a question requiring consideration; so the following day he placed his money on deposit in a bank. Then he returned steadily to his work, but he turned over in his mind, at leisure, what to do with his little capital. Ere long an opening commended itself to him. Going to and from his work, he had often passed an unfinished house, which a gentleman had commenced a year or two before, but without first counting the cost; when it was about half finished he got into some difficulty and was obliged to abandon it. So there stood the shell of the house, and it was likely to fall into decay before even it was ready for occupation. Cobb entered into a negociation with the owner, and became the purchaser of the house on easy terms. The price, which was a very low one—as the gentleman was not sorry to get rid of a bad bargain—was to be paid up in two years, the gentleman having, meanwhile, the lien over it as security for his money. Cobb got it finished out of hand, working hard himself at extra hours. He made it a nice-looking, comfortable house, and sold it to advantage as soon as it was ready. He was enabled to meet his liabilities, and had money in hand, with which he set about building another house.

Without attempting to follow his career step by step, I will just say that house building was what he laid himself out for, his practical knowledge of the trade being of the greatest use to him. He knew how the work should be done, and when it was well done; he understood how to set about getting it done in the least expensive



way, and knowing the just cost of materials and labour, he was not liable to be imposed upon in his contracts. From time to time he had to borrow money to carry out his plans, which he was enabled to do by giving a mortgage on the house or site on which it was to be built; but he invariably cleared himself of debt as quickly as he could. He soon gave up working under a master, as he found he had quite enough to do superintending the building of his own houses. In this connection I may refer to a temptation that beset him in the way of his business, and as the decision he came to on this point had, I believe, not a little to do with his subsequent success, it is worthy of note.

Very good clay for bricks was obtained in the neighbourhood, but to make it go further the common practice was to mix it with coal dust, in many cases in such large proportion that the inferior quality of the bricks was obvious to the least experienced eye. In most of the new houses the walls were built of such poor material, concealed by cement, or faced with bricks of a better description. The price of the inferior quality was from 18s. to 20s. per thousand; that of the superior sort ranged as high as 40s. or 45s. When Cobb began to build on speculation he had to decide which quality of bricks he would employ. Most builders in the place used the inferior; the houses looked well enough, only they were not durable. On the other hand, there was something repugnant to Cobb in having his name associated with bad work, with houses which were flimsily run up for show, and to sell, and which would be no credit or satisfaction to anybody. He hesitated, for the immediate profit was an inducement, but finally he decided that all the houses for which he was responsible should be well built and well finished; and it proved the most profitable course in the long run. He got a good name as a builder: it was a recommendation to a house to say it was one of Cobb's; they readily let or sold. He often preferred to let them on lease, and declined to sell, for house property was rising in value, and he anticipated, in which he was right, that it would rise more and more. All his houses were designed by himself, and they were as well planned as they were built. He had a talent for the sort of thing.

He was always on the outlook to pick up suitable sites for houses, and this reminds me to mention that the speculation by which he realised the largest sum he ever, I suppose, made by one stroke of business, was the purchase of a piece of ground. A mile or more west of the town, as it then was, there lay a waste piece of not very good land. It was too much in the suburbs to be available for a building site, and not valuable as arable ground. Cobb having a sum to invest, purchased this piece of land very cheap. His friends were greatly surprised. They entertained by this time a high opinion of his ability in practical affairs, but they thought him at fault on this occasion.

"You have made a mistake, Cobb," said one; "you might as well have kept that money tied up in your canvas bag."

Cobb, however, replied that he knew what he was about; he did not care how long he had to wait, for he felt sure the money would bring him in good interest one day. And time showed that he did



know what he was about ; he had to wait, but he got back his money ten times over. Before many years had elapsed, the town stretched out Westward, and that very bit of land became the centre of what is now the most fashionable quarter. How much Cobb made by the transaction I am afraid to repeat on hearsay, but I believe it was not in hundreds, but thousands.

When he had been steadily prospering for some years, he said one day, "I have built a great many houses for other people ; now I will build one for myself. I don't want a grand house, but I'll have it nice, after my own ideas, snug and comfortable, and there must be a bit of a store-room for the wife ; women like such conveniences" ; for by this time he was married, and I shall have a word to say in a minute or two as to the way in which his marriage came about. "And I'll have a greenhouse," he went on, "off the dining-room, so that I can see and smell the flowers as I sit and smoke."

This practical, hard-headed man, whose thoughts and whose energies were very much directed to material aims, had still, you see, another side to his nature, which expressed itself in this love for flowers, for the love of flowers, friends, is nothing else than the craving of the spiritual side of our natures for beauty, purity, perfection. We see it, and it is very touching, in poor little children whose lives are spent in dismal alleys. If you happen to pass through the low part of a town, carrying a bunch of flowers, some pale, ragged child is sure to ask for one, and the flower seems at the moment to give as much pleasure, and be as much prized, as though the gift had been a plaything or something to eat. It is the token of a beauty and sweetness of which in their daily surroundings they see nothing, but to which, nevertheless, something in their poor little hearts responds. Again, we see the love of flowers surviving the wreck of the moral nature. A flower taken to a prison has been known to bring tears to the eyes of a hardened criminal, on whom the words of the chaplain have produced little effect. And why? Because it speaks to him of the purity he has lost, trampled under foot, perhaps, but which I do believe is destined in every human soul one day—though it may be, in some cases, ages hence—to rise and live again. Flowers, with their short-lived beauty, their absolute purity, which nothing can soil—for, you know, you cannot soil a flower ; you can crush and destroy it, but you cannot dirty it as you can a piece of cloth ; they always seem to me a link between the material and the spiritual worlds.

Well, Cobb bought a suitable piece of ground and built a house for himself, and he furnished it very nicely and simply—all the more nicely that it was simply ; and he erected quite a large conservatory, with a fine Southern aspect and a heating apparatus, and he took a pride in having a succession of plants in bloom, and their perfume mingled delightfully with that of his pipe, as he sat many a day smoking in his dining-room with the glass door open. Some of us may think that the tobacco would not improve the scent of the flowers. But he felt differently, and we must take people as they are.

But now a word as to his marriage. One evening, while he was still quite a young man, he was taking tea with some friends—



respectable working people. Conversation, as they sat round the table, happened to turn on savings banks, and a young woman sitting opposite to Cobb, and who was nursemaid in a good family, remarked that she had a deposit of nearly £20 in the Post-office Savings Bank.

"That is a good bit for you to have saved," said the mistress of the house; "you are young, and have not been so many years in service."

"It is all saved from dress and finery," replied the girl; "I never see the use of spending my wages on feathers, trimmings and flowers; and after all, cheap things of that sort, such as we have to buy, are only rubbish, and don't make one look a bit better."

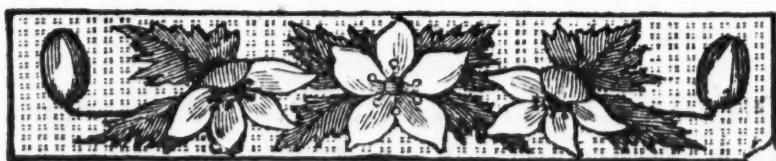
Cobb looked up from his cup of tea, and fixing his keen grey eyes on the speaker, said, "Why, you are the very wife for me."

The people of the house laughed, and the young girl blushed and looked confused; but Cobb regarded her with interest and attention during the remainder of the evening. He saw in her a healthy, good tempered looking young person, whose dress, though plain, was neatly put on, and of good material, and whose conversation was sensible, cheerful, and to the point. When, at nine o'clock, she rose, saying that her mistress required her to be home in good time, Cobb felt a great inclination to say, "Will you let me see you home"; but he refrained; it was not a trait of his character to act precipitately. He thought during the next few days a good deal about this girl, turning over, in his quiet way, the *pros* and *cons* of the step he contemplated, and the result of his deliberation was that in the course of the week he betook himself again to the house of their mutual friend, and asked if she could put him in the way of improving his acquaintance with Mary B.

The good woman laughed. "Why," said she, "do you think of her as a wife from what she said about saving her wages?" "And why not?" asked Cobb; "my father left me more than two hundred pounds saved from the public-house. I have walked in his footsteps and never wasted money on drink. I take a glass of beer with my dinner, but never a drop more than is good for me. Now here I meet with a young girl who says she has saved twenty pounds from dress and finery, and it seems to me that dress is to women much the same snare that drink is to men. Does it not look as if she and I are cut out for each other? When we get better acquainted," he added, "we may find we are not suited, but no harm can be done by our having opportunity to judge."

His friends complied with his request, and the result of their getting well acquainted was that he asked Mary to give up her situation and become his wife, to which she consented.

(To be continued.)





## THE SCHOOL OF SORROW.

**I** SAT in the school of sorrow,  
The Master was teaching there;  
But my eyes were dim with weep-  
ing,  
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upwards,  
And seeing His face divine,  
So full of the tenderest pity,  
For weary hearts like mine,  
I only thought of the burden,  
The cross that before me lay;  
So hard, and heavy to carry,  
That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,  
And say, "Thy will be done!"  
And the Master came not near me,  
As the weary hours went on.

At last, in my heavy sorrow,  
I looked from the cross above,  
And I saw the Master watching,  
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
"My child, thou must bear thy burden,  
And learn thy task to-day.

"I may not tell the reason,  
'Tis enough for thee to know  
That I, the Master, am teaching,  
And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow;  
One look at that face divine  
Had given me power to trust Him,  
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And thus I learnt my lesson,  
Taught by the Master alone;  
He only knows the tears I shed,  
For He has wept His own.

But from them came a brightness,  
Straight from the home above,  
When the school-life will be ended,  
And the cross will show the love.



## THE DOCTOR AND HIS TEETOTAL PATIENT.

I ADVISE you not to take alcoholic drinks if advised by a doctor, although most of them are now coming over on the side of temperance. If a doctor tells you to take alcoholic drinks, you should treat him as a man did in the North. The man, who belonged to a club, was ill, and was attended by the medical officer of the lodge, who told him that he must take some stout. The man, who was a total abstainer, said, "I am a blue ribboner." "I cannot help that," said the doctor, "you must have stout." "Do you order me to have it as a medicine or as a luxury?" said the man. The doctor replied, "As a medicine." "Then," said the man, "perhaps you will kindly send it down, because, as a club doctor, you are bound to pay for the medicine." The doctor replied, "If that is the case, anything else will do quite as well."—*Canon Wilberforce.*

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THERE is a sunshine of the mind, a happy temper of disposition which far outweighs all external advantages; but this sunshine of the mind the man of honour and probity alone experiences. No bribe can purchase it for the unjust; no black devices, no mean arts, can pluck it from the upright.





## SCIENTIFIC ANECDOTES.

**DISCOVERY OF GALVANISM.**—This extraordinary agent, from its effects on animals, was originally called *animal electricity*. It received its name from Professor Galvani, of Bologna, to whom we are indebted for this discovery, in which, however, as in many others, accident had no small share. His wife, who was in a declining state of health, was using a soup made of frogs, as restorative. Some of the animals, being skinned for the purpose, were lying on a table in the laboratory, when one of his assistants chanced to touch with a scalpel, the crural nerve of a frog that lay near an electric conductor, upon which the muscles of the limb were strongly convulsed. This effect was noticed by a lady, a woman of superior understanding and science, and communicated to her husband. He repeated the experiment, which he varied in every possible way, first with artificial and then with atmospherical electricity. In the course of his experiments with the latter, he suspended some frogs by metallic hooks from iron palisades, and observed that the muscles were frequently and involuntarily contracted, when no electricity appeared in the atmosphere. Having fully considered the phenomenon, he found that it had no connexion with the changes in the state of the electricity in the atmosphere; but might be produced at pleasure by applying two pieces of metal to different parts of the animal, and bringing them into contact.

**SUB-MARINE NAVIGATION.**—Submarine navigation appears to have been first thought of by Napier of Merchiston. Cornelius Debrell, who lived in the reign of James I., endeavoured to reduce it to practice on the river Thames; but the most successful attempts have been those of Bushnell of the United States in 1777, and more recently of Mr. Fulton, another American, who constructed a boat sufficient to contain eight men, with provisions for twenty days, and air for eight hours, and strong enough to bear submersion to the depth of one hundred feet, if necessary. At Havre, in a boat of an inferior size, Mr. Fulton remained an hour under water, made half a league of way in that time with his boat horizontally situated, and at various depths, where he found that the compass traversed exactly on the surface. To his boat he attached a machine, by means of which he blew up a lighter in Brest harbour.

**PRIESTLEY.—GOD IN ALL THINGS.**—When the council of the Royal Society honoured Dr. Priestly by the presentation to him of Sir Godfrey Copley's Medal, on the 30th of November, 1733, Sir John Pringle, who was then president, delivered on the occasion an elaborate discourse on the different kinds of air, in which, after expatiating upon the discoveries of his predecessors, he pointed out the particular merits of Priestley's investigations. In allusion to the purification of a tainted atmosphere by the growth of plants, the president thus eloquently and piously expressed himself: "From these discoveries we are assured that no vegetable grows in vain; but that, from the oak of the forest to the grass of the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind—if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole which cleans and purifies our atmosphere. In this the fragrant rose and deadly nightshade co-operate; or is the herbage nor the woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions unprofitable to us, nor we to them, considering how constantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air, for our relief and for their nourishment. And if ever these salutary gales rise to storms and hurricanes, let us still trace and revere the ways of a beneficent Being who not fortuitously, but with design, not in wrath, but in mercy, shakes the water and the air together, to bury in the deep those putrid and pestilential effluvia which the vegetables on the face of the earth had been insufficient to consume.

**CHINESE PHYSICIANS.**—The physicians of China, by feeling the arms of a sick man in three places—to observe the slowness, the increase, or the quickness of the pulse—can judge of the cause, the nature, and the duration of his disorder. Without their patient's speaking they reveal infallibly what part is affected. They are at once physicians and apothecaries, composing the remedies they prescribe. They are paid when they have completed a cure; but they receive nothing when their remedies do not take effect. European physicians, it must be confessed, are by no means so skilful as the Chinese; but in one thing they have the advantage over them, which is in taking their fees before they have performed the cure. Thus unlearned physicians ride in their chariots in London, while learned ones walk on foot in Pekin.





PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR PIAZZI SMYTH,  
*Astronomer-Royal for Scotland.*

### PROFESSOR PIAZZI SMYTH.

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AMONG the most diligent of scientific workers there are few men who have devoted their energies to the study and research of facts in connection with the Great Pyramid of Egypt more than Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland. It is as far back as the year 1864 that Professor Piazzi Smyth, with his wife, set sail for Egypt; and for four months they diligently surveyed



the various parts of the Great Pyramid, employing for the purpose a large variety of surveying and astronomical instruments in obtaining the measurements of the mighty monument, some of them to far more exactness than had ever been attempted before, and others descending to numerous details unnoticed by other observers. This labour he has fully described in his works, "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," and "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid." He has also contributed many scientific articles to *Chamber's Journal* and the *Banner of Israel*, a journal devoting considerable space to the consideration of matters appertaining to the Pyramids of Egypt. We are sure our readers will welcome a portrait of a man who has been so diligent a worker.

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### UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.

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"O write me a story from your life, uncle; something that happened when you were young; I won't plague you again for how long shall I say? Oh, a week, if you will; here is paper and everything you want."

As she said this, my favourite niece, Nellie, skipped away out of the room, leaving me to my task, for she knew only too well that I never could find in my heart to refuse her anything.

I, John Warrington, sitting here to write a story from my life, am a bachelor, an old, greyheaded man, between sixty and seventy. For the last twenty years I have lived a somewhat secluded life at Hawtree Manor, an old country house with half its rooms shut up, except at Christmas and Midsummer, when it is enlivened by the presence (noisy and boisterous at times) of my nephews and nieces, who insist on coming to see uncle John, for they know that they are always at liberty to do whatever they like, either indoors or out, my great pleasure now being to give enjoyment to these dear young people.

Some incidents in my life that happened years ago, when I was young, stand out as vividly in my mind as though they had been but yesterday. One day in particular I remember so distinctly that I think it will form the best beginning for my narrative; and if you find it somewhat dull, you must remember that it was written merely to please my niece, Nellie, who I knew would be indulgent.

One Summer evening in the year 18—, when I was about 21, I was driving across the country in high spirits at the prospect of spending a long holiday, which would probably extend over several months, with my uncle and aunt Warrington. They had recently gone to live in a house which my uncle had bought in the most beautiful part of Stoneshire, so well known for its picturesque scenery. After passing through the quaint, pretty little village of Stonehurst, we entered a small but finely wooded park by a beech avenue, emerging from which I was much struck by the beauty of the landscape, which



spread itself out before me like a picture. To the right lay a small lake, bordered on the further side by magnificent old trees, while straight before me, on the summit of a gentle slope, stood the house, a quaint, old-fashioned looking building of grey stone, with gable ends and immense stacks of chimneys.

I could see my aunt in the distance, standing on the top of the long flight of stone steps which led to the door. In a few minutes I reached the house, and jumping out of the gig, ran up the steps and shook my aunt warmly by the hand, whilst I expressed my great pleasure at seeing her again.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, my boy," she answered; and, turning to a young lady who stood behind her, "Now I must introduce you to my niece—Mr. Warrington, Miss Grace Howard; Miss Howard, Mr. Warrington," she continued in her dear, old-fashioned way.

"Well, Jack, my lad," said a voice behind me, "glad to see you here; long drive, eh? How do you like the place?" And my uncle greeted me with a hearty shake of the hand.

After my luggage was brought in, my aunt led the way to the dining-room, where a sumptuous tea was spread. All that evening we chatted on; I telling all my home news, my uncle on his part being so full of his new estate that he left me no time for conversation with Miss Howard. As I recall all the events of that time of my life, it seems as if I were young again, and that I could see Grace moving about the room in her gentle way, but even now I can scarcely find words with which to describe her.

She was tall and slight, and I soon discovered that she was not only very beautiful in person, but also sweet, gentle, and good in character. Her hair, neither very light nor yet dark, and which shone like gold in some lights, was simply smoothed back from her face in shining ripples and confined with a comb; her eyes, sweet and dark, had a pensive look, but her mouth seemed made to smile, and the slightest laugh betrayed the most charming dimples. She and I, being the only two young people in the house, were naturally thrown very much together. Now, Miss Nellie, I can hear you say, "Of course you fell in love with her." Yes, my dear, I did; not that I found it out at once, for it was only after I had been at Stonehurst some months that I began to entertain any hopes of making her my wife.

But I am getting on too fast, and must go back to the day after my arrival at Stonehurst Manor, as my uncle's house was called. We breakfasted very early in the morning, and directly we had finished my uncle took me off to go over the farmyard with him, and to look at the live stock. On our way he told me all about Miss Grace Howard, of whose existence I had had no idea until the day before.

"Grace," began my uncle, "is my wife's niece, the daughter of her only sister, who married a Captain Howard; his regiment was ordered to India about six weeks since, and as Grace is very delicate, her mother, thinking the Indian climate would not suit her, wrote to ask us if we would give her a home. My wife replied that she should be most happy to receive her, and added that as we wanted a



little change we would go to Southampton to see them off. We did so, and here we have her to stay with us, most likely for several years, and we are glad of it, for she is a dear little soul."

By this time we had reached the stables, where my uncle showed me a pony which he wished me to break in for Grace to ride. I willingly consented to do so, little dreaming that that pony would ruin my fondest hopes and bring me a life-long sorrow.

"I've left you a very long time," said a voice behind me, which roused me from the reverie into which I had fallen. "Why, uncle, you look so sad!" and Nellie stopped short, with some compunction visible in her face. "I thought your life had been pleasant and happy," she added after a pause. "If I had known it had been sad, I should not have asked you to write about it." And she sat down at my feet and put her hand into mine.

"Never mind, darling," I said, stroking her pretty hair, "every one has some sorrow in their life, and mine was not greater than many people have to go through, though it did seem hard to bear. Nay, love, don't cry," I went on, seeing tears in her sweet blue eyes. "It must have been for my good, and I have had many things to be thankful for. Now, darling, run away again, and I will see if I can write a little more before it is dark." But before I could see I was obliged to take my spectacles off and rub them, for somehow they seemed rather dim.

*(To be continued.)*

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## FOX, THE MARTYROLOGIST.

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WHEN Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, had determined on having Fox seized for heresy, he laid many snares and stratagems for that purpose. Fox was then tutor in the Duke of Norfolk's family. Gardiner, who was very intimate with the Duke, and often visited him, would frequently desire to see his tutor. The duke evaded the request, at one time alleging his absence, at another, that he was indisposed. At length it happened that Fox, not knowing the bishop was in the house, entered the room where the duke and he were in discourse, and, seeing the Bishop, with a show of bashfulness modestly withdrew. The bishop asked who he was. The duke answered, his physician, who was somewhat uncourtly, being newly come from the university. "I like his countenance and aspect well," replied the bishop, "and upon occasion will make use of him." The duke, perceiving from this that danger was at hand, thought it time for Fox to retire, and accordingly furnished him with means to go abroad. Before Fox could embark, however, it was found that Gardiner had issued out a warrant for apprehending him, and was causing the most diligent search to be made for him, so that it was with great difficulty that he got over to Newporthaven, travelled to Frankfort, and



thence to Basil, where numbers of English subjects resorted in those times of persecution.

In this city he maintained himself and family by correcting the press for Opirinus, a celebrated printer; and it was here that he laid the plan of his famous work, "The History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church." He had published at Strasburgh, in 1554, in 8vo., "*Commentarii Rerum Ecclesia Gestarum Maximarumque per totam Europam Persecutionem a Wiclavi Temporibus ad hanc usque Ætatem Descriptarem*," in one book, to which he added five more books, all printed together at Basil, 1559, in folio. After Queen Mary's death—which Bishop Aymer says Fox foretold the day before it happened—and when Elizabeth was settled on the throne, and the Protestant religion established, Fox returned to his native country, where he found a very faithful friend in his former pupil, now fourth Duke of Norfolk, who maintained him at his house, and settled a pension on him, which was afterwards confirmed by his son.

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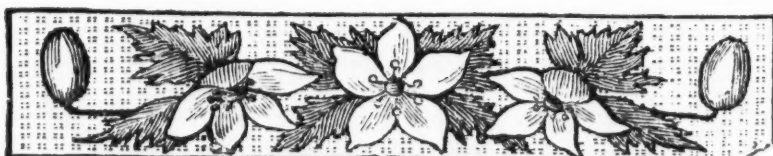
### A MINIATURE OAK.

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WINTER gardening, or the idea of having living, growing plants around us during the dreary months, seems a happy one. The means are simple and easy of practice to almost everyone. Children, as well as older people, can find delight in thus making home pleasant. Here is a way of having within our own doors an oak tree which, though in miniature, well preserves the marks of its parentage.

To do so, we must have a wide-mouthed bottle and a large, sound acorn. The acorn must have a string run through crossways—not lengthwise—and be placed apex downwards about the middle of the bottle. Water should now be poured in to submerge the point of the acorn about an eighth of an inch. The reason the acorn is hung point downwards is that it has been found in practice that if the base is submerged it will soon begin to decay and the germ perish. Whatever loss of water there is by evaporation may be replenished, so that it shall stand all the time at the same height. The string holding the acorn should be tied at opposite sides of the bottle, and when the germ appears, one end should be loosened, so that the sprout may raise itself erect. A radicle, or long root, will soon appear, which will grow downwards into the water, and settle at the bottom of the bottle. A card with a hole in the centre of it can be fitted into the mouth of the bottle, through which the stem of the plant will pass. Thus may be reared in a moderately warm room a family tree which, though not large enough to shield a whole generation, may still serve to delight the children and interest the older ones as well.—*Vick's Magazine*.





## SAVING AND SPENDING.

### A LECTURE TO WORKING MEN.

BY MRS. RAMSAY LAYE.

(*Concluded from page 136.*)



AM sure you will not suppose that in sketching the life of this man I have merely wished to tell you a story. I have given you the sketch because the life of one self-made man is very typical of that of another. Many similar qualities of character are almost invariably displayed, so that in one sense, their success may be traced to much the same cause. It is this that makes the history and career of men who have raised themselves so encouraging to others, so stimulating to a healthy ambition, since their success is, in nine cases out of ten, less to be attributed to accidents of fortune, over which we have no control, than to qualities of character, which anyone may cultivate, even if he does not naturally possess them. Perhaps you may say, "Oh, but he got a start in life, he had; if only two hundred pounds, that was a great help to begin with." Well, in answer to that, I am inclined to say—for my observation shows me that it is the case—that in some way or other, at one time or other, most people get a start in life, and the generality more than one. They either get command of a little capital, or some good opening comes in their way; the difference between one and another is that one profits by opportunity, the other lets it slip. Shakespeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The thing is, to have promptitude and judgment to take advantage of the tide when it is in our favour.

But, again, you may say, "Judgment is as much a gift as guineas: the few have, the many have it not." Do you remember that in the Collect for Whit-Sunday we pray, "Grant us to have a right judgment in all things." That petition struck me one day, long ago; it implies that the power of judging rightly is a gift to be sought and obtained by prayer, as much as any other gift that comes from the Father of light; and judgment is such a valuable quality, it bears so directly on the conduct of our affairs, that it contributes more towards success in life than many more brilliant qualities.

One particular in which Cobb showed his judgment was in selecting the kind of speculation in which he would embark. House-building was the line for which his experience most fitted him. How often one sees men venture on transactions, and risk their money in business of which they really know nothing! I am often astonished in reading reports of bankruptcy cases; the insolvent person is asked, "Did you know anything of the business before you engaged in it?" and the answer is, "No, I did not; or, very little!" and such men are surprised that they are ruined, instead of making a fortune!



Other qualities which contributed to Cobb's success are so obvious that I need scarcely dwell upon them, though foremost among them was his power of concentrated effort. Instead of frittering his exertions away in various channels, he concentrated them in one direction. There is an objection that may, perhaps, occur to some conscientious mind against the arguments I have been urging, and I would like to anticipate it. You may say, "Is it desirable to concentrate so much effort on saving money? money is called the root of all evil." One hears it called so very often, and people fancy they are quoting the Bible; but there is no such declaration there; the verse misquoted reads thus, "The love of money is the root of all evil"—the lust of gold, apart from the use that is to be made of it, or as the means of only selfish gratification. Money represents, in a great measure, the means of progress both for nation and individual. It represents education, books, leisure, all that contributes to a wider culture, and the development of the best powers and talents which God has given us. It represents those comforts and elegances in our own homes which tend to elevate and refine us, and marks one of the lines of demarcation between barbarism and civilisation. Wealth represents, also, the means, which every generous heart desires, of helping others, and promoting the noblest movements of the day.

And did Cobb use his acquired wealth thus nobly, for the benefit of others as well as himself? He was a man who could perform liberal and generous actions. At the same time—there is no denying, we all know it—that there is a tendency in the process of money-making to harden the character, and as I don't wish to describe this man in any false colours, I will say that, while strictly upright in his dealings, I am not sure but that he was inclined to be somewhat hard, and to refrain from helping others, on the principle that, as he owed everything to his own exertions, they should also depend on their own industry alone. But here the influence of his wife came in beneficially, and if it would not weary you to listen to one more incident of his life, I should like to present it, as bearing on this point.

It was a Sunday afternoon, and Cobb and his wife were alone together, after their early dinner, in the dining-room of his new house. Rain was falling fast, but within all was cheerful and comfortable. He was smoking in silence, enjoying the beauty and perfume of his flowers through the open door of the greenhouse; she was sitting at the table, with a large Bible open before her, in which she was reading, like a well-brought up girl as she was, who had been taught by a good mistress to respect the Sabbath. Suddenly she said,—

"John, how much there is in the Bible about liberality and giving! The Israelites were told to give the tenth of all their substance, and they were not to glean their fields too close, nor to gather quite all the grapes in their vineyards; they were to leave some for the stranger, the widow, and the fatherless. Now listen to these verses—are they not beautiful?—'Thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all that thou puttest thine hand unto.'"



"There was no poor rate in those days," remarked John, cynically; "I pay a poor rate of two shillings in the pound."

"We can't help paying the rate," rejoined Mary; "so it will hardly be reckoned to us as liberality. Don't you think, John, that, as we have got on so very prosperously, we ought to do a good deal for the poor?"

John reflected; then answered, "Yes, only we must take care not to waste money on worthless objects, who will spend it on gin and want to live in idleness." And they did, I believe, a great deal of good, giving in the best way, not only liberally, but with judgment and discretion. And I want you to observe that it was the wife who stirred up the husband to a sense of the responsibility which attaches to wealth. One of the characteristics of a woman's influence is to infuse a higher, more spiritual element into the life of man. Woman is the most spiritual creation in the material world. I do not for a moment mean that there are not bad women—women unworthy the name—whose influence is to ruin and mislead; these have either forfeited their birthright, or the soul within them has never been awakened. A degraded woman is the saddest sight of all, because there is the desecration of a nature intended for such different things. Young men, when you speak slightly of women, as though they were somehow inferior to yourselves, you are guilty of a great folly and a great mistake. Do not suppose that, because you men are stronger, that that gives you any superiority except in the matter of bodily strength, in which many animals, again, far excel you. I do not say that your brains are stronger, because we have abundant proof that women's brains are capable of as good and as sustained work as men when they get, what in the past has been very rare, equally fair play; difference in the quality of the education given usually to boys and girls, until late years, has placed women at an artificial disadvantage, and given men an artificial intellectual superiority. But if you, young men, know something of mathematics, while your sister is puzzled by a question in fractions, this is only because you have been taught what she has not.

"I see in this room\* a good many young women, and I would like to address a word or two to them also in particular.

What a true saying it was of that self-made man, that dress is to women much the same snare—the source, he meant, of as much mischief and waste—as drink is to men. It is, indeed, a more subtle temptation, since it appeals to a class who would not yield to gross indulgence. In the present day there is a great inducement to girls and women to waste money in finery, since manufacturers are able to turn out a variety of showy fabrics so cheap as to be within the reach of everyone; but, as Cobb's wife had sense to see, those low-priced articles of finery are little better than rubbish, and by no means improve your appearance. If you resolved to buy only what is good and neat, and resist temptation to throw away money in trying to follow every change of fashion, you would be surprised to find in a short

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\* This paper was prepared to be read at a working men's institute, at which the writer had been invited to lecture; circumstances connected with health and change of residence prevented it being delivered as intended; it is offered, therefore, in this form, but has not been remodelled.



time what a nice little sum you had saved; and by saved I do not mean necessarily to lay by and not spend, but for better and more interesting purposes. For excursion in Summer, may be; to add to the comfort and furniture of your home; to say nothing of those benevolent objects by contributing to which we sanctify our worldly means.

A good many young women, I know, have deposits at the savings bank, and I wish a great many more had. I speak to those who earn money. It only needs a beginning: put in a nest-egg, and the sum will grow; and it is a great thing to have a little sum in reserve for any emergency that may, and is sure to occur. Moreover, the resolution and practice of self-denial occasionally required acts advantageously on the character, helps to strengthen it, and to form habits of self-control the value of which can hardly be over-estimated.

In married life it is in accordance, not only with usage, but the fitness of things, that the toil of making money for the support of the family should, in most cases, fall on the husband; but wives have great responsibility as regards the expenditure of what their husbands earn, and it is sad to see how some women, in every rank of life, waste the money that comes under their management, and how others fail to make the most of it they might for the advantage of their families. It is not enough for a housewife to consider, "What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and where-withal shall we be clothed?" She who would make her home all that it might be must have higher aims than these merely. Let the home, though it be but a few rooms or a cottage, where your husband finds rest after the cares of business, where your children grow up, and where your own days are spent, be as bright, as pretty, as attractive as your means and your taste can make it; and in order to do this successfully, it is needful to study the art both of wise saving and wise spending.

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## "VISION; A BLESSING!"

BY THOMAS PHILPOT.

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N a conspicuous part of an optician's window, I noticed a very attractive poster, which ran thus: "Vision a blessing! weak sight strengthened! short sight lengthened!"

Although extremely reluctant to spiritualize objects of curiosity upon which I gaze, yet this peculiar announcement points to the pith and marrow of our Christian services. Vision a blessing! If the faculty of *natural* sight is such an untold mercy, what shall we say to that gifts of gifts, "*Spiritual vision*"? We count it to be a sublime act of love when we hear Christ say, "Receive thy sight." We stand amazed as the scales fall that once encased continual night; for if it is not raising from the dead, it is introducing the man, once shrouded in blackness, to a new world. But how marvellous that a *fresh* vision, a *spiritual* comprehension, should be given to any of the fallen sons and



daughters of Adam! Take care, lest your spiritual vision suffers a blight. A worldly vision reads the Book of books as a volume of history; a *spiritual vision* ponders over it as the revealed Word of God. A carnally-minded vision views the Sabbath merely as a day appointed for the cessation of actual bodily labour; a *spiritual vision* greets it as the soul's market day. A natural vision sees, hanging upon Calvary's cross, a notable, historical martyr; a *spiritual vision* beholds "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." Realise this, and you will declare *spiritual vision* to be an unparalleled blessing:—

"Once I was blind, but now I can see,  
The light of the world is Jesus."

"Weak sight strengthened! short sight lengthened." Don't be cast down because there seems to be a mist between you and your Saviour. At the best our faith is weak. Christ cure done blind man in a *gradual* way. At first he could only see "men as trees walking." His vision was misty; a very *weak sight*; but soon, the complete restoration of a perfect vision found him praising his mighty Healer. Have you ever lost your way on a dark November night in London? Although distinguishing nothing, you pressed on. Presently the fog wore a brighter tinge. You were nearing a light. Brighter and brighter became the mist as you plodded on, until the full blaze of the welcome lantern burst upon you. So, gentle reader, if you behold *any* beauty in Jesus, be it ever so cloudy, strain your eyes to the source of the brightened mist. The clouds will depart. Do not despair because your spiritual vision is weak. Press on. The light is beyond. Look afresh to Jesus, and you will be able to say,

"ONE THING I KNOW, THAT WHEREAS I WAS BLIND, NOW I SEE."

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## SCOTCH ADVENTURERS.

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HE character which the Scotch have acquired, beyond almost any other people, for the art of pushing their fortune abroad, was never perhaps more singularly illustrated than by the following anecdote, which Dr. Anderson relates in his "Bee," on the authority of a baronet of scientific eminence.

The Russians and Turks in the war of 1739, having diverted themselves long enough in the contest, agreed to treat of a peace. The commissioners for this purpose were Marshal-General Keith, on the part of Russia; and the Grand Vizier, on that of the Turks. These two personages met, and carried on their negotiations by means of interpreters. When all was concluded, they rose to separate; the marshal made his bow with his hat in his hand, and the vizier his salam with his turban on his head. But when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the vizier turned suddenly, and coming up to Marshal Keith, took him cordially by the hand, and in the broadest Scotch dialect, declared warmly that it made him "unco



happy to meet a countryman in his exalted station." Keith stared with astonishment, eager for an explanation of this mystery, when the vizier added, "Dinna be surprised, mon, I'm o' the same country wi' yoursell. I mind weel seeing you, and your brother, when boys, passing by the school at Kirkaldy; my father, sir, was *bellman o' Kirkaldy*."

What more extraordinary can be imagined, than to behold in the plenipotentiaries of two mighty nations, two foreign adventurers, natives of the same mountainous territory; nay, of the very same village! What, indeed, more extraordinary, unless it be the spectacle of a Scotchman turned Turk for the sake of honours, held on the tenure of a caprice from which even Scotch prudence can be no guarantee!

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## HOME TALK.

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GOOD many men and women covet, and, perhaps, have the reputation of being "charming conversationalists," who never appear in that *rôle* in their own homes. There their talk is confined to humdrum topics, to mere gossip, or to enforcing quiet while they cultivate their precious intellects, or settle their nerves to fit them for amiability in public. Yet aside from the pleasure which cheerful and worthy conversation diffuses over a home circle, its educative force can hardly be over-estimated. The bright and interesting girls, who surprise and interest you with their ready fund of information quite outside of the conversational topics, and the "well-posted" boys, who know much more than books could have taught them, will be found in general to have a father or mother who is wise enough to "visit" with them, and who do not keep their best mental and social gifts for outside friends.

Show us a father who saves his new stories or jokes to delight the family circle after supper; who has an eye out for new facts of travel or discovery, science, literature, art, or religion, with which to stimulate conversation at home; who talks with the little chaps about their studies and plays, and the older ones about their duties, ambitions, and labours; who keeps before his daughters an ideal of a gentleman who treats ladies with sincerity, reverence, and as equals, and doesn't carry his "small talk" in a separate package from the rest of his knowledge, strictly for their use, and we'll show you a rare man, we are afraid. If a home is to be something more than a boarding-house, a mere convenience or social necessity, it ought to draw out the best gifts of each inmate into the fund of common enjoyment and mutual ministrations.—*Golden Rule*.





## THE RELATION OF MAN.



MAN is that compound being, created to fill that wide hiatus which must otherwise have remained unoccupied between the natural world and the spiritual; and he sympathises with the one in his death, and will be associated with the other in his resurrection. Without another state, it would be utterly impossible for him to explain the difficulties of this. Possessing earth, but destined for heaven, he forms the link between the two orders of beings, and partakes much of the grossness of the one, and somewhat of the refinement of the other.

Reason, like the magnetic influence imparted to iron, gives to matter properties and powers which it possessed not before, but without extending its bulk, augmenting its weight, or altering its organisation; it is visible only by its effects, and perceptible only by its operations. Reason, superadded to man, gives him peculiar and characteristic views, responsibilities, and destinations, exalting himself above all existencies that are visible but which perish, and associating him with those that are invisible but which remain. Reason is that Homeric and golden chain descending from the throne of God even unto man, uniting heaven with earth, and earth with heaven. For all is connected, and without a chasm; from an angel to an atom, all is proportion, harmony and strength.

## YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM.

**D**URING the war which terminated the power of Bonaparte in Germany, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed in Prussia. Nearly a thousand young persons, among whom were seen the sons of the best families, marched with ardour to the contest, and of these but a few hundreds escaped death. The greater part of these young persons had quitted the peaceful halls of the



colleges and universities; several distinguished men of letters, for instance, Messieurs Steffens and Jahn, repaired, among the number of the officers, to the field of honour. The word of command was received by the young soldier, from that mouth which had instructed him on the forms of the school. These volunteers ardently desired to be engaged, but they did not yet appear accustomed to severe discipline; and several of them were of such a tender age, that it could not be expected they would long be able to support the fatigues of war. A boy ten years of age was seen at Dresden, supplicating the officers, with tears in his eyes, to receive him among the volunteers; and if he was not old enough to carry a musket, to give him at least a drum; every one, of course, rejected him, for he was not even strong enough to serve as a drummer, but he still persisted in his request. Another child, who had eloped from Breslau to follow the army, was advertised by his parents in the public papers.



## GLEANINGS.

WRITES RUSKIN:—Peace may be sought in two ways. One way is as Gideon sought it, when he built his altar in Ophrah, naming it, "God send peace," yet sought this peace that he loved as he was ordered to seek it; and the peace was sent in God's way. The country was in quietness forty years in the days of Gideon. And the other way of seeking peace is as Menahem sought it, when he gave the king of Assyria a thousand talents of silver, that "his hand might be with him"—*i.e.*, you may either win your peace or buy it—win it by resistance to evil, buy it with compromise with evil. You may buy your peace with silenced consciences; you may buy it with broken vows; buy it with lying words; buy it with base connivance; buy it with the blood of the slain, and the cry of the captive, and the silence of lost souls.

FATHERS are responsible as well as mothers for the right training of their children. God expects of both the same forbearance, gentleness, and self-sacrifice; and that if the children fail to come up in the right way, the mother will not be the only one held to account, but that the blood of souls will be required also at the father's hands. Can the father by any plea slip out of this grave responsibility? If God gives him children, they are to be

held as a sacred charge; not laid in the mother's arms, and left there to receive all physical, mental, and moral nurture through her. Children are a mutual gift, a mutual trust. Parents are to bear the burden of their training together. The outdoor business belongs truly to the father; the regulations of the house to the mother; but the education of the children to both alike. The physical care is, by necessity, more in the hands of the mother, and thus more frequent and favourable opportunities are given her for the inculcation of truth. But the father's life, his daily temper, his words and actions should be a commentary on, and a constant illustration and corroboration of her teachings. His influence should not be hindering, but helpful in this their united task of love. And in cases of discipline there should be equal tenderness and sympathy, and the maintenance of a united authority and control. To act as two, and yet as one, is a nice study for father and mother; one which can be profitably pursued only by mutual prayers, and sitting together at the feet of Jesus.

A GOOD deal of popular interest has lately concentrated around Mr. Gladstone, and whilst the right hon. gentleman's name is now, one might almost say, on



the tip of everybody's tongue, there can be no harm in re-producing a story told of him some time ago in the pages of our respected contemporary, the *Leisure Hour*. The story is said to be authentic. Dr. Guthrie was once paying a visit to the Duke of Argyll, at Inverary Castle, by special invitation. A large and brilliant assemblage of guests, including Mr. Gladstone, were staying at the Castle, and before they retired for the night, Dr. Guthrie was asked by the Duke to conduct "family worship," and a psalm was to be sung after the good old Scottish Presbyterian fashion. After a number of ladies and gentlemen present had been asked to act as "precentor," and nobody responding to the appeal, Mr. Gladstone stepped forward and said, "Dr. Guthrie, I'll raise the tune," and the ex-Premier did it right well. It is well known that, along with other great natural gifts, Mr. Gladstone is the fortunate possessor of a very fine voice, which is, of course, one of the foremost attributes of oratory. And the right hon. gentleman, be it known, is a very fine singer.

NOT A CASE IN POINT.—"Gentlemen," said the professor to his medical students assembled in clinic, "I have often pointed out to you the remarkable tendency to consumption of those who play upon wind instruments. In this case now before us we have a well-marked development of lung disease; and I was not surprised to find, on questioning the patient, that he is a member of a brass band. Now, sir," continued the professor, addressing the consumptive, "will you please tell the gentlemen what instrument you play on?" "I blays der drum," said the sick man.

A PERFECT CHARACTER.—Talleyrand, being asked whether a certain authoress of his acquaintance was not a little tiresome, replied, "No; she is altogether tiresome."

KEEPING ROSES IN BLOOM.—As soon as they have formed their first flowers in the open ground, pinch off the end of the first shoot, and as soon as the rose is fully opened, pick it off. No rose should be left to fade upon the bush, as when so left it exhausts the plant in the formation of seed. As the plant grows, pinch back the ends of the shoots when they have grown six inches, and rub out all puny shoots, thus keeping the plants in a rounded, open bush form. If strong shoots alone are left to grow, they will soon control the strength of the plant, and the flowers will be few and often of imperfect form. Should the season be hot and dry, a mulch

of fine, fresh grass or sawdust, or moss from the woods, should be placed all over the soil, three inches deep, and at night watered thoroughly, not sprinkled, but wet like a day's rain.

BOTH IN THE SAME PREDICAMENT.—A German citizen approached the window of a bank, and requested that a cheque payable to the order of Schweitzercase be cashed. "*Ja* dots me," he nodded reassuringly, in answer to the teller's look of inquiry. "But I don't know that you are Mr. Schweitzercase. You must get yourself identified," said the teller. "How vos dot?" asked the German citizen, with a puzzled look. "You must get some one to identify you," repeated the bank officer. "I don't know you." "Ah *ja*," cried John, much relieved. "Dot's all right. *I don't know you neider.*"

England may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.

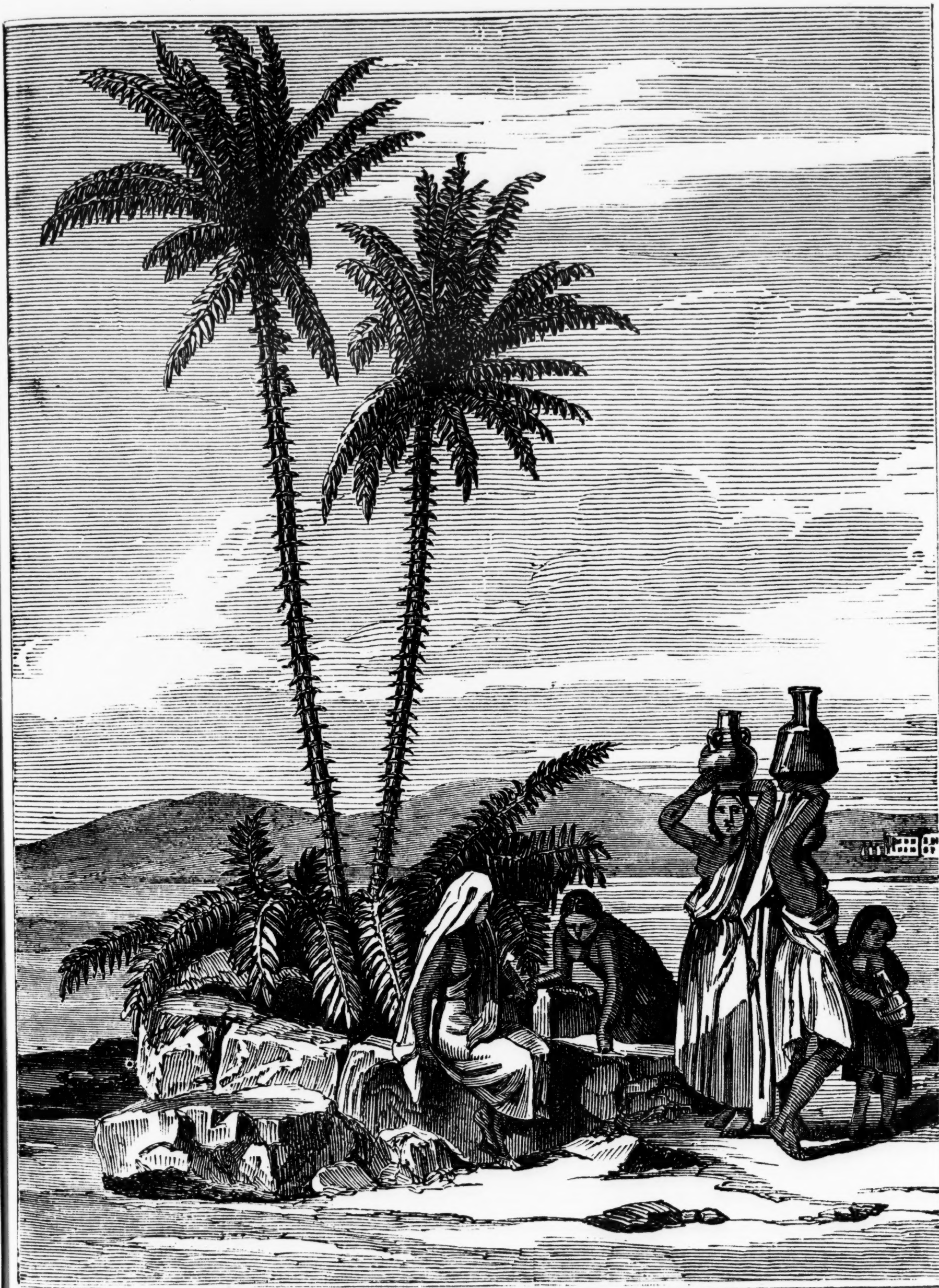
Do you want to make a sound investment? Then buy a telephone.

The peculiarity of the fly is that he always returns to the same spot; but it is the characteristic of the mosquito that he always returns to another spot. Thus he differs from the leopard, which does not change his spots. This is an important fact in natural history.

The Rev. Dr. Gillan, of St. John's Church, Glasgow, and now minister of Inchinnan, Renfrewshire, obtained his present living on the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Lockhart, who left a number of his sermons and other documents in an attic room of the manse, intending to remove them subsequent to his return from a continental tour. He had occasion to communicate with Dr. Gillan, and in the course of his letter he expressed a hope that the manuscripts were safe and free from damp. Dr. Gillan replied that "all the papers were quite dry, especially the sermons."

In the old days when Ireland had a Parliament of her own, a member once enlivened debate by a sentence, of which the following is a Bowdlerized version: "The house of the honourable member for County Donnelly," he cried, "are, and have ever been, political and personal hirelings, from the white-livered hound that is trimbling on the flure to the painted hag that is grinning in the gallery." After the duel, some one asked the speaker how he came to know that the sister of his adversary, the "hag" of the peroration, was to be present in the House. "Sure, I walked down with him, and he tould me himself," answered the orator.





EASTERN WELL AND WATER CARRIERS.



## UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.

*(Concluded from page 142.)*

WHEN I left off I was telling you about the pony ; it was a very skittish animal, though it had no vice about it, and, after some breaking in, carried Grace well.

When I had been at Stonehurst some few months, a cousin of mine, Walter Blake, came on a visit. I only knew him slightly, for he lived at a distance; but from what I had heard about him I was not disposed to be very friendly. He arrived about twelve o'clock one Tuesday, and while we were dining kept up a lively conversation with my uncle.

"Nice country for riding, I should think," he said, when dinner was nearly over, putting down an eyeglass, through which he had been staring at Grace, much to my indignation.

My uncle answering in the affirmative, he went on, "My groom will be here this afternoon with my horses : I suppose you will give them stable room."

But I will pass over all the rest of his sayings and doings that day. He stayed about a fortnight, during which time he and Grace went out riding together several times; and he irritated me almost beyond endurance by his insolent attentions to her, for it was then that I discovered that I loved her.

After Walter had been with us for about a fortnight, I became haunted at times with the idea that Grace cared for him, for she was so gentle, and so fearful of hurting anyone's feelings, that she did not treat him so coldly as (in my selfishness, as I now feel) I should have wished. At such times I felt as if I should have gone wild, and would rush out of the house and across the country, regardless of any obstacle, with my brain in a whirl, until I sank down exhausted, and when I became a little calmer would think how foolish I was to suppose that my darling Grace would ever care for such a fellow. I think my uncle and aunt were much relieved when Walter left, and I, for my part, passed many happy hours with Grace, undisturbed by any forebodings for the future.

To my great surprise, and I need hardly say to my intense dissatisfaction, my cousin again appeared about a fortnight after he had left Stonehurst. The day on which he came stands out in my memory almost clearer than those which preceded it. It happened to be Christmas eve. The Winter had set in that year with unusual severity, and the day of which I am writing had been so cold and stormy that we were glad to shut out what daylight remained at an early hour in the afternoon, and after closing the curtains across the windows, drew our chairs round the fire. My uncle and aunt had dozed off, and Grace and I were talking in an undertone, for fear of disturbing them, when the door opened, and Walter appeared.



Surprise, instead of pleasure, was very plainly to be seen on all our faces (for the noise had awakened Mr. and Mrs. Warrington), but on mine stronger than the rest, for in the interval that had elapsed since his last visit I had had some hopes that Grace returned my affection in some measure, and the thought of his attentions to her were just then peculiarly distasteful to me. Walter did not seem to see anyone but his uncle, for he walked straight up to him without looking round, and in rather an unsteady voice requested a few minutes' private conversation. They left the room together, and my aunt soon followed to see about some refreshment for the new-comer.

When we were left alone, after walking up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation, I stopped short before Grace, and confessed my great love for her, at the same time pouring out all my hopes and fears. As she listened her sweet face flushed a little, but when I said that I had not the presumption to suppose that she could feel the same affection for me that I did for her, but asked if I might hope to win her at some future time, she slipped her little hand into mine, and gave me such a loving look with her clear, honest eyes, that I knew, without words, that she was mine indeed. For some time we sat in silence, with her hand clasped in mine, but at last I told her how I had been tormented with fears that she cared for my cousin Walter. She assured me that such had never been the case—indeed, that his presence was distasteful to her.

At tea time my uncle came back alone, with rather a troubled expression on his face. He did not enter into particulars about his interview with Walter, but merely told us, as briefly as possible, that he was afraid he was getting into bad ways, for he had come to borrow a considerable sum of money, and that when he (Uncle Warrington) had refused to lend it, had gone off again directly, intending to return in a few days for his horses, which were still at Stonehurst.

My uncle and aunt were much pleased when told of my engagement to Grace, and said that they had wished all along that it would be so. The next few days passed as quickly as all happy times do, Grace and I being very full of plans for the future, and she, as well as my uncle, wrote to ask for Captain Howard's consent. But, alas! my happiness was of short duration; and now I come to the sad part of my story—so sad, indeed, that I hardly know how I am to write it, and if I pass it over somewhat briefly, you must remember that my heart was so full that I could hardly bear to think of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week has passed since I wrote the preceding part of my narrative, for when I left off I was so much shaken by strong emotion that my hand refused to hold my pen, and I was fain to lay it by for a while.

One day, about a fortnight after my engagement to Grace, Walter, who had again been with us for a day or two, proposed that, as the morning was unusually bright and warm for that time of the year, we should take a long ride, starting immediately after breakfast, and returning only in time for dinner. Just when we



were about to start my uncle called me and said he wished I would go into the village to see after some little matter, for he had such a bad attack of rheumatism that he was unable to leave the house. I shouted to Grace and Walter not to mind me, but to go on, and I would meet them coming back.

I started for the village on foot, and was detained so long that by the time I reached home again I saw Grace and Walter coming up the avenue. They both seemed in high spirits (Walter not being aware of our engagement, as we thought it better to keep it secret until Captain Howard's consent arrived), and Grace waved her hand gaily to me as she came nearer.

At the moment they reached the house a dog that was at the front door began to bark, and the sudden noise so frightened Grace's pony that it swerved violently, and before I could reach her she was thrown heavily, with her head against one of the steps. We all rushed to the spot, a doctor was sent for, and everything was done that was possible; but, notwithstanding all our efforts, my darling Grace never spoke again, and before evening. . . .

After her death I was ill for a long time, and in the fits of delirium (as my aunt told me afterwards) my vain cries for someone to save my darling, and to spare her to me, if for only a short time, were heartrending.

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### FOR THE CHILDREN.—NEVER SAY, "I CAN'T."

By S. H.



CAN'T, and I am sure I *never* shall do this exercise," said a little boy of ten, who was sitting with his mamma, doing his morning lessons (although I am afraid his attention was rather fixed on his dog in the garden than on the book before him).

"Charlie, dear," said his mamma, "how much better it would be if, instead of saying, 'I can't,' you made up your mind to try; you would please me much more; and now put your books away for this morning, and I will tell you a tale of a little boy who was one day very sorry for having made such a constant use of the words, 'I can't.'"

"Willie Gervis was about your age—ten-and-a-half—but, I am sorry to say, being the eldest child, was much spoilt. He had two sisters—Minnie and Alice, one eight, the other only five. Willie went to boarding-school, Minnie was taught at home. At school Willie was a good boy; but, as I said at the beginning, was in the habit of saying to everything, 'I can't,' and thereby lost many marks and prizes by not trying. When at home Mrs. Gervis constantly told him of it, but she little thought what trouble it would one day bring him. July arrived, and with it the excitement of all school children commenced, to know on what day they would go home, and Willie



Gervis was not one of the least excited among them. Minnie counted each day to the 19th, the date fixed for her brother's arrival. Home he came, in the highest spirits; all the evening he sang 'Home, Sweet Home'; but I am sorry to say that soon after he arrived, his mother asked him if he could not help the servant upstairs with his box, and his reply was, 'I can't; I want to go and see my garden.' The number of questions asked and answered that evening were countless; amongst them was this one, 'When and where are we going to spend our holidays this summer?' and his exclamations of delight were unbounded when he heard that the time fixed for their departure was next week, and the house was at Hastings!

"Many sleepless nights were spent during that week; at last the eventful day arrived, and by eleven o'clock Papa, Mamma, Willie, Minnie, Alice, and the maid with their boxes, were all safely packed in the express train to Hastings. Day after day was spent in endless enjoyment; the children did not seem to know that there was such a thing as being tired; night always came too soon, and lasted too long, for *them*.

"They had made several friends since they had been there, and within a week of their return to town, one afternoon, Mrs. Gervis allowed Willie to go on the rocks with Minnie, telling him to take great care of her, and to be sure and not leave her. After having collected shells, seaweed, &c., Willie, noticing the tide was coming in, was about to come away, when he heard a young friend calling him from the parade, and was soon off the rocks; but when he had gone but a few paces he heard Minnie calling him, to come and help her reach her beautiful piece of seaweed she had found out of the sea, which she had dropped in. Willie answered, 'I can't now; don't trouble about it, I will find you another piece to-morrow,' and was gone. Minnie thought this quite impossible, and, kneeling down on the rock, tried all manner of ways to recover the lost treasure; but, alas! whilst rising, her foot slipped, and she fell into the sea—far from land, and quite alone. Poor Minnie! 'Willie! oh, Willie!' she cried, 'how could you leave me?' She could not swim at all, and was tossed hither and thither, until she became quite exhausted. But help was at hand. A small sailing vessel, noticing something on the water, came near, and Minnie was soon in kind hands. She was quite insensible, and when they arrived at land, no one knew to whom she belonged. Willie, having left her and walked some way with his friend, thought Minnie would be sure to have returned home, and therefore took a shorter way than that which led round by the rocks, which brought him to the harbour, where he arrived just as the sailors gained the parade, carrying Minnie between them. His terror is not to be described, when he saw who it was.

"*'Where did you find her?'* he cried.

"*'Floating on the water,'* they replied; 'and if you could tell us where she lives, we should be much obliged.'

"*'She is my sister,'* Willie said, in a trembling voice, and eyes filled with tears; for how he loved his sister!

"I will not dwell on the painful scene which took place when they arrived home, nor yet on the week of anxiety which followed, during which Minnie was *very* ill, but will only tell you how poor



Willie suffered for his neglect of his sister, and how truly sorry he was, not only for saying, '*I can't*,' when she asked him to help her, but also for leaving her, when his mamma so strictly told him not to. Willie said that if God would let Minnie get well, he would never use the word '*can't*' again. God did make her well, and, I have heard, Willie conquered his bad habit. And now, Charlie, I hope this tale will be a lesson to *you*."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I am sure I hope I shall never cause such a dreadful thing to happen; and I will indeed try, mamma, not to make any more use of the words, '*I can't*.'"

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## LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

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YEARS ago a young lady in one of the New England States, in the first ardour of her religious life, asked, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

As if in answer to her request, her mind was directed to a neighbourhood where the people were notoriously irreligious, and the children growing up ignorant of God and His Word. Having interested some other young friends in her plan, a Sabbath-school was organised to be held in the district school house.

Having visited the homes and invited the children, the school was soon crowded; but the young teacher was sorely pained to see that on the Sabbath day the men still worked in the fields, and the women in the houses, as on other days. So the next lesson she gave her class was the fourth commandment. It was a bold step; for the community was noted for its readiness to take offence, even at implied censure: but such was her desire to lead her class to Christ, that she went steadfastly forward.

The next Sabbath came, and many who did not usually attend came that afternoon.

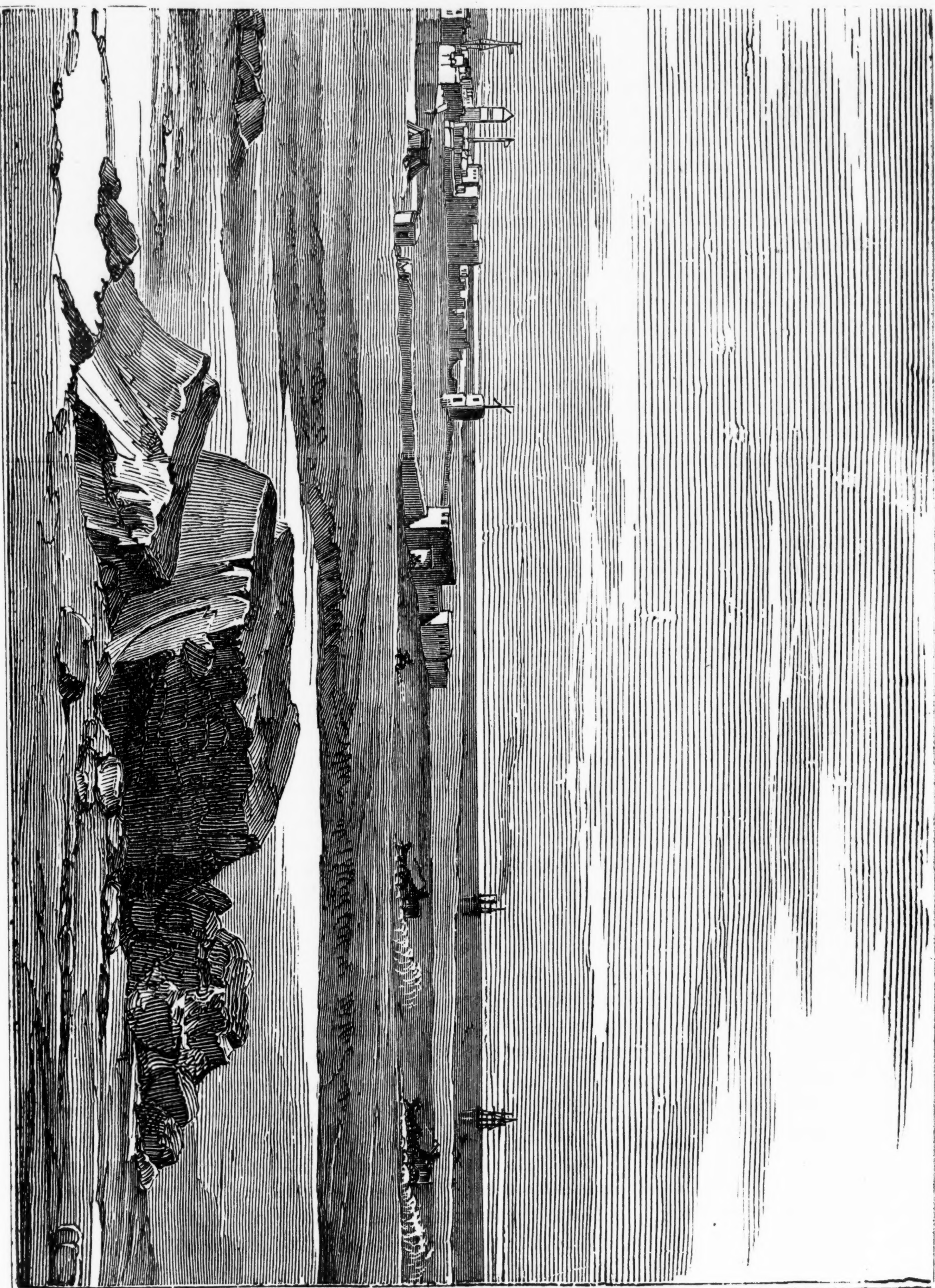
It was harvest time, and in a field near the school-house several men were engaged in getting in wheat, who, as the teachers came to the school, were loud and noisy in their work, as if, apparently, to annoy and defy them.

But suddenly the loud shouts ceased, and it was evident that something unusual had occurred. An old man had fallen from a load of wheat, broken his leg, and was lying on the ground fainting, if not dying.

There was an unwonted stillness in the school, as the young teacher asked her class to repeat the fourth commandment, which they did in tones that showed they had already learned to attach a meaning to its precepts, and its lessons. To-day there is not a more quiet, Sabbath-keeping, church-going community than that in which these events occurred.







THE SHORES OF THE RED SEA.



## PROFANE SPEAKING.

By G. S.



WE mean, by profane speaking, all the ungodly speeches, all the hard sayings which are spoken against the Holy Name and Word of God, all the profane jesting with sacred things, and all the cursing and swearing which defile human lips and grieve the Almighty. For all these things will God require a strict account, for He knoweth all our thoughts afar off.

There is no habit so free from any excuse, or any temptation to indulge in it. In some sinful habits there is an appearance of gaining some advantage or gratification, but there can be none for profane speaking.

Those who indulge in this sin are to be pitied, for they testify to all that they are enemies to God. They prove themselves to be avowed rebels against God's authority, and are therefore enemies to their own eternal interests. As the psalmist exclaimed, "Thine enemies take Thy name in vain."

When the tongue is under the dominion of sin, it is full of deadly poison, it is as "a fire"—it is "a world of iniquity." Alas! how many employ the tongue that was given them to glorify God, in profanity, although God's command is, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;" and it is broken when divine things are spoken unnecessarily or irreverently. "Whoso despiseth the Word shall be destroyed, but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded." "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

Such is the reverence that even Mohammedans show for the name of God, that if they find in the road a piece of paper with the name of God written upon it, they will conceal it in a hole by the wayside, least any one should tread it under foot. The reverence shown in this act is worthy of imitation. How unlike the profanity which shopkeepers show when they use God's Word for wrapping up their parcels!

Sometimes the swearer and profane person is punished even in this life.

There was an excellent clergyman, who preached with such holy zeal, that many were converted under his ministry. There lived in the same place a man who not only slighted all the means of grace, but turned the most serious matters into ridicule, and made a laughing-stock of the preacher's expressions. One morning he went early to the public house, and soon became quite intoxicated. He began profaning the Name and Word of God, and ridiculing the word conversion. "Now," said he, "I, myself, will become a *convert*." Turning himself round, and dancing about the room with a variety of foolish gestures, he quickly went out, and falling down the stairs, broke his neck and expired. "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

If men escape in this life, they cannot avoid the punishment of hell; for every profane word is written in God's Book, awaiting



them at the judgment-seat. "When the great day of God's wrath is come, who will be able to stand?"

"There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

The way of profanity is full of danger. It is written, "The way of transgressors is hard." "As he loved cursing, so let it come to him." "Because of swearing the land mourneth."

It is a foolish way, for it is fools who make a mock of sin, and insult their Maker. "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, but the mouths of fools pour out foolishness." If others choose the way of death, it is no reason why we should. If others think it a fine thing to preface their words with an oath, and thus bring upon themselves a curse, it is no reason why we should do it; each must answer for himself, each one must stand responsible in God's sight.

We should always show our disapproval of profane speaking by protesting against it. As John Howard was standing one day near the door of a printing-office, he heard some dreadful oaths and curses from a public house opposite, and buttoning his pockets up, said to the workmen near him, "I always do this whenever I hear men swear, as I think that anyone who can take God's name in vain, can also steal, or do anything else that is bad."

A good old man was once in company with a gentleman who occasionally introduced into his conversation the words devil, deuce, &c., and who at last took the name of God in vain. "Stop, sir," said the old man, "I said nothing while you only used freedom with the name of your *own* master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedom with the name of *mine*."

When the tongue is under the dominion of divine grace, the words which drop from it are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," chaste and pure, sincere and devout. "Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones."

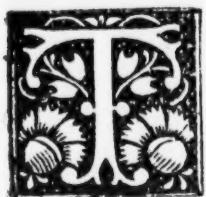
A gay young man, travelling in a stage-coach to London, forced his deistical sentiments on the company by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures; and, amongst other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and particularly to a Quaker gentleman, who sat silent in one corner of the company. "Indeed, friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all impossible, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine." This grave rebuke silenced the young man.

Do we wish to leave off this fearful habit of profane speaking? if so, we must seek strength from God to do so. Although we have treated Him as our enemy, He is willing to become our friend. His grace is all-sufficient to enable us to overcome the sinful habits of our nature. Let us look to the cross of Jesus—plead the atoning sacrifice offered there, and say, "Create within us clean hearts, O God! and renew a right spirit within us."

We should strive to abandon such an evil course; for no swearers can ever enter heaven. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."



## BEAR HOSPITALITY.



THE story of a bear in a kitchen—something of an equivalent for a bull in a china shop—represents Bruin in so invidious a light that I must ask you for the insertion of a page from my Travelling Diary of 1880, which may help to re-instate him. I there see I have noted a story of a bear I obtained at Nancy. It relates to one of the gates of that picturesque old town known as La Porte Masco, this name being derived from a bear called Masco, the property of the Municipality, whose den or pit was situated close to it. The French historian, Lionnois, is my authority for the following singular and touching tale—not the bear's tale so much as the tale of a small Savoyard, who, in 1709, left his mountain home, after the manner of Savoyards, to seek his fortune in more prosperous provinces. Having begged his way as far as the gates of Nancy, his strength failed him as he reached the Porte Masco, and, overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, he looked about for some resting-place. Though there were no police (so called) in those days, there was probably some equivalent terrorism; probably also there were notices equivalent to those which in our day tell us, "Begging is forbidden;" for the little starving Savoyard was so desirous of hiding as well as of resting that, to escape from the oppression and severity of his fellow man, he crept into the bear's pit, and trusted himself to the justice and generosity of the beast of prey. Masco at once welcomed him cordially, embracing him with his shaggy paws, and holding him against his furry and compassionate breast to keep him warm through the night. The next morning his new guardian liberated him, and he went out to try to earn his poor little day's living. At dark he returned to his quarters and, having been but barely fed through the day, he was delighted to find his considerate host had reserved him half his rations. At length the child took up his abode altogether with his kind and hospitable friend, and always nestled up so close to him that his presence long remained undiscovered. One day, however, Masco's keeper having brought his supper at a later hour than usual, was much astonished to find the creature, usually so civil and well-behaved, dart at him the most furious glances; and, on investigating the matter, discovered that his uneasiness proceeded from his dread lest the sleeping child over whom he was watching should be disturbed; and although usually most eager for the food which was brought him once in twenty-four hours, on this occasion he gave no sign of caring to touch it.

The story naturally spread, and the Emperor Leopold hearing of it, was so incredulous that he at once resorted to the spot, followed by his courtiers, determined to sift out the truth of so singular a statement. He even ordered that the den should be watched all night, and that an exact report of all that occurred should be brought to him. The bear was then observed to wait patiently until the child awoke, and then to press him to partake of his allowance. On seeing this strange and pathetic pantomime, the spectators, by dint

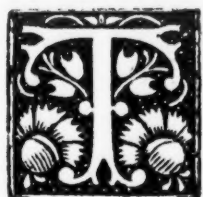


of inquiry, learnt how long the singular alliance had lasted, and took the boy to Court, where the king ordered that he should remain and be taken care of, allowing him nevertheless to pay a daily visit to his kind friend, to whom he always carried, with responsive generosity, some dainty from the royal kitchen. Unhappily, the boy died not very long after, and Masco, missing his daily intercourse with his little friend, pined away, and no one could restore him to health or prolong his life. These details were preserved among the Archives de la Ville de Nancy, where the tradition still attaches to the Porte Masco.—*The Author of "Flemish Interiors."*

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## THE HISTORY OF THE POTATO.

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THE potato has a curious history. It is a native of the elevated valleys of the Andes in Peru and Chili, and is found as far North as Mexico. It was taken to Spain soon after the discovery of the American Continent, and was cultivated in gardens as a botanical curiosity. The tubers being small and not edible in its wild state, it attracted no attention. In 1586, Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England, and is credited with bringing it from Virginia; but of this there is no evidence. Its cultivation in the cool moist summers of Ireland soon developed large tubers, found to consist chiefly of starch.

A successful experiment was made in the use of the tubers as food, but this was met and combatted by a number of learned men, and several works were written and published to prove its poisonous character. It belongs to the great Nightshade family, all of which are poisonous. This indictment was true, but they had not yet learnt that a poisonous plant may bear a fruit or a tuber not only harmless, but very nutritious. This prejudice prevented the use of the tomato till within the last forty years. The truth is, both these vegetables, being of Nightshade family, are poisonous in stem, leaf, and flower, but this property does not extend to the tuber of the one nor the fruit of the other.

While on this subject, it is proper to say that solanine, the poisonous principle of this family, is sometimes developed in the potato, even to a dangerous extent. If the tubers, while growing, are uncovered so as to expose them to the direct sunshine, they will assume a green appearance and become poisonous from the presence of solanine. The same effect, in a minor degree, is produced in the sprouting of potatoes. If these are used in cooking they should be sliced and placed in cold water an hour or two before being cooked. Otherwise, sprouted potatoes are unwholesome.

The potato is a tropical plant, but its tuber-producing quality is a Northern modification of the plant, and in this quality it is improved by the cool summer of the North, and is successfully cultivated to the Artic Circle, and with a decided improvement in the quality of the crop and generally in its yield. The tendency of the tuber to degenerate in warm climates will suggest the precaution of occasionally renewing the crop by planting Northern potatoes.—*Indiana Farmer.*



## THE THREE BIDDERS:

*An Incident in the Life of Rowland Hill.*

WILL you listen, kind friends, for a moment,  
 While a story I unfold;  
 A marvellous tale, of a wonderful sale  
 Of a noble lady of old;  
 How hand and heart, at an auction mart,  
 And soul and body, she sold?  
 'Twas in the broad king's highway,  
 Near a century ago,  
 That a preacher stood, though of noble blood,  
 Telling the fallen and low  
 Of a Saviour's love and a home above,  
 And a peace that they all might know.  
 All crowded round to listen;  
 And they wept at the wond'rous love  
 That could wash their sin and receive them in  
 His spotless mansions above;  
 While slow, through the crowd, a lady proud  
 Her gilded chariot drove.  
 "Make room," cried the haughty outrider,  
 "You are closing the king's highway;  
 My lady is late, and their Majesties wait;  
 Give way there, good people, I pray."  
 The preacher heard, and his soul was stirred,  
 And he cried to the rider, "Nay."  
 His eye like the lightning flashes;  
 His voice like a trumpet rings—  
 "Your grand fete days, and your fashions  
 and ways  
 Are all but perishing things.  
 'Tis the king's highway, but I hold it to-day  
 In the name of the King of kings."  
 Then—bending his gaze on the lady,  
 And marking her soft eye fall—  
 "And now in His name, a sale I proclaim,  
 And bids for this fair lady call.  
 Who will purchase the whole—her body  
 and soul,  
 Coronet, jewels, and all?  
 "I see already three bidders—  
 The World steps up as the first:  
 I will give her my treasures, and all the pleasures  
 For which my votaries thirst;  
 She shall dance through each day, more  
 joyous and gay,  
 With a quiet grave at the worst."  
 "But out speaks the Devil boldly—  
 'The kingdoms of earth are mine,  
 Fair lady, thy name, with an envied fame,  
 On their brightest tablets shall shine;  
 Only give me thy soul, and I'll give thee  
 the whole,  
 Their glory and wealth, to be thine.'

"And pray, what hast thou to offer,  
 Thou Man of Sorrows unknown?  
 And He gently says, 'My blood I have  
 shed,  
 To purchase her for Mine own.  
 To conquer the grave, and her soul to save,  
 I trod the wine-press alone.  
 "I will give her My cross of suffering,  
 My cup of sorrow to share;  
 But with endless love, in My home above,  
 All shall be righted there;  
 She shall walk in white, in a robe of light,  
 And a radiant crown shall wear.'  
 "Thou hast heard the terms, fair lady,  
 That each hath offered for thee,  
 Which wilt thou choose, and which wilt  
 thou lose,  
 This life, or the life to be?  
 The fable was mine, but the choice is yet  
 thine,  
 Sweet lady! which of the three?"  
 Nearer the stand of the preacher  
 The gilded chariot stole, [crowd  
 And each head was bowed, as over the  
 The thundering accents roll;  
 And every word, as the lady heard,  
 Burned in her very soul.  
 "Pardon, good people," she whispered,  
 As she rose from her cushioned seat.  
 Full well, they say, as the crowd made way,  
 You could hear her pulses beat;  
 And each head was bare, as the lady fair  
 Knelt at the preacher's feet.  
 She took from her hands the jewels,  
 The coronet from her brow; [head,  
 "Lord Jesus," she said, as she bowed her  
 "The highest bidder art Thou; [take  
 Thou gav'st for my sake Thy life, and I  
 Thy offer—and take it now.  
 "I know the world and her pleasures,  
 At best they but weary and cloy;  
 And the tempter is bold, but his honours  
 and gold  
 Prove ever a fatal decoy;  
 I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;  
 Lord, I accept it with joy!  
 "Give me Thy cup of suffering,  
 Welcome earth's sorrows and loss.  
 Let my portion be to win souls to Thee,  
 Perish her glittering dross!  
 I gladly lay down her coveted crown,  
 Saviour, to take Thy cross."  
 "Amen!" said one holy preacher;  
 And the people wept aloud.  
 Years have rolled on—and they all have  
 gone  
 Around that altar who bowed.  
 Lady and throng have been swept along  
 On the wind like a morning cloud.



But the Saviour has claimed His purchase,  
And around His radiant seat,  
A mightier throng, in an endless song,  
The wond'rous story repeat;  
And a form more fair, is bending there,  
Laying her crown at His feet.

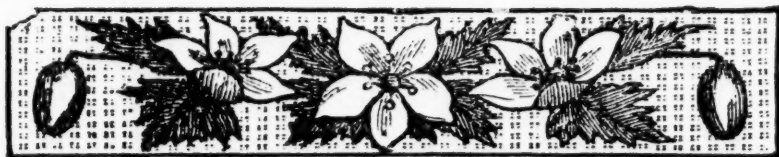
So now, in eternal glory,  
She rests from her cross and care;  
But her spirit above, with a longing love,  
Seems calling on you to share  
Her endless reward, in the joy of her Lord;  
Oh! will you not answer her—there?

## TRAIN GIRLS FOR HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.



TRAINING girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary as instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic, and quite as universal. We are in our houses more than half of our existence, and it is the household surroundings which affect most largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she understand how to "set a table," if she has learned how things ought to be cooked, how beds should be made, how carpets should be swept, how the furniture should be dusted, how the clothing should be repaired, and turned, altered, and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage, and understands the laying in of provisions, how to make them go farther and last longer; if she appreciates the importance of system, order, tidiness and the quiet management of children and servants, then she knows how to make a little heaven of home; how to win her children from the street, how to keep her husband from the public-house. Such a family will be trained to social respectability, to business success, and to efficiency and usefulness, in whatever position may be allotted to them.

It would be a great advantage to make a beginning by attaching a kitchen to every girls' school in the nation, and have lessons given daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table, and how to purchase them in the market to the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, an increase of comfort, and higher health in every family in the land.



## GLEANNINGS.

A CLOCK MADE OF BREAD.—Milan has a curiosity in a clock which is made entirely of bread. The maker is a native of India, and he has devoted three years of his time to the construction of this curiosity. He was very poor, and being without means to purchase the necessary metal, deprived himself regularly of his daily bread, which he devoted to the construction of his curiosity, eating the crust and saving the soft part for doing his work.

He made use of a certain salt to solidify his material. and when the precious pieces were dry they were perfectly hard and insoluble in water. The clock is of respectable size, and goes well. The case, which is also of hardened bread, displays great talent in design and execution.

CURIOUS MOVEMENT AMONG RUSSIAN JEWS.—A curious statement comes from Southern Russia to the effect that a large number of Jews in that quarter of Europe



have to a large extent accepted the Christian doctrine. They call themselves the "Jews of the New Testament," and acknowledge that the second coming of Christ has already taken place. It is said that the new sect has sprung out of the iniquitous persecutions of the Jews in South Russia.

**SOME STATISTICS ABOUT MORMONS.**—From information furnished by the Census Bureau in relation to the Mormon Church, it appears that in 1850 there were sixteen church organisations and 10,880 sittings; in 1860, twenty-four organisations and 13,500 sittings; in 1870, 189 organisations and 37,838 sittings; and in 1880, 267 organisations and 65,262 sittings. The actual membership of the Mormon Church, according to the census of 1880, was 79,886.

**BROCOLI-GROWING IN CORNWALL.**—The importance of the brocoli industry in West Cornwall is shown by the fact that the acreage under cultivation in the Penzance district is estimated at 1,000; each acre being supposed to contain about 10,000 brocoli—that is for the whole district a rough total of 10,000,000 brocoli. Boys are paid in the season, for frightening away birds, 6s. per week. The cost of carriage to distant markets is a very heavy drawback.

**A REMARKABLE PENMAN.**—There is a Jewish penman in Vienna who writes four hundred Hebrew letters on one grain of wheat. He has also written the Jewish prayer for the Imperial family on the narrow edge of an ordinary visiting card. There is nothing extraordinary in this—many persons could write all the prayers they have said in ten years on the head of a pin.

**NOVEL METHOD OF LETTER WRITING.**—The following case may certainly be considered a novelty in the methods of postal communication. On Thursday, the 29th ult., a penny postage stamp, on the back of which was written the address of the recipient, and a communication consisting altogether of twenty-six words, was posted at the General Post Office, Liverpool, and duly delivered in the suburbs the same day. There being nothing whatever but the stamp fully illustrates the accuracy and care which the postal authorities exercise in the discharge of their duty.

**HOW TO AVOID FAMILY QUARRELS.**—Here is a recipe which may fairly claim to be original. A couple agreed between themselves that whenever *he* came home a little "contrairy" and out of temper he wore his hat on the back of his head, and then she never said a word. If *she* came in a little cross and crooked, she threw

her shawl over her left shoulder, and then *he* never said a word. If similar danger signals could be more largely used, how many unnecessary collisions would be avoided, and how many a long train of evil consequences would be safely shunted till the line was clear again!

#### THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly.  
"Oh, mother! take my hand," said she,  
"And the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days  
Wherein our guides are blind as we,  
And faith is small and hope delays;  
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee!

WHITTIER.

#### ACROSTIC.

A fter work, how sweet is rest!  
F riendship is of life the zest;  
T ime and tide for no man wait,  
E ver watch at Wisdom's gate.  
R un not on before thy Guide,

Walk with Jesus at thy side.  
O vercome conceit and pride,  
R ise above earth's pleasures vain,  
K eep the truth and freedom gain.

THOMSON SHARP.

#### OUR CHILDREN.

In the paradise of home how often have children broken the spell of the serpent, and made the seducer powerless! Many a man and woman have been saved by them from the pathway of ruin; many are now in heaven who but for their children would have been lost for ever.

Through all the history of the trials and wanderings of the people of God, in their joys and in their perils, children were with them. Are generations of holy children to succeed them? No virtues of an adult generation can save our land, if godless children are to follow that generation and undo all its work. Our cry must be, "Give God the children;" give them to us for Him, and He will train them, and we will co-work with Him in training them into a glorious army, before which His foes and those of our land shall be swept away, and righteousness, and peace and joy shall fill it from sea to sea.





ELI AND SAMUEL.

OUR illustration represents the youthful Samuel answering to (as he thought) the voice of his priest and master, Eli. It seems that old Eli attached him to his person, to render such little services to him, as his condition, from extreme age, rendered necessary. For this reason, apparently, it was that the lad slept at night within call of the high priest. That Eli was in the habit of requiring his services during the night, we may gather from the readiness of the lad in concluding that the voice which called him by name was that of Eli. With prompt attention the lad started from his couch, and hastened to the bedside of his aged master. Three times did the voice call him, and each time he appeared before Eli. The strangeness of this at length led the priest to see something more than human in the circumstance, and directed the boy to go and lie down once more, and if again called, not to come to him, but to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Samuel did as he was directed, and the Divine voice declared the terrible judgments that should fall upon the house of Eli.



## THE GARDENER'S STORY.



THE following narrative is given to the reader as it was told to the writer, without alteration or addition; its simplicity and reality will commend itself to the consciences of God's taught people, who will trace in it the outline of His dealings with His living family.

Many years ago I was a very ignorant, ungodly young man, given to drinking, swearing, gaming, and all sorts of wickedness. I was one of five children, but we were all alike—none better than the rest; and our parents were poor and godless. Twenty-eight years ago, come November, I had three dreams, one after another. The first time I dreamt the world was at an end. I awoke in a terrible fright and looked about me, and seeing we were all safe I got quiet and fell off to sleep again. A few weeks after I dreamt I stood at the mouth of hell, and saw the most awful flames; and, slipping, my foot was all but in, when a man behind me tugged me by the coat and pulled me back safe. I awoke in a worse fright than the first dream, and the gloom of it was on my mind for days; but that wore off too, and I got quiet in my sins. About three months after I dreamt a man came up to me and said, "I am ordered to cut off your right arm and your left leg." I thought in my dream he did so, and I saw him fling them into hell. I awoke as wet as if I had walked through a river, and I said, quite aloud, "Now I be done—this is the end of all my wicked ways, I shall be sent to the pit." So I moped and brooded upon my sins, and all my past ways came up to my mind; but I kept my thoughts to myself, for I was afraid to open my mind to anyone.

The baker of our place employed a steady young man to go about with his bread, but I never had anything to say to him beyond the time of the day. I believed him to be a good young man, but I was afraid to talk to him, so I kept my mind to myself. One evening he came to leave bread at the Squire's house, where I worked; my sins had pressed me so hard all that day I was pretty near out of my wits; but as he passed by me in the shrubbery he said, "Well, John, ain't it most time to knock off work?" "Yes, when the bell rings," I said. "Not before then?" said he. "I'll wait a bit for you, and we can walk home together." It was a walk of about two miles, and as we cleared the houses he says, "John, whatever has come to 'e? Thee bain't a bit like what thee wast." I felt my heart open to him, and I said, "Why, 'tis no wonder I be as I be, for my dreams warn me I be going to hell." That were enough for him; and he began by telling me how he had been through it all just the same, and it was because God had a favour towards me. He showed me all this here evil in my heart. Oh, wasn't I glad to know anyone felt like me! He said Jesus was the sinners' friend, and died in the sinners' place, and that so sure as the Spirit made anyone feel they were sinners, so sure this Saviour would be made known to them as a sin-pardoning Jesus. While he talked I felt my heart wonderfully open to take in what the dear man said; but when I went home I told mother I didn't want any supper, but would



go up to bed at once, for I wanted to ponder upon all I had heard, for it was sweet to me. But as I lay and turned it over and over, the thoughts of my sins came back upon me, and I put away the hope from me that such an awful wretch could ever be saved. At last, worn out with my trouble and the toil of the day, I fell asleep, and I dreamt Jesus came to me. I knew Him directly He smiled kindly at me and spoke these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." I felt the power of it in my soul, and trying to fling myself at His feet, I awoke and found myself on the floor.

My mother knowed the low way I was in, and she ran up, thinking I had killed myself. When she came into the room I said, "Mother, I have seen Jesus, I be a saved man." "Bless 'e," said she, "you do get madder and madder—whatever will be the end on't." "No," said I, "it's all right with me now. I be in my right mind for the first time in my life." I told her it all, but 'twere no good to talk to her then or any other time.

For three months I walked in the light of the Lord, happy as anyone in heaven; nothing vexed me, nothing was wrong. I were the youngest of the family, but I told them I must stammer out a bit of a prayer to begin and end the day with, but my poor mother hated it, and would get upon the settle close by the fire and catch hold of the poker and keep on banging it against the fender all the time, just to baffle me like; but that did me good, and I'll tell you how. I were very fond of my poor mother, and my heart yearned over her, and I longed to see her saved, and pull her to heaven like; and I pitied her, and fretted upon times against the Lord at the thoughts of her being lost; but she did keep on a banging the poker every day, till my heart quite turned against her, as an enemy to my best Friend, Him that I had good cause to love beyond all the world; and she died in that very way, and I gave her over to a righteous God, and I didn't take on as I feared I should when she was gone. So you see God did all that for the best.

It was handy four months I had this light and peace in my soul, when I got up one morning and this thought came like a dart into my mind, "Why, all thy religion be dreams." In a minute my peace was gone; said I, "'Tis all deception; I be done."

Well, another thought came into my mind. I'll go to Thomas, and ask him to tell me is there anything in the Bible about dreams, and God turning anyone like by them. He got the Bible, and he puzzled over it a good bit. He said he thought he knowed a place where it was put, but he didn't make it out for a long time, and I was in a terrible way; at last he found it, the 33rd of Job. Oh, how my heart leaped for joy as he read it, it seemed wrote on purpose for me. I said, "Thomas, this is the right thing, but I must learn to read this book for myself; it won't do to have these thoughts, and to have to run about like this here to get the right meaning to them." So from that day I began to learn, and now I can read the Bible quite clever—aye, hymns or any book, but I never got my happiness back; I suppose I must wait till I get to heaven for that, though I have plenty of cause to bless the Lord for all His mercies to me—"His loving-kindness, oh, how good."



I have been very ill—aye, very near the grave, but I weren't a bit afraid to die. Two gentlemen came to visit me when I were ill, and one on them said, "John, wer'st thee afraid to die?" I said, "Bless the Lord, sir, I ain't afraid to go home and see my Father." "Well, tell us how you felt," said the t'other gent; but leave out the election part, for I can't abear that doctrine." "Ah, sir!" said I, "then I can't say nothing, for that's the foundation of all my story; for you see, sir, I was a terrible sinner, and a swearer, and a drunkard, and everything that was bad; and God met me when I was asleep; no ways seeking Him, and He alarmed me by a dream, and terrified my conscience; and He pardoned me in a dream: so it was all of His grace, and I had no hand in it at all; and if nobody else in this world owed anything to election, I do; so, you see, if you take this doctrine from me, I have no foundation to go upon. We must be saved either by grace or works: now works I have none to boast of, except, indeed, working for Satan. But of grace I can boast, sir; for by the grace of God I am what I am."

The two gents bid me, Good-bye; one of them said, "Well, I believe it is all right with you, anyhow." The t'other said, "I don't like the doctrine of election, and I never shall, I'm quite sure." "No, never, sir," said I, "till God tells you He has chosen you, and then you'll like it fast enough, I know."

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## HOW WE SPEND OUR MONEY.

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1st. THE money spent upon intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom is nearly twice as great as the total amount paid for *Bread*.

2nd. We pay nearly four times as much for intoxicating liquors as we pay for *Butter* and *Cheese*.

3rd. We spend four and a half times as much upon drink as we spend upon *Milk*.

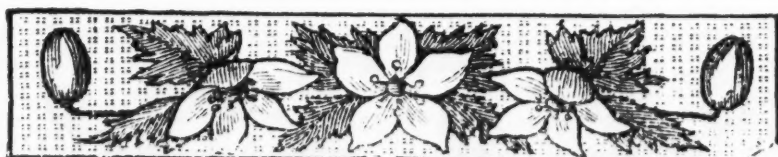
4th. We spend more than five times as much upon drink as we do upon *Sugar*, and nearly seven times as much as all our expenditure upon *Tea*, *Coffee*, and *Cocoa*.

5th. We spend more upon drink than the *Rent Roll* of all the *Farms* and all the *Houses* in the United Kingdom.

6th. We spend about twice as much upon drink as our total expenditure upon *Woollen*, *Cotton*, and *Linen*.

7th. Besides the enormous expenditure upon drink, we have to pay poor and police rates, costs of *Insanity*, *Crime*, *Vagrancy*, *Accidents*, *Disease*, loss of labour, premature death, &c., giving at the very least another £100,000,000, and making a total loss to the nation of more than £200,000,000 yearly.

WORKING MEN! This is the way the money goes! and the reason why trade is so bad! If you want to be prosperous, *avoid drink*, and shun the *public-house*.





## SOME REMARKABLE ECHOES.



AT Roseneath, near Glasgow, which repeats a tune played on a trumpet three times distinctly.

At the sepulchre of Metella, wife of Crassus, there was one which repeated a sentence five times.

One mentioned by Barthius, too extraordinary to be entirely believed; however, he assures his readers that this echo not only repeated words seventeen times, but, different from the common echoes, where the repetition is not heard till some time after hearing the word spoken, in this the person who speaks or sings is scarcely heard, but the repetition is heard very clearly, and always in surprising varieties; the echo seems sometimes to approach nearer, and sometimes to be farther off. One person hears only one voice, another hears several; one hears the echo on the right, another on the left, &c.

A tower is said to have existed at Cyzacus where an echo repeated seven times.

Addison and other travellers in Italy mention an extraordinary echo in that country, at Simonetta Palace, near Milan. It returns the sound of a pistol fifty-six times, even though the air be very foggy.

At Brussels there is an echo which repeats fifteen times.

The ancient philosophers who were entirely unacquainted with the nature of the echo, ascribed it to several causes too absurd to deserve notice. The modern state of philosophical knowledge, established upon experience, and upon unerring calculation, shows that sound, or that vibratory motion of the air which constitutes sound, is reflected by hard solids, and in certain cases even by fluids. Thus, the side of a hill, houses, rocks, banks of earth, the bottom of a well, and sometimes even the clouds, have been found capable of reflecting sounds. The configuration of these bodies is much more concerned in the production of the echo than their substance. A smooth surface reflects sounds much better than a rough one. A convex surface is a very bad reflector of sound; a flat one reflects very well; but a small degree of concavity, especially when the sounding body is in the centre, or focus, of the concavity, renders that surface a much better reflector, and the echo is heard considerably louder.

Without attempting to explain the manner in which the vibrating air impinges upon, and is sent back by the reflecting body, which has not yet been thoroughly investigated, the facts which have been ascertained are as follows:—If a person standing before a high wall, bank, or rock, &c., at a certain distance, and uttering a word with a pretty strong voice, or, in short, producing a sound with a hammer, stone, &c., hears a repetition of that word or sound, he will find that the time elapsed between his uttering the word and hearing the echo is equal to that time which a sound is known to employ in going through an extension equal to twice the distance between him and the reflecting wall or rock, &c.; for the vibratory motion of the air must proceed from the sounding person to the wall or rock, and



back again from the latter to the former. Now, sound is found to travel equally at the rate of 1,142 feet per second; therefore, if the person that expresses the word, or any sound whatever, stands at the distance of 1,142 feet from the echoing wall, then two seconds of time must elapse between his uttering the sound and his hearing the echo of it. According to the various distances of the speaker a reflecting object will return the echo of several or of a few syllables; for all the syllables must be uttered before the echo of the first syllable reaches the ears, otherwise it will make a confusion. In a moderate way of speaking about three syllables and a half are pronounced in one second, or seven syllables in two seconds. From the computation of shorthand writers it appears that a ready and rapid orator in the English tongue pronounces from 7,000 to 7,500 words in an hour—viz., about 120 words in a minute, or two words in each second. Therefore, when an echo repeats seven syllables the reflecting object is 1,142 feet distant, for since sound travels 1,142 feet per second, the distance from the speaker to the reflecting object, and again from the latter to the former, is twice 1,142 feet. When an echo returns 14 syllables the reflecting object must be 2,284 feet distant, and so on. Therefore, the further the reflecting object is, the greater number of syllables will the echo repeat, but the sound will be enfeebled nearly in the same proportion, and at last the syllables cannot be heard distinctly. When the reflecting object is too near, the repetition of the sound arrives at the ear whilst the perception of the original sound still continues, in which case an indistinct resounding noise is heard. This effect may be frequently observed in empty rooms, passages, &c., especially, because in such places several reflections from the walls to the hearer, as also from one wall to the other, and then to the hearer, clash with each other and increase the indistinctness.

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### GO AND DO IT.

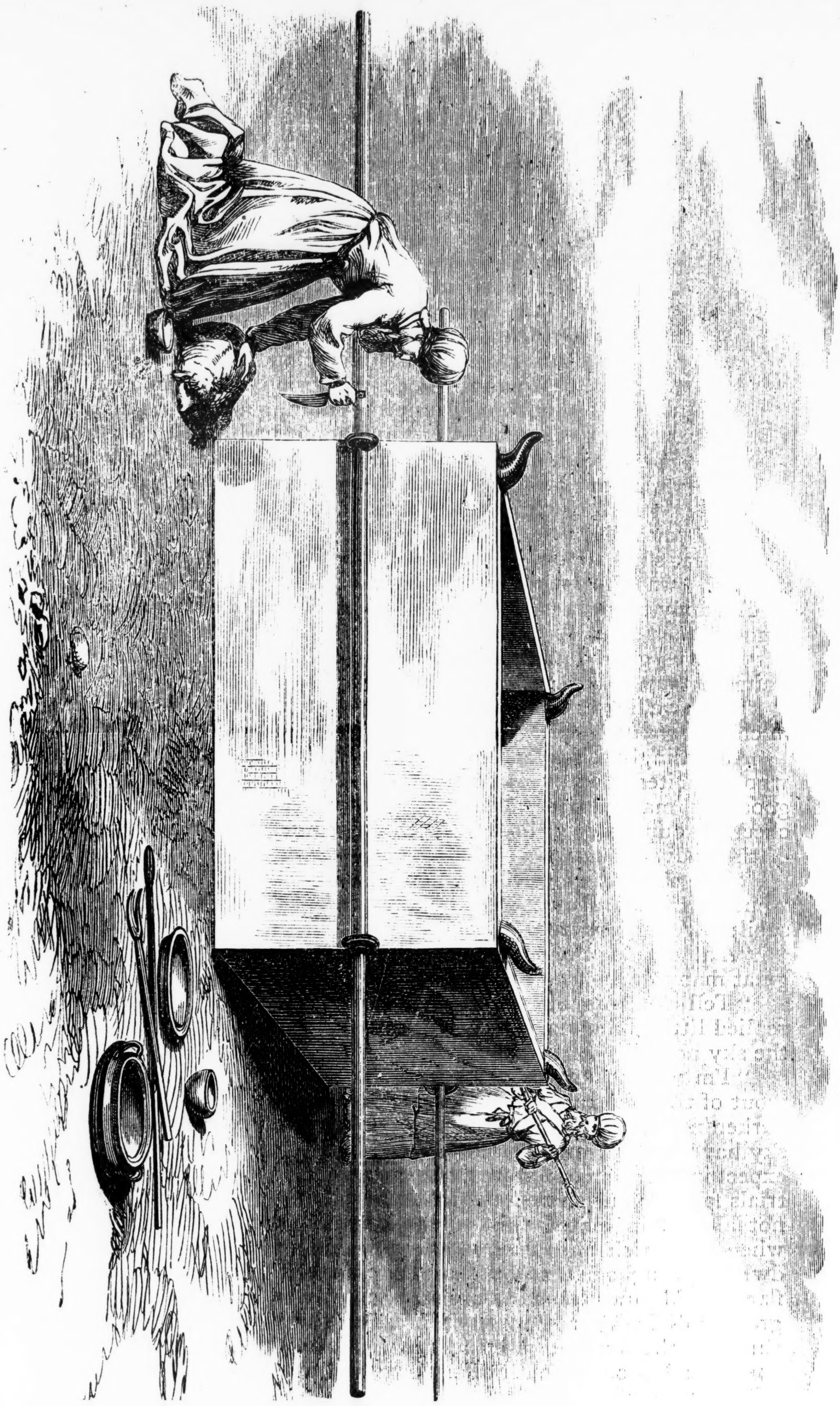
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DON'T live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly. *Then do the next thing*, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours those prompt people contrive to make in a day. It is as if they picked up the moments that the drawlers lost.

And if you find yourself where you have so many things pressing you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers. A man was once asked how he accomplished so much in his life.

"My father told me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret.







## THE CLOUDS.

*(From the French.)*

TRANSLATED BY MISS JESSIE YOUNG.



MERRY band of village-girls had set out on a beautiful Spring morning for a long walk into the woods. It was a holiday, and the sun was shining in a blue and cloudless sky. As early as eight o'clock the troop made their way to the forest, jumping, running, dancing, laughing, each one carrying home in her memory a remembrance of the happy day. After an hour's walk, they reached the forest, but the sky, so brilliant when they started, rapidly grew dark, and the rain began to fall heavily.

"What shall we do?" "Where shall we find shelter from this shower?" was the cry which rose on all sides.

A happy thought came into the mind of one of the girls—little Anne.

"Let us go and take refuge with old blind Stephen," she exclaimed.

"Yes, we'll go to Stephen's, we'll go to Stephen's," they all cried in chorus.

Accordingly, off they ran to the dwelling of the old blind man, who inhabited a lonely cottage at the bottom of the valley. The good old man, charmed with this unexpected visit from so many cheerful young people, listened with great interest to their narrative of their adventures.

"The sky was quite clear when we started," said little Johanna; "but we had hardly got into the wood before a great cloud rose, and spoilt all our pleasure."

"Ah! clouds, clouds," replied the blind man; "I have known a great many during my long life."

"Tell us about some of the clouds you have seen, Mr. Stephen," replied little Johanna. "Were they dark, grey ones, like these in the sky now?"

"I'm not speaking now of clouds in the sky," returned Stephen, "but of the cares and troubles which have been allowed by God to darken my life and spoil its pleasures, just as the clouds now in the sky have spoilt your ramble. You, too, my dear children, must expect in the course of your lives to have many disappointments and trials fall to your share: they are the clouds of one's life. I have not always inhabited this poor cottage. There was once a time when I was rich, and lived in a large and handsome house; but my dwelling caught fire, and all that I possessed became a prey to the flames. My own life and that of my wife were only saved with the greatest difficulty, and so severe were the hurts that I received that they laid the foundation of my present infirmity. It was, indeed, a dark cloud upon the path of my life; and yet it proved to be for my



great good. Not being able to do anything in this world any longer, I turned my thoughts to the better land. From that time forward I began to pray, and to occupy myself with the concerns of my immortal soul; and to my wife, as to myself, this bitter trial was blessed: she became earnest in the things of God, which she had not been before. Our sky thus brightened for a time, and some years passed peacefully away. But, alas! it was not long before it again became darkened. The death of my dear wife brought heavy sorrow; but I implored still more urgently the help of the All-powerful, and He aided and consoled me. He made me understand that it is in Him, and in Him alone, that peace and happiness are to be found, and that He can bestow them even in the midst of sorrow. There, neither pain nor grief exist—in other words, there are no clouds there; the sky there is always bright and always clear.”

The girls, who had listened with deep attention to the words of the old blind man, now bade him, Good-bye, and set out on their homeward way, the rain having at length given place to brilliant sunshine. Warm and affectionate was their leave-taking of the kind and patient old man. Out of doors, everything seemed to have taken a new life. The flowers, which had been freshly watered by the shower, spread out their petals under the reviving rays of the sun. Thousands of leaves glittered with drops of water, which seemed as if quenching their thirst. The pleasure and fun the girls had missed when the shower obliged them to turn into the blind man's cottage was compensated for by the gladdening beauty of all Nature, after the rain, on this delightful May morning. But the fine weather did not last long. The clouds returned, and the blue sky was again covered, only the larger number of them were edged with a silver border.

“Look, how beautiful the clouds are now!” said one of the little maidens to a companion who was walking thoughtfully by her side. “Don't they make you think of poor Stephen? the clouds that made his life so dark brought him blessing and peace, he said. It was like the bright, beautiful rays of light which we are looking at now over the clouds.”

“Yes,” replied her friend; “I suppose that's why God sends troubles in our lives, as well as happy things. They must be like what rain and sunshine are to the plants, I think; if we hadn't them both, we should only get harm instead of good.”

Their talk with the poor blind man made on these young folks an impression that never passed away. They had never before taken so much interest in the state of the sky and the changes in the clouds; and that evening, when each had returned to her home, and tired with their long walk they sat down to rest, the large masses of cloud, which had taken a brilliant purple colour, and spread their splendours over mountains and valleys, continued to delight their eyes.

That same evening, the kind neighbour who was in the habit of coming in from time to time to see blind Stephen, and do any little service she could for him, entered his cottage, exclaiming,—

“Poor Stephen! How I wish that I could lend you my eyes, that you might see what splendid clouds there are all round the sun.”



"A fine evening, isn't it?" said the old man. "But, believe me, my good friend, my evening is not dark, though it may seem so to you. The Lord is my Light: His love brightens every dark cloud. In the short night of this world, my eyes get a glimpse of the place where they will be once more opened, to see face to face that All-powerful God on whom all things depend for life and happiness. Yes; let His will be done!"



### ENIGMA.

My aunt, at her mansion in Mulberry Square,  
Was a kind-hearted lady, as all must declare;  
For true hospitality, friendship, and worth,  
There was not a more good-natured creature on earth.  
She wrote to me thus:—"My good nephew, come down,  
You need relaxation from duties in town;  
Dogs, horses, and guns at your service shall be,  
If you like to enjoy a snug fortnight with me.  
But as I, upon second thoughts, think you'll prefer  
A young friend to a 'crusty old woman like her,'  
You may bring one or two good companions, and all  
Shall find a warm welcome at Mulberry Hall."

Well, I thought, such a kind invitation as this.  
With such pleasure in prospect, 'twere folly to miss;  
So with cheerful Bob Goodwill, and Theodore Bright.  
I spent the first week in incessant delight,  
And said, "Aunt, I've profited finely, you see,  
By the friendly indulgence you granted to me;  
I have strictly adhered to your liberal tone,  
And have made your nice house and your servants my own."  
Three words, of one syllable each, she replied,  
And I cantered off briskly, my blushes to hide.  
I soon joined my friends and the hounds in full cry.  
And no one could feel more delighted than I.  
The breeze was refreshing; the sun's early ray  
Was expanding around into beautiful day;  
The scent of the hawthorn, the lark in loud song,  
So charmed me as heedless I galloped along,  
That, careless of all but the hounds and the horns,  
We fell in a ditch full of briars and thorns.  
With scrambling, and kicking, and pulling, my horse  
Was soon out of this awkward dilemma, of course.  
But alas! in the struggle I nearly was stripped.  
And every seam in my coat was unripped.

My mortification at seeing my aunt  
In my woeful condition, describe it I can't;  
She laughed, as my prison I made my way through,  
And held out my coat and said, "What shall I do?"  
Her reply was the very same words as before  
*Pronounced*—the real words are for you to explore.



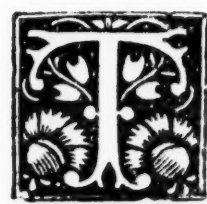


## TENDENCY OF THE AGE FOR AMUSEMENT.

BY REV. J. THOMAS, D.D.

THE perils to spiritual religion arising from the insatiable tendency of the age for amusement.—There are amusements which are innocent and lawful; amusements beneficial to both body and mind. There is a humorous as well as a serious side to human nature, and both must be cultivated for the full development of the man. There is “a time to weep, and a time to laugh,” and “everything is beautiful in his time.” But the difficulty is to determine the line that separates the lawful from the unlawful—the innocent from the sinful. My object is not to define the line. But I should say, as a general rule, that those amusements are not innocent which, when seriously reflected upon, naturally raise a doubt in one’s mind; which are connected with matters that are sinful; which unfit a man for spiritual work, and tend to estrange his mind from spiritual realities. Certainly such amusements are perilous to spiritual religion. I am not certain that we have not gone too far in providing amusements in connection with everything. I do not say that it is not the duty of the Government and local authorities to provide amusements for the people, although I have no great faith in Governments doing everything for the people and treating them always as children. I should prefer seeing bad laws repealed, and the people placed in circumstances where they could do more for themselves. But this question takes another form. How far is it the duty of the Church to provide amusements for the people? I am not going to take up the question, but I must say that I look with a very suspicious eye upon every movement tending in that direction. The Church exists for spiritual ends, and all its means ought to be employed to strengthen the heart with grace. It is a spiritual edifice, a “chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people.” While I would not on any account forbid innocent recreations, yet I would say that they should be entered into with great care and caution, because our spiritual life is endangered thereby.

## SACRIFICE FOR SINS.



THE deputation from the Church of Scotland, sent to ascertain the condition of the Jews abroad, say, “We spread our mats on the clay floor at Jassey, and attempted to sleep, but in vain. We cared less for this, however, because it was the night preceding the day of atonement, and we had thus an opportunity of seeing the curious ceremony which then takes place. On the eve of that solemn day, it is the custom of the Jews to kill a cock for every man, and a hen for every woman. During the repetition of a certain form of prayer, the Jew or Jewess moves the living fowl round their head three times, then they lay their hands on it, as the hands used to be laid on the sacrifices, and immediately after gave it to be slaughtered. We rose before one in



the morning, and saw the Jewish Shochet or 'slayer,' going round to the Jewish houses, waking each family, and giving them a light from his lantern, in order that they might rise and bring out their 'Chipporah' or 'atonement'—namely, the appointed cock and hen. We walked about the streets; everywhere the sound of the imprisoned fowls was to be heard, and a light seen in all the dwellings of Israel. In two houses the fowls were already dead and plucked. In another, we came to the window and saw distinctly what was going on within. A little boy was reading the prayers, and his widowed mother standing over him, with a white hen in her hands. When he came to a certain place in the prayer, the mother lifted up the struggling fowl, and waved it round her head, repeating these words, '*This be my substitute, this be my exchange, this fowl shall go to death, and I to a blessed life.*' This was done three times over, and then the door of the house opened, and out ran the boy carrying the fowl to the Shochet, to be killed by him in the proper manner. How foolish and yet how affecting a ceremony is this! This is the only blood that is shed in Israel now. No more does the blood of bulls and goats flow beside the brazen altar, the continual burnt-offering is no more; even the paschal lamb is no more slain; a cock and hen killed by the knife of the Shochet is all the sacrifice that Israel knows. It is for this wretched self-devised sacrifice that they reject the blood of the Son of God. How remarkably does this ceremony show a lingering knowledge in Israel of the imputation of sin, of the true nature of sacrifice, and of the need of the shedding of blood before sin can be forgiven!"

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### MORE HASTE, WORSE SPEED.

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HASTE is one characteristic of our age—doing much work in a short time. Hence machinery for everything. People have no patience to wait for hand work—all thing must be done by machinery. Even our clothing is now done by machinery; but they are not so strong and durable as the old way of working with the hand. Are we not in danger of bringing the same spirit into our religion? Are we not over-anxious to secure great results immediately, and with as little effort as possible? After a fortnight of revivalistic services it is often reported that so many souls are saved. Gently, if you please. It is rather soon to count them. If one-half of them are truly awakened to be anxious about their souls, it is quite as much as you can expect. To save a sinner is a great work, and we ought to be very cautious in pronouncing men as saved. Every great work progresses slowly. The Lord promises to gather all the earth, "as one gathereth eggs that are left in a nest," and surely the gathering of eggs must be slow work. "And ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel." "She shall be brought to the king in raiment of needlework"—not machine work—but "she shall stand at the right hand of the king in gold of Ophir." "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is wrought of gold." Surely we ought to have stronger faith in the simple and earnest preaching of the Gospel to do the work.



## "MAY I BEG YOU, PLEASE, SIR?"

"WOULD you like to know how I became converted?" said a good old man to his minister.

"Yes; do tell me all about it," replied the preacher.

"I was walking out one day, and I met a boy. The little fellow lingered in passing me, and at length stopped. 'May I beg you, please, sir,' said he to me, 'to take a tract? and will you please read it, sir?' Tracts! I hated tracts and things of that sort, at all times; but that 'May I beg you, please, sir?' moved me. I took the tract, and thanked the little boy, and told him I would read it; and I did read it, too; and that reading *saved my soul!*"

*You can do good, too. Will you try?*

## CLEANINGS.

WORK AND RELAXATION.—I know it is a most difficult attainment to be able both to work intensely and to relax thoroughly. But without it a man deteriorates. He becomes a keen, case-hardened tool, and no man. Our friends the Germans are not far wrong when they talk about developing what is universally in man—*i.e.*, his humanity, which is a whole, and must be unfolded as a whole to be perfect, or even to approximate perfection.

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

He little knows  
A woman's heart, who when the cold wind  
blows  
Deems it may change. No—storms may  
rise,  
And grief may dim, and sorrow cloud her  
skies,  
And hopeless hours, and sunless days  
come on,  
And years when all that spoke of bliss is  
gone,  
And dark despair the gloomy future fill—  
But loving *once*, she loves through *good* and  
*ill!*

CHARACTER AND TASTE.—The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet what their "taste" is; and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. "You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?" "A pipe, and a quartern of gin." I know you.

"You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?" "A swept hearth, and a clean tea-table; and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast." Good, I know you also. "You, little girl, with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?" "My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths." "You, little boy, with the dirty hands and the low forehead, what do you like?" "A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch-farthing." Good, we know them all now. What more need we ask?—RUSKIN.

THE DIGNITY OF WORK.—Life is hard work—any life at least which is worth being called life. I had rather, for the sake of my character, my manhood, my immortal soul; I had rather, I say a hundred times over, be an English labourer, struggling on, on twelve shillings a week, and learning obedience, self-denial, self-respect and trust in God, by the things suffered in that hard life here at home, than be a negro in tropic islands, fattening himself in sloth under that perpetual sunshine, and thinking nought of God, because, poor fool, he can get all he wants without God's help. It is necessary for a man, if he is to be a man, to have to work hard, whether he likes it or not, for

Life is not as idle ore,  
But heated hot with burning fears,  
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,  
And battered with the strokes of doom,  
To shape and use.

C. KINGSLEY.

BROUGHT IN BY A SMILE.—A London minister said to a friend, one Monday



morning, "Seven persons were received into my Church yesterday, and they were all brought in by a smile." "Brought in by a smile! What do you mean?" "I will explain. Several months ago, as I passed a certain house on my way to Church, I saw, held in the arms of its nurse, a beautiful infant, and as it fixed its large eyes on me I smiled, and the sweet child returned the smile. The next Sabbath the babe was again before the window, and again I gave it a smile, and as before it gave an answering smile. The third Sabbath as I passed by the window I threw the little one a kiss. Instantly, its hand was extended, and a kiss thrown back to me. And so it came to pass that I learned to watch for the baby on my way to Church, and as the weeks went by I noticed that the nurse and baby were not alone. Other members of the household pressed to the window to see the gentleman who always had a smile for the household pet. One Sabbath as I passed, two children, a boy and a girl, stood at the window beside the baby. That morning the father and mother had said to those children, 'Make yourselves ready for Church, for we think that the gentleman who always smiles to the baby is a minister. When he passes you may follow him and see where he preaches.' The children were quite willing to follow the suggestion of their parents, and after I had passed, the door opened, and the children stepped upon the pavement, and kept near me, from street to street, until I entered my own Church, where they followed me, and seats were given them. When they reached home, they sought their parents, and exclaimed, eagerly, 'He is a minister, and we have found his Church, and he preached a beautiful sermon this morning. You must go and hear him next Sunday.' To persuade the parents was not difficult, and guided by their children they found their way to Church. They, too, were pleased, and other members of the household were induced to come to the house of God. God blessed to them my ministry, and seven members of this household have been led to give their hearts to Jesus, and unite with the people of God, and I repeat what I before said to you, 'They were all brought in by a smile.'"

**LAZY MEN.**—I can't abide to see men throw away their tools i' that way, the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. . . . I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in's work. The very

grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it.—**GEORGE ELIOT.**

**THE BATH.**—With sponge, or towel or the hand, apply the hot water all over the body; then the soap until there is a perfect lather; then water and soap, with a vigorous rubbing, until every square inch is perfectly cleansed, and the dead cuticle removed. At the end take a sponge or towel bath of cold water, and finish all with a good rubbing with dry towels. Don't be afraid of cold water after the hot. It never chills; it is always followed by a quick reaction, and it tones up the nerves of the skin, and leaves its glands in good condition. The most delicate, feeble, and chilly persons can take a cold bath, if they begin with a hot one. The sensation of cold water on a hot skin is delightful, and there is no after-chill.

**DRINK AND THE POOR.**—Drink is the cause of these communities, but how is it to be wondered at? The gin-palaces flourish in the slums, and fortunes are made out of men and woman who seldom know where to-morrow's meal is coming from. Can you wonder that the gaudy gin-palaces, with their light and glitter, are crowded? Drink is sustenance to these people; drink gives them the Dutch courage necessary to go on living; drink dulls their senses and reduces them to the level of the brutes they must be to live in such styes. The gin-palace is heaven to them compared to the hell of their pestilent homes. A copper or two often obtained by pawning the last rag that covers the shivering children on the bare floor at home, will buy enough vitriol madness to send a woman home so besotted that the wretchedness, the anguish, the degradation that awaits her there have lost their grip. To be drunk with these people means to be happy. Sober—God help them!—How could they be aught but wretched?—**GEORGE R. SIMS.**

**KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.**—A distinguished physician, who had spent much time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious disease; but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the hair thoroughly in warm water. I have known severe cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it a relief in cases of cold, the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards, and not exposed to draughts.—*Popular Science.*





## “ALL TRUE.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “BITS FROM BLINKBONNEY.”



“For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in Him.”—Col. ii. 9.

FOUND it all true, just as you told me, sir; and so did my mate here—didn't you, Ben?” said Tom Dawlish, a weather-beaten sailor, to Mr. B—— (as we shall call him), one of the missionaries to the London seamen, who had just opened the door of a mission hall near the docks for an evening meeting. Indeed, the two sailors had been hanging on for nearly half-an-hour, and Dawlish was shaking Mr. B—— warmly by the hand before the second half of the door was opened; while Ben stood twirling his cap, waiting till Tom had finished, for the shaking was such as sailors usually give, long and hearty.

When Ben's turn to shake hands came, he said, “*Us* found it all true, as Tom said, sir.”

Mr. B—— welcomed them to the hall. “You'll remember me, sir,” said Tom; “but you'll not know my mate here. He's Ben Topsham. Him and me's a-been aboard of the *Dolphin* in other parts of the world for more than a year, sir; we got into port this morning, and we've a-come to tell you that we've aboth found it all true, sir.”

“We have indeed, sir,” added Ben, making a smart sailor's bow, both with his body and his cap. “What have you found true?” asked Mr. B——, looking at Tom. “Your face I remember well, but I cannot recall just at present anything special that happened when we met.”



"I'd a-known you half-a-mile out at sea," said Tom. "You saw me off a-board the *Dolphin*, and your last words were, 'Remember about all the fulness of the Godhead bodily being in Him, and that you are complete in Him.'" "I remember you perfectly now," said Mr. B——, with a beaming face, and there was another warm shaking of hands all round. "You asked me to help you to get some of your shipmates out of some of the abominable public-houses in Ratcliffe Highway. One of them was a wild fellow, mad with drink, and he struck and kicked you; but you bore with him, and stuck to him, and got him half coaxed, half dragged on board."

"That was Ben, sir," said Tom; "wasn't it you, Ben?"

"You've always told me so, Tom," said Ben, "and I believe what *you* say. I certainly was got aboard somehow, and had a sore head and sore bones for the first week of the voyage; but you, Tom, were like a mother to me." Then, turning to Mr. B——, "And, sir, Tom spoke so nice-like, and was so different from what I once knowed him—so smart and so hearty, and so right-off and so sober—no nasty words, no shabby tricks, no skulking, every inch a sailor, and yet so wonderful kind, and good too, that I says to him, 'How's this, Tom? You're changed; somehow things seem to be so all right with you. How is it?' It was on Sunday afternoon I said this to Tom, as we were a sitting off-duty on deck. He pulls out a book—it were a Bible—and says he, 'This done it—leastways, Him as this Bible tells about done it—Jesus our blessed Saviour.' And that day, and many another day—especially on Sundays—Tom told me about Him; and we used to read together, and he prayed, and helped me to pray, and we prayed together, and we learned a bit here and there; but the verses that both on us liked best were, 'In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily: and ye are complete in Him.'"

"Complete in Him," broke in Tom; "them words is both cargo and provision and medicine for a long voyage—anchor and compass and sails, and altogether. Ben and me found them so. We never had a better voyage; we fell into no scrapes and no disgrace; and after a bit we could hold our own course, and even bear down on them as laughed at us. We kept some of them out of mischief, and we think we even have some of them in tow—leastways, we tried to be tugs. And as it was in this meeting that I was taken 'in tow,' we both come here to thank God—and you too, sir—we have." "And to ax," added Ben, "that you, sir, would get all parsons to pray for the sailors on shore as much as for those at sea—maybe the shore ones need it most; for them landsharks and public-houses make many a poor tar go to wreck. Them public-houses, for all the lights they hang out, ain't lighthouses; they're more like the wreckers that used to be in Cornwall long ago—them as put up false lights to look like harbour lights, to bring a ship to the rocks so that they might get the plunder."

The hall had been gradually filling, but no one was seated; all were gathered round Mr. B—— and the two sailors. One old Methodist boatman was so delighted with the tale that he began to sing, and was at once heartily joined by nearly all the meeting,—



"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide.  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide:  
Oh! receive my soul at last," etc.

When the hymn was sung, Ben and Tom shook hands with the old boatman; and after the meeting had got itself into order among the benches in front of the reading-desk, Mr. B——, his own heart beating warmly within him, poured out his soul in prayer and thanksgiving, during which, *Amen, Amen*, rose from many lips—from none oftener than from those of Tom and Ben.

He then read Colossians ii. all through, and thereafter repeated solemnly the following parts of it:—"Walk ye in Him. Rooted and built up in Him. Buried with Him, Risen with Him. Quickened together with Him. In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily: and ye are complete in Him. *Complete* in him—complete in Him."

Mr. B—— could not get either Ben or Tom to go on the platform to tell their tale. He therefore did it himself! but every now and again both sailors said aloud, "That's true!" "Yes, praise God, we found it true." "That was it—complete in Him."

He then told that he remembered perfectly of seeing the sailors "off" in the *Dolphin*, but he had no recollection whatever of the text which they said he had used when parting with them. Indeed, it was a text he did not commonly repeat to sailors; for, to speak frankly, he never before observed that the whole chapter was so "rich" or so "complete" as he had seen it to be that night.

"For without Christ in our hearts," continued he, "and on our side, we are utterly INCOMPLETE for time and for eternity. Jesus Himself said, when He was on earth, 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain *the whole world*, and lose his own soul?' 'For without Me ye can do nothing.' And He has declared from heaven, since He went up, that without Him we were 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' He's the only Captain that can make the storm a calm, that can bring men through all sorts of rocks, and all sorts of weather, 'into their desired haven.'

"Now, Jesus Christ is complete; nothing else in this world is; and He's ready and willing to make every one of us His own friend, and to provide us with everything—YES, EVERYTHING! You have just heard that all wisdom and knowledge are hid in Him; and we all need these badly, don't we, my friends?" said he, looking to Ben and Tom.

"We do, sir, badly—very," was their reply.

"And," continued Mr. B——, "to think of all the fulness of the Godhead bodily being in Him—why, it's tremendous! we just can't fancy the thousandth part of it! Can we, friends?"

"No, indeed, that we can't," came from many of the audience; for the warm current of love and brotherly nearness had "loosed tongues that were dumb."



"Then," said Mr. B——, "complete—what—a—a—COMPLETE word! I cannot find another like it, and I do not want to; it's just complete, isn't it?"

"Yes, praise God," came from the meeting.

"Then how complete must all be that are *in* Him; they need want nothing, for He says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'

"And they need fear nothing; He's always on board. Once when He lived on earth He was asleep in the midst of a storm, and His companions in the boat woke Him, and asked Him—*such* a question! —'Master, carest Thou not that we perish?' He at once rose up, and said, 'Peace, be still'; and the hurricane was over. Just before He went up to heaven, on the very same seashore, He gave His friends a promise that provides for the longest voyage and the fiercest storm. It is this, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.'

"And for *everybody* He's ready to be as complete a friend—a Father to the fatherless, the Husband of the widow, the orphan's Shield, a Strength to the poor, a Refuge from the storm, a Covert from the tempest, a Deliverer, a Leader, a Friend that loveth at all times, a Brother born for adversity, a Good Shepherd, a refiner's Fire where dross needs to be burned out, a River of water in a dry place. In short, if you are His, all things are yours."

His closing words were, "After the voyage of life is over, He brings them into a complete and happy home in that land in which 'the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity; they shall see the King in His beauty, and abide for ever in the land that just now seems very far off.'"

Such is but an outline of Mr. B——'s address. The two sailors, and many other weary, waiting ones, drank in the truth with great delight, and many spoke afterwards of that meeting as the "complete" night.

The closing prayer, or rather prayers, were fervid; because one after another of the audience shortly "engaged." Ben and Tom chimed in, "Amen," and "Praise God," but they did not publicly engage in prayer. The volume of sound at the various hymns had been increasing, and at the closing doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," the echoes of the neighbourhood caught and repeated the sound.

Ben and Tom attended the meetings regularly during their stay in London, and were commended to God and to the Word of His grace by a full meeting when they left on their next voyage, each with six Bibles, and a large parcel of leaflets and tracts for, as Tom called it, "*tug*" work among the crew.

Reader, is this "completeness" yours? Rejoice in it, avail yourself of it, commend it to others by your life, your prayers, and your efforts.

Have you neither part nor lot in the matter? Then you are "most miserable." Go to Jesus: *now* is the accepted time; He *waits* to be gracious, and to make you, even you, "complete in Him."

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## THE TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

“**I** WISH there was no such thing as Christmas,” said a little girl about ten years of age, as she glanced disconsolately round the rather bare and empty room where she and her elder sister sat, respectively sewing and darning stockings. “Nonsense, Beattie, don’t speak in that way; why ever should you wish that? Besides, don’t you think it’s very wrong to wish such a thing—you know what a great and happy event it commemorates?” “Oh, yes, Clara, of course it does; I did not mean that; but I wish it was not the fashion to give presents, and have nice things, and to have all sorts of fun. We see other people enjoying themselves so much, and it’s very hard to think we can’t,” and Beattie looked as if the tears were not far off, but ready to make their appearance on the slightest encouragement. “Never mind, Beattie,” said Clara, cheerfully; “it is true we are rather poor and have to economise, but still we have a great many pleasures, and there are many things to rejoice in even now. We are all pretty well, which I am sure is a thing to be thankful for, and we have father and mother and each other, and then there’s dear Harry coming home to-night— isn’t that nice?” “Yes, Clara, why so he is; I had quite forgotten that; I am glad though. I wonder if Harry will bring home any prizes; he’s sure to have won several. I think he’s such a favourite with Dr. Harvey, and with all the boys too. Oh, yes, I’m sure he’s got some prizes.”

Clara and Beattie Hastings lived with their parents in a small house in the country, about two miles from the little town of Cranbury. Mr. Hastings was a merchant, and had an office there. He was a gentleman by birth and education; but his parents had both died when he was quite young, leaving him and his brother, Henry, totally unprovided for; and he had been obliged to learn a business, and to work industriously and perseveringly to maintain himself, and, after his marriage, his family, in respectability and comfort. It was from their parents’ good examples, perhaps, that Clara and Harry had learnt much of their brightness and cheerfulness, though the former was naturally sunny-tempered, and the latter was naturally hopeful and inclined to look on the bright side of everything. Harry had just finished his last term at school, and was now to stay at home for a year at least, and become a sort of clerk in his father’s office, having now attained his fifteenth year. Clara, the eldest, who was seventeen, was really a good girl, and clever at most things, besides being very pretty. She was her father’s pet and favourite. Harry, who was a handsome, intelligent boy, was his mother’s, and Beattie, the youngest, who was rather a delicate child, with blue eyes and fair hair, was petted by the whole family. They were none of them spoilt, however, for Mr. and Mrs. Hastings were far too sensible to make their children troubles to themselves and everyone around them for the future, by over-indulging them for the present.

But it is time that we returned to the two sisters, who sat waiting tea for their father and brother, who, as we have seen, was expected from school. The table was laid, it was growing late, and Clara was



just saying that she was afraid Harry had not come by that train, when there came a loud ring and rat-tat at the door. Clara and Beattie rushed out and opened the door, and there stood Harry and his father, covered with snow; for it was real Christmas weather, and had been snowing fast all day.

"Here I am, girls, so glad to be at home again, and to see your pretty faces once more!" was Harry's very complimentary speech, as he hugged both his sisters in turn in an icy embrace. "How cold you are," said Clara; "do come into the dining-room, we've got a famous fire," and Mr. Hastings and his son, having removed their overcoats and rubbed their boots, followed the way into the cosy room, where a bright fire was blazing merrily.

"I daresay you didn't expect us both together," said Mr. Hastings, sitting down in an easy-chair, and looking for his slippers, which Beattie ran to fetch; "but I thought I might as well meet Harry at Cranbury Station, so I did, and—sit you down in that chair Harry—and we both marched home all the faster for having each other to take care of—eh, my boy?" adding, as he pinched Harry's ear, "It's really dreadful, girls, to see how fat that boy's getting; and so conceited, too; he actually talked some nonsense about bringing home some prizes." Harry laughed, and said he hoped to do something more than talk about them presently; then suddenly asked, "Where's mother?" "Oh," said Beattie, "she had a headache this afternoon and was obliged to go and lie down; but come up and see her, Harry, I daresay that will do her more good than anything." "I'm awfully sorry, I'm sure," said Harry, as he followed his sister upstairs, three steps at a time; "on Christmas Eve, too. It's me, mother," he called through the keyhole, as he tapped at Mrs. Hastings' door. "Come in, come in," she answered eagerly. "Why, Harry, my dear boy, I'm so glad you've come: I was half afraid you had got lost in the snow. Come and give me a kiss; did you get very wet?" "No, mother, dear, thank you; father met me at the station, and we had a fine, sharp walk home together. I hope you are better now, mother, and able to come down to tea; it's Christmas Eve, you know." "Well, Harry, you have made my head so much better, that I really think I will; so go down, dear, and warm yourself, and I will be with you in three minutes."

After tea they all sat round the fire talking till half-past ten, when Mr. Hastings rang for prayers. Beattie's bed-time was half-past eight, and Harry's half-past nine; but they stayed up to-night in honour of Christmas Eve and of Harry's return. Harry had his three prizes to show—a copy of Burns' poems in blue and gold, for writing, "The Boy's Own Book" in a neat brown cover, for what Beattie called, "those horrid sums," and, best of all, the good conduct prize, beautifully bound in crimson and gold, an illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe," which, strange to say, Harry had never read. He had also a certificate, which was given to every boy on leaving the school, which did him great credit, and with which his parents were much pleased. Then there followed a description of nearly every boy in the school, which naturally occupied an hour or two, and to which everyone, especially Clara and Beattie, listened with great interest and attention. And so the evening passed more



rapidly than they were aware of, and Mr. Hastings was quite astonished, on looking at his watch, to find it was so late. "Come, mother, let's have prayers at once, and then pack these naughty children off to bed, all three of them," and all the family soon retired.

So passed this Christmas Eve, as bright and pleasant as kind words and cheerful looks could make it—yet overshadowed by care and anxiety for the future.

Christmas Day passed quietly enough, with a few little inexpensive gifts given and received in the morning, such as a penwiper for Mr. Hastings when at the office, from Beattie, a teapot-stand from Clara for Mrs. Hastings, a silk-scarf for Clara from Mr. Hastings, a pocket-knife for Harry from his mother, and a pair of mittens for Beattie that had taken Harry's fancy on his way home. No Christmas fare was to be seen on the table, except a few mince-pies, for Mr. Hastings could not afford to spend money on dainties, and he was not so fortunate as some people are, in having kind relations to send him hampers, containing fine turkeys and all sorts of nice things. On New Year's Day there were no presents, but plenty of good wishes. Everyone was down early, and everyone seemed determined to begin the year as well as possible. Harry went with his father to the office for the first time that morning, and "plunged into business knee-deep," as he expressed it. He tried his best, and succeeded so well, that when he returned home in the evening with his father, Mr. Hastings showed his approbation by patting him on the shoulder, and calling him "a regular clever man of business." Harry's wish to his father on New Year's morning was "a large fortune at the end of the year," in which everybody joined heartily; though "there wasn't much chance of it's coming true," as Beattie observed.

The winter was a long and cold one, but spring came at last, and birds began to sing, and primroses and violets to show their lovely little heads here and there. Harry continued to be industrious and painstaking in his work at the office, and he succeeded better than he had ever thought he should. He got to like it better in time, though it was still by no means one of his favourite pursuits. He became a great help to Mr. Hastings, and succeeded in lifting the burden of care, in a measure, from his shoulders. The Hastings' were, as Clara had said, obliged to economise, and that more and more as business matters did not improve, but rather got worse, and money seemed to get shorter. Mrs. Hastings only kept one servant, so that there were things to be done in the house every day, such as dusting, making pastry, and things of that kind. Clara liked this well enough, but Beattie did not, and was apt to think it rather hard. Mrs. Hastings contrived to do without a servant, and accordingly dismissed Mary, telling her partly how matters stood; but saying that she was in no way dissatisfied with her, and promising to give her an excellent character whenever she wished for one. All the family were very fond of music, especially Clara and Harry, and Clara played and sang beautifully. Mr. Hastings always liked a little music in the evening when he came home from business; he said it always smoothed him down the right way. Clara was very fond of her piano, which was a very good one, and if anyone had proposed parting with it, she would not at all have liked the prospect. One cold, wet, gloomy evening in



November, Harry came slowly in, with a very long face, saying that his father had not come with him, but he would be home presently; then he turned his back upon his sisters, and stood gazing abstractedly into the fire. It was so unlike Harry, who was generally the life of the little party, that Clara looked up in some alarm, inquiring, "What is it, Harry? Father is quite well, of course?" "Oh, yes, Clara, father's all right; I was a stupid to frighten you; but I have some bad news, and I'm afraid you'll be quite troubled about it. There, I may as well out with it at once; it's about the piano, Clara; father says he shall be obliged to sell it." Clara looked somewhat relieved. "Never mind," she said, bravely; "it is a pity, but I'm glad it is no worse. Your face was so gloomy, Harry, I was afraid father had fallen ill, or lost every bit of money, or that something dreadful had happened." "You're a brave, good hero—no, what is it?—heroine, at any rate," said Harry, giving her a consoling kiss; for though a tall, manly lad of sixteen, he was not ashamed of kissing his sister, as some foolish boys are. "And you are a very good brother; I don't know what we should do without you—do you, Beattie?" returned Clara, warmly. "No, indeed," said Beattie, "Harry's never 'a damage instead of a blessing,' but always a blessing instead of a damage." "And some of father's favourite pictures in the drawing-room; you know how fond he is of those pictures; they're going too," Harry continued. "But we must pull ourselves together, and keep up our spirits, or we shall never get on at all."

Mr. Collin would willingly have bought the piano; but though better off than Mr. Hastings, he was not rich; besides, he had two pianos of his own. So someone at Cranbury was induced to buy the piano and the pictures, and gave a good price for them, though that hardly made up for the loss of them to the Hastings; they missed their treasures (for they were no less to Clara and her father) so much—especially at first. The money received for these articles of course did some good, though it did not last long, and Mr. Hastings' prospects soon began to look darker than ever. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Hastings had any relations now living in England (the former's brother, Henry, before spoken of, having parted from his brother when a young man, and started for California, and never having been heard of since), and Mr. Hastings believed himself, except for his own family, to be alone in the world. Having heard nothing of his brother for so many years, he thought he must have got drowned on the voyage, or else have been killed while working at the gold diggings. Things went on in this state, and did not seem likely ever to alter; and the Hastings were very glad of a parrot which they had, for however downcast or despondent anyone might be, he could not possibly help laughing at the bird's ridiculous speeches. "If our fortune would only come now!" said Harry, one evening; "don't you remember, Beattie, how I wished father one at the end of the year? I'm sure we never wanted one more." "Patience, pretty boy," said the parrot, hopefully. Things certainly didn't look very promising. Mr. Hastings was nearly always worried and anxious, his wife had frequent headaches, Clara had a cough, and Beattie became thin and pale. Harry alone kept well, and tried to keep cheerful.

At last Christmas Eve again came round. Clara and Beattie were



again waiting tea, this time with Mrs. Hastings, when suddenly Harry rushed in, embraced Clara, nearly pulled Beattie off her seat, threw his arms round his mother's neck, and finally buried his head in the sofa-cushion, shouting, "It's come! its come!" "Harry, dear, what is the matter?" "What's come?" cried his mother and sisters, in alarm. "Our fortune! Uncle Harry's turned up, and he hopes to be with us in a few weeks; and he's got a large fortune, and he's going to share it with father, and oh! it's all so supremely jolly." "Oh, Harry, do you really mean it?" "Oh, father, it is true then?" as Mr. Hastings appeared at the door with a face full of joy and thankfulness.

Mr. Hastings sat down, his family all clustering round him, and told how that evening, just as he was preparing to leave the office, a foreign letter had been delivered to him, and, on opening it, found it was from his long-lost brother, telling him that he had made a large fortune, which he should not enjoy unless it were equally shared with his brother, and that he hoped to be with him in a few weeks, and see his brother's wife and children (if he had any), and then he could explain everything. "So I shall really see my dear brother at last, after believing him to be dead for so many years—how wonderful it is," said Mr. Hastings; "words cannot express my thankfulness."

What a Christmas Eve and Christmas-time altogether they had! As they sat round the fire that evening, Harry said, "My wish has come true, you see—must not I be a wise fellow?" Mrs. Hastings talked of doing good to the poor. "And I hope, father," said Clara, "that you will give to several nice societies." Mr. Hastings gladly agreed. "How lovely it all is," said Beattie; "May everybody have such a Christmas as we're having!" "Just so! Pretty dear," said the parrot.

SNAPDRAGON.



## AN INCH OF RAIN.



LIEUTENANT MAURY, in his "Physical Geography of the Sea," endeavours to give an idea of what is implied in "an inch of rain," even on the surface of the Atlantic. To those who may have given no very great amount of thought to the subject, it would probably appear that whatever may be the effect of an inch of rain on land, the ocean, at any rate, could not be greatly affected by it. Lieutenant Maury calculates that the Atlantic presents an area of 25 million square miles, and supposing an inch of rain falls on one-fifth of this area it would be an addition of 360,000 million tons of water. There are probably no means by which the keenest of human intellects can be enabled at all adequately to grasp the significance of such figures; but one author



offers some little assistance by comparing this mass to the entire volume poured out by the Mississippi in the course of a year. This is to represent one inch of rain over a limited portion of the Atlantic. Now, even within our own islands we may get six or seven inches of rain in the twenty-four hours, and Sir R. Murchison computed that over twenty-five inches have been known to fall in a day in tropical regions. This would give an average of over an inch for every hour in the day, and, even if we allow for some slight exaggeration, it is safe to assume that within the tropics an inch of rain in an hour is by no means improbable. To suppose, therefore, that it may sometimes happen that over a fifth part of the Atlantic 360,000 million tons of water will fall in an hour is not very wild or improbable. This volume, no doubt, is small by comparison with the entire bulk of the ocean, but, as Lieutenant Maury points out, the disturbance of the equilibrium of the Atlantic by such an hour's downpour must necessarily be enormous beyond conception. If all the water which that broad Mississippi discharges in the course of a year were taken up in one mighty measure and thrown into the Atlantic at one effort, there would not be a greater disturbance of the ocean's "balance of power" than may sometimes be occasioned by mere torrents of rain. But the author of the work referred to makes a further curious calculation. This 360,000 million tons of water implied in an inch of rain over five million square miles of ocean must first of all have been evaporated from the surface of the sea, or the bulk of it at least; and he finds that this evaporation must have left behind in the water below some sixteen million tons of sea salt, or, at the time at which he wrote, somewhere about twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry as cargo. Such, it seems to be very probable, may be the magnificent scale on which Nature is carrying on her operations even when she seems to be doing nothing more serious or important than pattering down rain-drops into the salt sea.

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## USES TO WHICH PAPER MAY BE PUT.

BY MRS. ANNA BARROWS.

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PAPER being nearly air-tight, will exclude cold, and should be used more than it now is; builders place paper between the boards of a house, and we should do well to follow their example in smaller matters. Farmers have found that the extra warmth secured by tacking several thicknesses of newspaper around the inside of hen-houses, &c., has saved extra food. A layer of paper under a carpet is preferable to straw, which is sometimes used, and if the paper made for this purpose cannot be obtained, several layers of newspaper will do nearly as well. Papers spread between bed coverings will take the place of extra blankets. A folded paper is an excellent lung protector; one over the chest and another around the shoulders, under the outside garment, would often save a cold and perhaps pneumonia. Dissolved in flour paste,



newspapers make a useful filling for cracks in floors and elsewhere. Scraps of paper, wet and scattered over the floor when sweeping, will save the dust in the room as well as brighten the carpet. Bits of paper with soap suds are effectual in cleaning bottles, and are easily removed with the water. Greasy dishes and kettles, if first rubbed with paper, wash much easier; the paper absorbs the grease, and is all the better for kindling the fire. A grease spot can often be taken out of a carpet or garment by placing two or three layers of paper over it and then putting a warm iron on the paper. The heat softens the grease and the paper absorbs it, and by changing paper and iron occasionally all the grease will disappear. Soft newspaper or tissue paper is preferable to cloth for cleaning lamp chimneys, windows, mirrors, &c., as it leaves no lint; also for knives, spoons, and tinware after scouring; and a stove will not need blacking so often if now and then rubbed with paper. Scraps of writing-paper or that used on one side only, may be utilised in several ways. Bowls and glasses without covers may be used for jelly, by cutting a round of paper the size of the top, dip in brandy, and press down evenly upon the jelly; cut another cover of softer paper large enough to paste down on the outside of the jar. Paper in bread and cake-tins protects the loaf from burning, and ensures its safe removal from the tin; by this help a tin with holes in it may be used. Laid over a loaf or cake in the oven, paper is also a protection, but unless it is warmed first the cake may settle. Cut in strips and curled with the scissors, writing-paper makes a good filling for pillows for hammocks. Postal cards and thin pasteboard can be cut in strips for lamp-lighters. Newspapers, for the same use, are cut in strips and rolled.

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## HE THOUGHT HE HAD MET AN ANGEL.

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VERY touching incident came to my knowledge a few days ago, and to show the power a good man or woman may have over those with whom they come in contact, even with the little children, I will relate it here.

An old clergyman over eighty years of age, who had spent fifty years of his life in a parish of New England, met a little boy on the street who had never seen him before. "Good morning, my little child," he said, "what is your name?" As he spoke he laid his hand upon the little fellow's head. The boy told his name, and the gentleman said, "Oh, I am so glad to see you! I hoped to meet you; I have been looking for you. I knew your dear mother, who is now in heaven." The child ran home, and entering the room, almost breathlessly exclaimed, "Oh, Auntie dear, I met an angel from heaven, and he knows my dear mamma up there, and stopped me on the street to tell me!" The long, silvery hair of the aged clergyman, and his saintly face with those kindly words spoken, made this beautiful impression upon the mind of the motherless child.—*Dr. Storrs.*



## CATHARINA THE HEROIC.



AN ancient chronicle of the sixteenth century, entitled, "*Res in Ecclesia et Politica Christiana gesta, ab anno, 1500, ad ann. 1600, auctore, J. Soffing, Theolog. Doct.*," we find the following remarkable story:—

As the Emperor Charles V., on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Mulhberg to his camp in Swabia, passed through Thuringia, Catharina, Countess Dowager of Schartzburg, born Princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories; in return for which she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops that were transported to Rudolstadt, on the Saalbrücke, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions at a reasonable price in that place. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge, which stood close to the town, demolished in all haste, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants, too, of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send the chief of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt.

In the meantime, the Spanish general, attended by Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they dispatched before, to take their morning's repast with the Countess of Schartzburg. So modest a request made at the head of an army was not to be rejected. The answer returned was that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect at the same time to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him the conscientious observance of it.

A friendly reception and a well-furnished table welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honour to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats when a messenger, out of breath, called the countess from the hall. His tidings informed her that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people; whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered, wounded her to the very quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle; which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes, who were still at table. Here she complained to them in the most moving terms of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. "That we shall presently see," replied she stoutly; "my poor



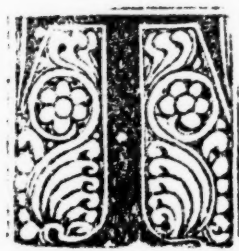
subjects must have their own again, or (raising her voice in a threatening tone) princes' blood for oxen's blood." With this emphatical declaration she gave a signal, on which the room was in a few moments filled with armed men, who sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of so many fierce-looking fellows, Duke Alva changed colour, and they all gazed at one another in silent terror. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what could they do? The duke instantly despatched an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier with a certificate that all damages had been made good, the Countess of Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle; and they, in return, very joyfully took their leave.

It was in honour of this action that she received the surname of "the Heroic."

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## FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILOR PREACHER.

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HE Rev. Edward T. Taylor, better known as Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher, died April 6, 1871. For many years he was one of the best known preachers in America, and he has been described by such well-known writers as Miss Martineau, Charles Dickens, and Miss Bremer. His chapel, situate in Boston, was known as "The Bethel," and was a chapel much frequented by sailors. The Rev. Mr. Knapp, of Plymouth, thus describes the first sermon he heard him preach:—

"I well recollect how earnestly he exhorted in the first sermon I ever heard him preach. Let me recall that sermon: it illustrates more than one of his peculiarities. He had gone into the country to deliver a lecture on temperance. It was in a village on the banks of the Connecticut. He chanced to be a guest in my father's house. It was one of those days in early Autumn when the beauty seems almost oppressive; the heart, somehow, feeling *burdened* with joy, in its sympathy with the great gladness of Nature. This man, whose life was spent, so much of it, in the city, drank in these draughts as the earth drinks water, or the heart love, and constantly raised his hands as we were walking, saying, 'Oh, how good is God!' Although it was a week-day, we determined not to let this friend of the sailor go till he had blessed us landsmen also. Notice was given at the lecture that Father Taylor would preach the next day (Wednesday). The large Town Hall was crowded full. He rose, and said, "'Praise the Lord," that's my text: it's somewhere between these two covers. I can't tell you exactly where, but it's a short text, and you can easily find it. I've been too busy all day long praising the Lord, and *taking Him in* with the breath and beauty of your hills and valleys here, to leave me time to hunt out for you the place of the text; but that's it, so hold on to it. "Praise the Lord!"

"He then announced that the subject divided itself into eleven heads. As he named these, he counted them off, all but the first, on



## CATHARINA THE HEROIC.



IN an ancient chronicle of the sixteenth century, entitled, "*Res in Ecclesia et Politica Christiana gesta, ab anno, 1500, ad ann. 1600, auctore, J. Soffing, Theolog. Doct.*," we find the following remarkable story:—

As the Emperor Charles V., on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Mulhberg to his camp in Swabia, passed through Thuringia, Catharina, Countess Dowager of Schartzburg, born Princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories; in return for which she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops that were transported to Rudolstadt, on the Saalbrucke, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions at a reasonable price in that place. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge, which stood close to the town, demolished in all haste, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants, too, of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send the chief of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt.

In the meantime, the Spanish general, attended by Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they dispatched before, to take their morning's repast with the Countess of Schartzburg. So modest a request made at the head of an army was not to be rejected. The answer returned was that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect at the same time to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him the conscientious observance of it.

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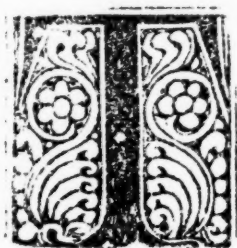
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"He then announced that the subject divided itself into eleven heads. As he named these, he counted them off, all but the first, on



his fingers, one by one—ten several ways (grand division) of praising the Lord. 'That first one,' he added, 'not of the ten, it takes all the fingers of both hands, and the hands themselves stretched out over earth and the seas and lifted up to heaven, to point to; for what else is it but the Being who is to be praised? and who is He but the Lord? the great fountain of life and love and beauty, the Lord God Almighty?' He then took up his first head, and carried the people along with him as a stanch ship, driving before a mighty wind, carries all on board of her, until it seemed as if every soul there was ready to break forth into praise of God, and to say, 'Blessed be His glorious name for ever! and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and amen!'

"The second head then came up—the first of the methods of praising God. And here he began with the *right using* of the intellectual powers—getting a solid *basis* of intellectual conviction somewhere. This led him at some length into certain philosophical discussions, somewhat abstruse; when suddenly stopping, and looking up under his palm, as if just discovering that he was drifting into the Northern sea of metaphysical arguments, he raised his strong hand, and in the tone of command, called out, 'Hard down the helm! hard down the helm! I've lost my reckoning!—we're in the region of icebergs!' An hour and a-half he had now been preaching. He then turned and said, 'I think I know my way yet. I'm going to make for the nearest port. I meant to have swept you round through other seas, and pointed out to you those other nine cities of righteousness, where each in its own way is praising the Lord. But there's no time now; our miserable drift among the bergs has used up our voyage. Ah! I'm a poor captain, and careless; wonder I hadn't wrecked you! But it's not too late; and I'll bring you safe into port yet, if you'll stand by me a little longer; and it shall be the blessed port where the way they praise God is by loving His children.'

"He went on with a glowing appeal for Christian charity, love to all men, but especially to those who are really trying to live as children of the good God and Father. As thunder breaks in upon a Summer sky, did he denounce the wickedness of sectarian strife, and protest against the bigotry of those who, with soiled garments on, refused to call by the name of brother, men whom God, clad in His robe of purity, did not hesitate to call His children.

"Such is a rough sketch of his discourse as I recollect to have heard it some thirty years ago."

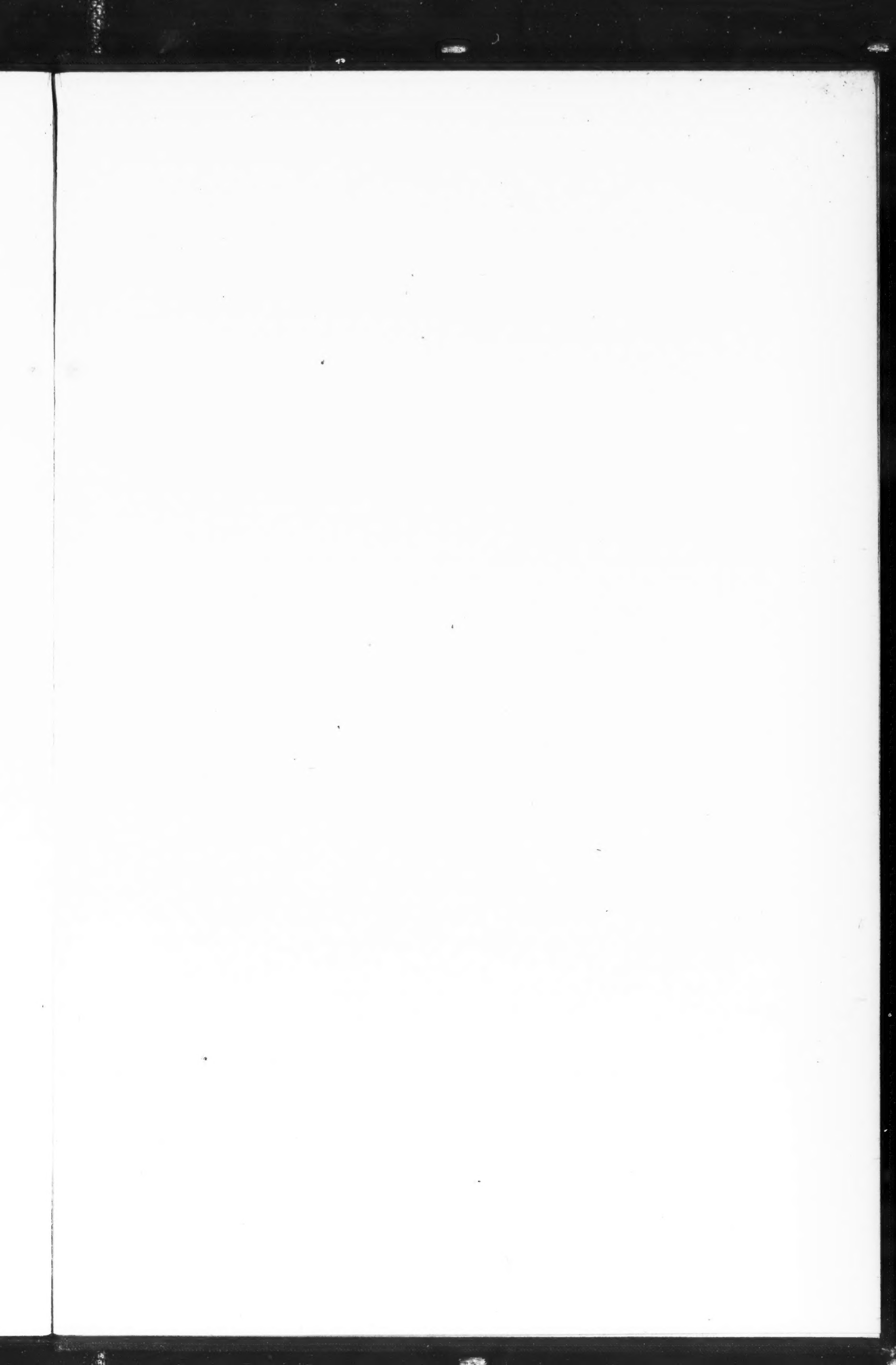


ANSWER TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 276.

"So it seems."

"Sew its seams."







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